

341
MEMOIRS

OF THE

3
NOBILITY, GENTRY, &c.

K.
OF

THE H U L E:

OR, THE

ISLAND of LOVE.

BEING A

SECRET HISTORY

OF THEIR

Amours, Artifices and Intrigues.

with MISS. notes by the Rev^d M^r Cole-

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4

W. Musgrave.



Will.^m Cole
Coll. Regal. Cantab. A. M.





TO THE
Only Governing Person,
In this POLITE AGE,
The MOST HIGH and ILLUSTRIOUS the
Lady *FANCY*.

UNIVERSAL EMPRESS,



SINCE it is You that
reign despotick over
our Senses, and rule
our *errant* Thoughts,
that people Desarts,
and for a Gust of Passi-
on set our Kings (who
are all but *provincial Prætors* under You)
at Loggerheads, to the Destruction of
many Thousands of Your Subjects, You
that in all Ages and every Clime have
held an undoubted Dominion over the
A 2 unsettled

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unsettled Brain of every Mortal. To whom can I more properly inscribe the Memoirs of a People amongst whom You have deigned to fix your Imperial Seat; for that the Antients allotted the ISLAND OF THULE for Your Residence is indisputable.

NOR is our happy Island of Britain less beholden than That to Your Influence, tho' a little sever'd from Your shadowy Empire by the small Quantity of Substance, which notwithstanding we have pass'd thro' so many strange Hands, You still suffer us to retain.

IT is to You that we are indebted for the whole System of modern Policy; for all *Changes* and *Revolutions*, whether they are only trump'd up to serve a temporary Turn, or whether we take them after the most solemn Rite of, *for better or for worse*; for all *Constitutions*, sickly, healthy, or in a State of Indifference; for all *Diadems*, yea, and the *Gems* that do therein inhabit; for all *Collars* and *Orders* from *Honi Soit*, &c. down to the *Free-Masons*, *Gregorians*, *Hungarians*, &c. &c. &c. For all *Garters*, yea, and the *Stars* that twinkle on their Breasts:

For

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For the clean unsullied Lawn wash'd only to be daub'd; For the unspotted Ermine stole from the Back of some poor harmless murdered Cat; For the Gown, that, differently made, constitutes either the *Pleader*, or the *Priest*, under which Disguises You vary the ever-changing Compass of *Right* and *Wrong*, and make *undeniable Truths* the common disputed Subject of every Blockhead that flatters himself he is in Your good Graces.

For the *red Robe* that presides in *Warwick-Lane*, sad Emblem of the Murder to ensue! under which You erect *universal Nostra* in opposition to the *Harveian System* so justly exploded by You, who find out Secrets in Medicine *Galen* never thought of, and write Receipts much superior to any in *Hippocrates*, or *Boerhaave*.

Our Shelves groan beneath the Labours of Your Children, You are the Inspirer of so many LERNEDE CLERKES, who furnish us with such immense Volumes of Law; by You all the Inns of Court, Chancery and their Adherents so comfortably subsist; How ought we to revere You for the great Blessing of salutary

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tary green Bags that croud and hurry each other four Times, in the Year towards *Rufus Hall*? For it is You that keep the Vulgar in Awe by misinforming them that their Legislature is bound to observe the Laws they make.

It is Your potent Influence, most benign Empress, that brings the CHAN-SANG from *China* to invigorate the decay'd *Solomons* of the North, and teach them to inhale the Breath of young spritely Damsels to arrest departing Nature in her last Moments. *Vid. Hermippus redivivus.*

Would Mankind be honest enough to acknowledge their Benefactress, our most dignified Mortals would not have the Assurance to shine in borrow'd Plumes which by Right appertain only to Your umbratical Highness; and it is certain that we are to thank You for *all our earthly Delights*, and too many of our Spiritual ones.

It is You that have furnished us with all ***** Prime Ministers, Mock Patriots, Titles, Witches, Bugbears, Devils and Attorneys at Law; to you we owe the *gaping Convocation*, all Procurators of the Arches (*vulgo* Hackney Proctors) that

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that would establish an Inquisition where the King is Head of the Church.

Who disputes thy Title to Trade, let him immediately become a Bankrupt, the worst of Bankrupts, not by Collusion for Safety, but by the Rigour of his Creditors, for the Benefit of which we receive from thee all Lotteries and Bubbles (to set aside those of State) from the famous *South Sea Year* through the *Charitable Corporation* to the Building of *Westminster Bridge*.

IN Works of Genius whom can we implore but You, in whose Province two-headed *Parnassus* is but a Molehill, and *Pegasus* the worst Mule You have in Your Stable. What Bard would then reverence *Dulness*, the Daughter of Chaos and of Night, who may so easily come at you the Mother of Both, whom we still find green and flourishing wholly unimpaired by Age? It is You that shall send an illustrious Member of the Royal Society five Miles in pursuit of a Butterfly, and adopt a worthy Gentleman a Son of the same, for sailing five Thousand Leagues in Search of Nothing. You make a broken Peruke Maker, or a decay'd

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cay'd Widow discover the *Longitude* or
square the Circle.

WHOM are we obliged to for all
Dreams, Visions, Beauty, Ease, Merit,
Virtue and even Happiness itself but to
You?—You,—You— (to address You
in a posthumous *Shakesperian* alias *Tib-*
baldian Style)—YOU SOUL-ENCIRCLING
LADY.

SINCE then the *Heads* of all Man-
kind are directed by You, permit me to
throw these collected Remarks of a de-
ceased Friend at Your Feet, which, but
for You, had never dared to have stained
the Innocent Paper like too many of
their Brethren.

IT is some Encouragement to me that
I am nearly allied to a Relation and At-
tendant on Your Ladyship, who often
shews herself as *Venus* did to *Æneas*,
backwardly, to most Bards under the De-
nomination of *Self-Conceit*, whence they
mistake *Affurance* for *Modesty*, and never
find her 'till they discover her by the fa-
voury Puff she leaves at parting.—In
short, I am wedded to her, and as the
best Way to *be well* with the Lady is to
begin with the Chambermaid, thro' her
Interest

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Interest I beg leave to approach Your *Couchee*—Now, notwithstanding whatever some of your *more distant* Relations may say, and call this an improper Address, yet to shew that I am of Your Family and (if there ever was any Blood in it) have it in my Veins, I do assert that this is better Apology for inscribing this Piece to you, than any modern Author or Compiler ever yet made use of to dedicate either an *unlicensed* or a d—d Play to any Woman of real Quality, but no Discernment.

As such then, indulge me to approach Your Ladyship, and to pursue the modern Stile of Dedications, I should enumerate Your *Virtues*, so great, so various, so diffused, that (in the Laureate Stile) they EXTEND EVEN BEYOND EXTENSION. Now, pray, what could ever the C—rn—ll Parson say more, when he made a CICERO of a DROWN'D LILLY?

FOR my Part I scorn to flatter, Madam.—Tho' that's too honest a Line for a Dedication, but I have farther to beg that you would assist the Readers in perusing this posthumous Performance, and I promise in Return that if you will stand

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by them and be ready like some necessary ~~Utenfils~~ when you are wanted, they will find display'd, not only the real Beauties of Your own Island of THULE, that Land of Liberty, Riches, Peace,--- and what not? which You first found out in the *Augustan* Age (I mean the *Roman Augustan*, not any other I assure You) but likewise the Deformities.

THEREFORE grant me thy Aid O Goddess! for this my Votive Tablet, and I beg no more, but if you fail us, be it at your Peril, for I am sure when we can no longer please You we can't ourselves. So, full of the dear Conceit, I from henceforth subscribe myself

Your entirely devoted

Humble Servant,

FANTOSME.

by them and be ready like some necessi-
~~ty I should have been you are wanted they~~
~~will not display it not only the real~~
 Besides of Your own Island of Thure,
 that Land of Liberty, Riches, Peace,
 and what not, which You first found
 out in the Augustan Age (I mean the
 Roman Augustus, not any other I assure
 You) but likewise the Deformities

READER.

Goddess! for this my Votive Tablet, and
 I beg no more, but if you fail us, be it
 at your Peril, for I am sure when we

I T will seem odd perhaps at first View,
 to give the Public, Memoirs of the In-
 habitants of a Place, of which we
 have no History, or Chorographical De-
 scription; nay which has been so much dis-
 puted where it is situate, that it has long
 been a Matter of Doubt whether any such
 Place ever existed, but in the Brains of the
 Poets.

To silence all Objections at once, I shall
 observe that we daily meet with Islands in
 our

our Voyages to the North East and North West, which though they might have been seen by the Ancients, they durst not stay long enough in, or perhaps go near enough to, to perfect their Discovery, their Want of the Compass and their little Skill in Navigation rendering it quite impracticable; they might look upon them as we do at present upon the North West Passage, a Thing highly probable, but attended with so many Difficulties that it is bazardous to attempt it; yet we see that public Encouragement is given to any skilful Navigator who will undertake it. I am apt to think that it was a Voyage of this Kind which has furnished us with the following Memoirs; which that I may do Justice both to the Reader and myself I must inform him, were found amongst the Papers of a Gentleman lately deceased who in his Youth used the Sea, but having attained a considerable Fortune thereby, he retired into the Country, and there spent the Remainder of his Life in Ease and Quiet. I have often heard my Friend say that he had found the THULE of the Ancients, and could wish he had never quitted it but ended

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ed his Days there. We thought it however only a romantic Nation, and as such pass'd it unheeded; but after his Death, there was found in his Study a large Bundle of Papers with this Label affixed. — *Memoirs of DULE, or the ancient THULE.* This excited our Curiosity and upon looking further we found a Piece of a Journal, wherein he says, that bearing away from SCOTLAND N. N. W. they at last came to an unknown Island, but the hazy Weather coming on, and it being then the Month of November, in which those Seas are very dangerous, they agreed to winter there.

Whether these Memoirs were compiled during this Recess I cannot determine, but there are several other unconnected Papers of a later Date which shew as if they were, and which, if these happen to please, will encourage us to oblige the Public with them also.

The ISLAND OF LOVE was a Name which my Friend and his Companions gave it, from some amorous Adventures which
occurr'd

occurr'd to them during their Residence there, which was not only the first Winter in which they propos'd staying there, but part of the following Summer. And by some Memorandums and other Papers, it should seem as if he visit'd it several Times afterwards, but they are too much dispers'd to entertain the Public with at present; and these being regularly adjusted by himself, we thought proper to print them.

I have hereunto adjoined a Discourse upon the THULE of the Ancients by Mr. Cambden, and Sir Robert Sibbald, which will serve to shew how much my Friend's Industry has exceeded their bare Conjectures.



* * * * *

THE INTRODUCTION.

The THULE of the ANCIENTS.

BEYOND the *Orcades*, and above *Britain*, the old Schollast upon *Homer* places the *Fortunate Isles*, which none but just and pious Men inhabit, a Place celebrated by the *Great Poets* for its Pleasantness and Fertility, and call'd by them the *Elysian Fields*; but take another Account of these Isles from *Isacius Tzetzes*, a fabulous *Greek*, in his Notes upon *Lycophron*: "In the Ocean is a *British* Island, "between the West of *Britain* and *Thule* towards the "East, thither they say, the Souls of the Dead are "transported, for on the Shore of that Sea, within "which *Britain* lieth, there dwell certain Fishermen, "who are subject to the *French*, but accountable for "no Tribute, because (as they say) they ferry over "the Souls of the Deceased. These Fishermen return "home and sleep in the Evening, but soon after hear "a Rapping at their Doors, and a Voice calling them "to their Work: Upon that they presently rise, and "go to the Shore, without any other Business, and "find Boats ready for them, but none of their own, "and no-body in them; yet when they come on "board and fall to their Oars, they find the Boat as "heavy as if they were loaden with Men, tho' they "see none. After one Pull they presently arrive at "that *British* Island, which at other times in Ships of "their own they hardly reach in a Day and a Night. "When they come to the Land in the Island they see "no-body, but hear the Voices of those who receive "their Passengers, counting them by the Stock of Fa-
"ther

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“ther and Mother, and calling them singly according
 “to the Title of their Dignity, Employment and
 “Name: After they have unloaded, they return back
 “with one Stroke.” From whence they take these
 to be the Islands of the Blessed. That of the Poetical
 Geographer mentioned by *Muretus*, in his Various
 Readings, is much of the same Stamp, viz. That *Julius Cæsar*
 sailed thither in a Great Galley with a Hundred Men on board,
 and was so much taken with the Pleasantness of the Place
 that he would have settled there, but was thrust out by
 certain invisable Inhabitants much against his Will.

Salinus places *Thule* five Days Sail from *Orkney*, an
 Island very much celebrated by the Poets, who, as if
 it were the remotest Part of the World, always used it
 to express a very great Distance. Hence *Virgil*,

— *Tibi serviet Ultima Thule.*

Let utmost *Thule* own your boundless Power.

Seneca—*Terrarum Ultima Thule.*

Thule, thou utmost of the spacious Earth.

Juvenal—*De conducendo loquitur jam Rhetore Thule.*

Nay, *Thule*’s Self now courts her Orator.

Claudian—*Thulem procul Axe remotam.*

Thule far distant from the Poles.

And in another Place,

— *Ratibusque impervia Thule.*

And *Thule* where no Ship durst ever steer.

Statius—*Ignotam vincere Thulem.*

To conquer *Thule* scarce yet known to Fame.

And *Ammianus Marcellinus* uses this Adage, *Etiamsi
 apud Thulem moraretur*, i. e. Tho’ his Stay were at
Thule. Not to mention any others, but one Thing I
 must observe, that *Statius* in these Verses uses *Thule*
 for Britain:

Cærus

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*Æternos haud aliter cum dimicat Incola Thulæ
Agmina falcifero circumvenit Alia Corvus.*

Thus Purple *Thuleans*, when to War they go,
In Chariots arm'd with Scythes surround the Poë.

Also in his *Sylvia*,

— *Refuo circumfona Gurgite Thule.*

And *Thule* surrounding with the neighbouring Tide.

Suidas says, it took the Name from *Thule*, a King of Egypt, *Isidore* from the Sun, *Reynardus Beinecius* from the Saxon Word *Tell*, a Limit, as if it were the Bound or Limit of the North and West. But *Synellus* makes it a Question, whether there is any such Place as *Thule*? And our *Giraldus* says, that if there be such a Place it is not yet discovered. And as for the Learned, they vary in their Opinions about it; many have thought *Island* (condemn'd to a cold Climate and continual Winter) to be the *Thule* of the Ancients, but *Saxo Grammaticus*, *Crantzius*, *Milius*, *Jovius*, and *Pucerus* are of a contrary Opinion. I know *Procopius* has described that vast Country of *Scandia*, under the Name of *Thule*. But, if that of the learned *Gasper Pucerus*, in his Book *de Terra Dimensione* be true, that *Schetland* is by the Seamen called *Thilensel*, (and I know no Reason to except against his Testimony) *Thule* is undoubtedly discovered, and the Controversy at an End.

[Mr. *Cambden* here comes pretty near the Mark, but we shall shew that he is mistaken, at the Conclusion of this. And this Conjecture makes against him, for *Thilensel* is but a Diminutive of *Thule*, as much as to say, the little *Thule*.] For this *Schetland* is an Island belonging to the *Scots*, encompassed with others of less Note, extremely cold, and exposed on all Hands to Storms, where the Inhabitants, like those of *Island*, use Fish dried and powdered for Bread, and tho' the Northern Pole is not so elated here, that it has Day continually for Six Months together, as *Pitheas* of *Marseilles* has falsely said of *Thule*, (for which he is justly reprehended.

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ed by *Strabo*, for this is not the Case of *Iseland* itself, where Cold and Winter are perpetual, and the Cold scarce to be endured) yet that *Schettland* is the same with *Thule*, we may believe first from the Situation of it in *Ptolemy*, for *Thule* is placed in the Sixty-third Degree from the *Æquinoſtial* by *Ptolemy*, and so is *Schettland*. Again, it lays between *Scotland* and *Norway*, where *Saxo Grammaticus* places *Thule* as but two Days Sail from the Point of *Cathness*, in which Distance *Solinus* also places it, and *Tacitus* ſays, that the *Romans* ſpied it afar off, as they ſailed by the *Orcades*, in their Voyage round *Britain*. Laſtly, it faces the Coaſt of *Bergæ* in *Norway*, and ſo lay *Thule*, according to *Pomponius Mela*, in which Author the Text is corruptly *Belgarum Littori*, inſtead of *Bergarum Littori*. For *Bergæ* a City in *Norway* lies over-againſt *Schettland*, and *Pliny* makes *Berges* Ile in this Track, which I take to be the ſmall Country wherein *Bergæ* is ſituated, as none will deny that *Norway* is *Pliny's* *Narigon*. Thus much may ſuffice concerning *Thule*, which is hid from us, as well as it was from the Ancients by Snow and Winter, as a certain Author expreſſes it; neither was any of them able to ſay, which of the Northern Iſles they meant, when they talk'd of *Thule*. As for the Length of Days in that unknown Iſland, *Peſſus Avicenus*, where he treats of *Britain*, tranſlates theſe Verſes out of *Dionyſus* concerning it.

*Longa dehinc celeri ſi quis Rate Marmora curret,
Invenit vaſto ſurgentem Gurgite Thulem,
Hic cum Plauſtra Poli tangit Phœbeius ignis,
Nocte ſub illuſtri Rota Solis Pomite ſagrat
Continuo, clarumque Diem Nox æmula ducit.*

Hence urge your Courſe along the watry Road,
You'll come where *Thule* ſwells above the Flood:
Here *Sol's* bright Wheels, when near the Northern Pole,

They cut their Way ſtill ſparkling as they roll.
Not here vain Man expect the Light's Return,
But every Night's a Rival of the Morn.

Pomponius

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Pomponius Mela hath made the same Remark, over-against the Coast of the *Belge* or *Berge* lies *Thule*, an Island much celebrated by the *Greek* Poets, and by ours, by Reason the Days are very long there, and the Nights very short, though in the Winter the Nights are dark as in other Places. They are light in the Summer, for tho' the Face of the Sun be not seen, the Sun is so much above the Horizon, that his Light is clearly visible. During the Solstice there is no Night at all, for the Sun being then higher, not only its Light but the greatest Part of its Body is visible.

As for *Shetland* (supposed before to be the ancient *Thule*) the nearest Part of it is Fourscore Miles from *Orkney*, and the Sea between them is very turbulent and stormy. Of those that are properly call'd Isles, there are about Forty-six, with forty Holms, and thirty Rocks; all which go under the Name of *Shetland*, though each of them have also its particular Name. About twenty-six are inhabited; others, though large enough, are made use of only to feed Cattle. Many of the Gentry came from *Scotland*, and settled here; but the common People that are Natives are descended from the *Norwegians*, and commonly speak a corrupt *Norse* Tongue, call'd *Nord*. They are generally healthful, living commonly to five, six, or sevenscore Years of Age. There are several Obelisks still standing, and many old Fabricks, which are said to have been built by the *Picts*. They are in the Fashion of Pyramids, with a winding Pair of Stairs within to the Top; under them they had Cells all vaulted over, and from the Top of them they made Signs by Fire, when there was any imminent Danger. The Ground is clean, and the Soil naturally inclines to a sandy Clay. The Product of the Country is chiefly Fish, Butter, Oil, Wool, Feathers, Beef, Tallow, Hides, Stuff, Stockings, with Woollen Gloves and Garters. There have been seen, at one Time, in *Brassay-Sound*, fifteen Hundred Sail of *Hollanders*. After *Fara*, an Island lying in the Midway between *Orkney* and *Shetland*.

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land, the first that appears is called *Main-land*, of which we have treated before.

The Country belongs to the Crown of *Scotland*, being Part of the Stewartry of *Orkney*, and govern'd either by the Steward or his Deputy. They have one Presbytery which meets at *Scalloway*.

The Sea above these Islands is term'd the *Slow*, *Frozen* or *Icy Sea*, and is rough and almost unnavigable, by Reason of the great *Flakes* of *Ice*. It was also called *Cronum* from *Saturn*, for the Ancients had a Notion, as *Plutarch* writes, that *Saturn* was kept in a deep Cave of *Pumice-stone*, in some *British* Island hereabouts; that *Jupiter* had thrown him into a deep Sleep, which served instead of Fetters, that the Birds brought him *Ambrosia*, which was so fragrant, that all the Place was perfum'd with it, and that many Spirits were here in Attendance on him, by whom he was served with great Diligence and Respect.

Thus far that learned and judicious Antiquary Mr. *Cambden*, but let us hear, what a noted Scotfman says upon this Head, those People are fond of attributing every Thing that was remarkable to their own Country, Sir *Robert Sibbald*, in his Discourse upon the *Thule* of the Ancients, has the following remarkable Passages.

There is no Place oftener mentioned by the Ancients than *Thule*, and yet it is much controverted what Place it was: Some have attempted the Discovery of it, but have gone wide of the Marks which the Ancients left concerning it; yet they seem all to agree, that it was some Place towards the North, and very many make it to be one of the *British* Isles.

Some derive the Name *Thule* from the *Arabic* Word *Tule*, which signifies *Far off*, and as it were with Allusion to this the Poets usually call it *ultima Thule*; but I rather prefer the Reason of the Name given by the learned *Bechartus* who makes it be *Phenician*, and affirms that it signifies *Darkness* in that Language.

Thule in the *Tyrian* Language was a Shadow, whence it is commonly used to signify *Darkness*, and the I-

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“Island *Thule* is as much as an Island of Darknets.” Which Name how exactly it agrees to an Island so called at the utmost Point to the North is known to every Body. And indeed this Derivation of the Word carries more Reason than any other they give; and is an evident Proof that the Ancients agreed in placing their *Thule* towards the North.

He then proceeds to see what Northern Country the Ancients pitch’d upon for it. They seem most to agree, says Sir Robert, that *Thule* was one of those Isles call’d the *British*. *Strabo*, one of the most ancient and best Geographers extant, speaks thus: “*Pythias Massiliensis* says, it is about *Thule*, the farthest North of all the *British* Isles;” yet he himself maketh it nearer than *Pythias* did: “But I think, says he, that Northern Bound to be much nearer to the South: for they who survey that Part of the Globe, can give no Account beyond *Ireland*, an Isle which lies not far towards the North before *Britain*; inhabited by wild People almost starved with Cold, there therefore I am of Opinion the utmost Bound is to be placed.” So that, in his Opinion, that which he calls *Ireland* must be *Thule*.

And after bringing several other Quotations as corroborating Proofs, he proceeds, *Ireland* properly so called, was the first of the *British* Isles, which got the Name of *Thule*, as being the first that the *Carthaginians* met with as they steer’d their Course from *Cadix* to the *West*, and hence it is that *Statius* calls *Thule*, *Hesperia*.

— Et si gelidas irem mansurus ad Arctos
Vel super *Hesperia* vada caligantia *Thules*.

If I in the cold North go to abide,
Or on dark Seas which western *Thule* hide.

And it seems to be the same that is said by *Aristotle* to have been discovered by the *Carthaginians*, where he speaks thus, “Beyond *Hercules’s Pillars*, they say, the *Carthaginians* found a fertile Island uninhabited, abounding with Wood and navigable Rivers, and
“ stored

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“ stored with very great Plenty of Fruits of all sorts,
 “ distant several Days Voyage from the Continent.”
 And Bochartus confirms this by what he observes, that
 an ancient Author *Antonius Diogenes*, who wrote
 twenty-four Books of the strange Things related of
Thule, not long after the Time of *Alexander the Great*,
 had his History from the *Cyparis* Tables dug at *Tyrus*
 out of the Tombs of *Mantinia* and *Dorilis*, who had
 gone from *Tyrus* to *Thule*, and staid some Time there.

But though this be the first *Thule* discover’d by the
Carthaginians, yet it is not that mentioned by the Ro-
 man Writers; for they speak of the *Thule* which the
 Romans were in and made Conquest of: But it is cer-
 tain they never were in *Ireland* properly so called.

Here are two different Opinions which can by no
 Means be reconciled, Mr. *Cambden* very confidently,
 from several concurring Testimonies, fixes it in *Scot-*
land. In this last part of the Quotation from Sir *Ro-*
bert Sibbald, some of the Ancients as strenuously insist
 upon *Ireland* to be the true *Thule*; but this last men-
 tioned Author wisely differs from both, and to do Honour
 to his Countrymen will have *Scotland* to be the only
 right *Thule* of the Ancients; for after taking great
 Pains, to make *Jerne* pass for *Strathern* instead of
Ireland, he proceeds.

But to make it appear which Part of *Britain* the
Thule was, which is mentioned by the Romans, it will
 be fit to see to which Part of *Britain* the Epithets at-
 tributed by Writers to *Thule* do best agree. First then,
 it was a remote Part, *ultima Thule*, as if this were the
 remotest Part of *Britain*; so *Tacitus* brings in *Galgacus*
 expressing it, “ We, the utmost Bounds of Land and
 “ Liberty, &c.” Then, *Thule* was towards the
 North, and so was this Country with Respect to the
 Roman Province. And, Thirdly, it might deserve the
 Name of *Thule*, because of its obscure and dark Aspect;
 it being in those Days all overgrown with Woods.
 Fourthly, the Length of the Day annex’d to *Thule*;
 and upon this Account it must be the Country to the
 North, and to the East of *Jerne*. For it is of the

North

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North and East parts of *Britain*; that the *Panegyrist* saith, "O *Britain*, happy, and Fortunate beyond all Lands." And a little after he speaks of their *long Days* and *light Nights* and the Sun's rather passing by than setting. This is applied to the Northernmost Part of *Britain* by *Tacitus*, where he says of it, "The Length of the Day is much above the Measure of our Climate, the Nights are light, and in the furthestmost Part of the Island so short, that between the going out and coming in of the Day, the Space is hardly perceived, and when Clouds do not hinder, they affirm that the Sunshine is seen in the Night, and that it neither sets nor rises but passes along."

Another Property of *Thule* given by *Tacitus* is, that about it, is *Manu pigrum & graves Remigantibus*, a slow Sea and difficult to Sailors.

By all which, concludes Sir *Robert*, I think it appears sufficiently that the North East Part of *Scotland* is undoubtedly the *Thule* mentioned by the *Roman* Writers. And this also, if we will believe the learned *Arnerimus Jones*, was meant by *Ptolomey* where he saith, that to the 21st Parallel drawn through *Thule* by *Ptolomey*, the Longitude answers Fifty-five Degrees and Thirty-six Minutes.

I shall only add one Remark more, and that is, that we need not have Recourse for the Rise of the Name of *Scot* to the fabulous Account of the Monks who bring it from *Scota*, *Pharaoh's* Daughter married to *Gathelus*; since without that Strain if it is granted that the Country was once called *Thule*, which in the *Phœnician* Language signifies *Darkness*, we have a very clear Reason for the Name *Scotia* which signifies the same in the *Greek* Tongue. And it is very well known, that it was usual with the *Greeks*, (who next to the *Phœnicians* were the best Navigators) not only to retain the *Phœnician* Name of the Place, but likewise to give one in their own Language of the same Import.

Thus, between those different Opinions of the Learned we should be still at a Loss for the real *Thule*, but as that is really found by this Adventurer, to be yet farther

xxiv *The* INTRODUCTION.

ther North than any, either Mr. *Cambden*, or Sir *Robert Sibbald*, have assigned, all the Difficulty that Remains is how to reconcile it with the Description given of *Tbule* by the Ancients. And this I think the very Quotations they bring in Support of their Opinions will furnish us with sufficient Arguments for; for allowing the Description of the Name to be right from the *Phœnicians* as it really is. We are only to consider two Things, and all Difficulties are solved. First, the Ancients gave the Name of *Tbule*, or *Darkness*, to all Places Northward which they touch'd upon, but had not fully discovered: Thus, in the general Sense, *Scotland*, *Ireland*, and all the Islands in that Sea may as well be call'd *Tbule*, as any one distinct from the rest; but as it is certain in sailing round *Britain*, they must see several others: Our Island which lies farther than any of these must undoubtedly be the true *Tbule*. And that there are others our Industry in Navigation makes us sensible of; having in the last Century discovered large Tracts of Land in Seas before unknown, as witness the *Greenland* Fishery, the *Hudson's Bay*, &c. Let it therefore suffice upon the Whole, that the true *Tbule* lies in the Latitude 68 Degrees 24 Minutes, about six Weeks Sail from *Schotland*, and is by the Inhabitants to this Day called *Dule*, which Country answers in every Respect to the Description of the Ancients, and as to the modern Account the following Memoirs of the Inhabitants will give you a lively Specimen.

MEMOIRS



MEMOIRS

Of the NOBILITY, &c. of

THULE:

OR, THE

ISLAND of LOVE.



SEVERAL are the Diversions with which the Inhabitants of the Isle of THULE are indulged, or rather courted to pass their vacant Hours in, and even to break into those set apart for their more ordinary Business and necessary Avocations, insomuch, that you shall see the most needy Artificer elbowing the first Grandee of the Court in their politer Assemblies; and the Mechanick is so far from being discouraged by any Reflection that may be passed upon him for his awkward and insolent Behaviour at such Meetings, that he is rather embolden'd, and, in a manner invited to it, by the Condescension of the Noblesse, in
B sharing

Great Brittain

2 MEMOIRS of the NOBILITY, &c.

sharing with him the meanest Entertainments that can be invent'd, and which are only properly adapt'd to the lowest of the Vulgar; so that it is no uncommon Thing there, to see his Lordship's *Schoemaker* out-bet him at a Horse-Race, or his *Butcher* out-bully him at the Boxing Match. Their Theatres, which they pretended to copy from the Ancients of *Greece* and *Rome*, are so far from resembling them, that notwithstanding their Poets had produced several Pieces, which might have been an Entertainment for a *Socrates* or a *Cato*, yet, when they were exhibited to stand the Test of this *wiser People*, the noisiest Censor carried away the Reputation of being the most judicious, and he that most tortur'd the Author, was esteem'd to be endued with the greatest Share of Knowledge; as if Criticism was but a Rack to try the Patience of the Ingenious, and good Sense only consisted in Cavilling.

Those who in Sport and Pleasantry would sometimes jest at their own Follies, declared, that Amusements of this, and every Kind, so greedily sought-after by the Inhabitants of that lovely Isle, were upheld by the Sages and Rulers thereof, merely to prevent the Savage Temper of the People from brutally enquiring into their Conduct; to turn the more fierce from too strict a Scrutiny into the Actions of the real Guilty, to a causeless Pursuit of some unhappy Innocent, and consequently defenceless Victim; and whilst a false Aim diverted the Fury of the Rash and Headstrong: There were enervating Fopperies invented to sink the Effeminate in a base degenerate Stupidity, like soporifick Draughts to lull 'em asleep; and mad Rants, and wild Doctrine advanc'd in Religion, to catch the Delirium of the Superstitious and Enthusiasts.

Nor were agreeable mimic rural Scenes neglected to charm the yielding Fair, and invite them under the Disguise of harmonious Solitudes, to Scenes of Temptation, and gilded Baits of Ruin.

'Twas

of THULE; or, *The Island of LOVE.* 3

'Twas to a *Villa* formed on Purpose for these Diversions on the Banks of one of the richest and most agreeable Rivers in the World, on the Side opposite the Metropolis of that lovely Island, that ALOISA, naturally too much addicted to Melancholy and Reflection, retreated to dispel her gloomy Thoughts, and by the Serenity of the Air, to attemper her own Mind to the pleasing Sensation.

The Evening Sun that play'd upon the Surface of the Water, added new Beauties to the Chrystal Stream, which reflecting the waving Osiers on the Shore, and the innocent Flocks which grazed upon the very Beach, enamell'd with innumerable Groups of beautiful Flowers, the wild Product of diversifying Nature, form'd a Prospect of rural Harmony and Felicity, only to be judg'd of by the fabulous Descriptions of *Elysium*, and the *Golden Age*, or by those who have seen the more happy Island of *Tbule*. The *Tritons* that waft the Votaries of Pleasure, from the City and noisy Bustle of the World to these polite Mansions, tho' they are for the Generality rough hewn and unpolish'd, have yet so delicate a Sense of Beauty, that their Savage Temper softens at the very Appearance of it, and their natural Barbarity is subdued to a compell'd Complaisance. ALOISA was by herself when she undertook this little Voyage; a Voyage which has often proved fatal to the Character of many an unfortunate *Tbulean* Maid. Thoughtless of the Danger she ran, the beauteous Innocent wander'd on, till she came where the Sons of NEPTUNE rous'd her from her Resverie, by clamorously inviting her to accept of their Services; but their Noise subsiding by Degrees, she complied with the Request of the most courteous, and enter'd his Ferry. The wanton Oars gently plaid on the glassy Plain, and the obsequious Stream divided with Pleasure to favour the Passage of its lovely Visitor. They coasted by the haughty Prelate's Palace, designed for a Seat of Hospitality and Munificence to the Poor; who, instead of the wonted Benevolence, they experienced in the

4 MEMOIRS of the NOBILITY, &c.

worthy[†] TILLOTIO, are now frighten'd from the Doors of his Successors, by stern Avarice, Gaunt, Famine and Oppression. In the Time of the deceased TILLOTIO, *Misery* never went away uneas'd, *Poverty* unrelieved, or the *Afflicted* uncomforted; but what was the Consequence of this? Why, He that had saved Numbers from an untimely Grave, scarce left sufficient to defray the Charges of conveying his Corpse to its Tomb in a decent Manner, and all the Subsistence his wretched Family had after his Death, was the Produce of his inestimable Labours when living; his Successors, more fond of aggrandizing themselves than their Function, more proud of their Riches than their Charity and Religion, chose rather to die Wealthy than Beloved. No Tears attended them to the Grave; but the Revilings of the disappointed Poor, were all the Requiems that were chaunted at their wretched Obsequies; the Palace, founded by the haughtiest Prelate the Island of *Tbule* ever produced, was even suffered to run to Ruin by the most avaritious of his Successors: How different were the Characters of these two Ecclesiasticks! And so much did Corruption and Depravity prevail in the Island of *Tbule*, that few, very few, of the inferior Orders, even amongst the most Sacred, followed the Example of the pious, munificent TILLOTIO; since an innate Consciousness of doing Good, with the heavenly CONTENT that beams on every Heart endued with such Virtues, tho' attended by Penury, Want and Disgrace, were all their Reward; whilst the chief Multitude of venal Priests ran, like the Herd of Swine, after the Conduct and Example of their Leader^x DORMIO, into a *Sea* of Avarice, Luxury, Simony and holy Epicurism, appropriating to their Tables, and debasing to common Viands at their private Banquets, the Sacrifices set a-part to the Adoration of the Gods, and the Use of their Temples. Whilst ALOISA was lost in such like Contemplations, she was agreeably roused from her Cogitations, at the Appearance of a great Number of poor People, Palmers

[†] Arch Bishop Tillotson, lived but a very short Time in that See.

and
^x Arch Bishop Wake, left not half behind him that Potter did,

of THULE; or, *The Island of Love.* 3

and Votaries, who, with a visible Satisfaction in their Countenances, and in plain, but decent, Weeds, waited on a Reverend *Magus* (whose Appearance spake rather the good than haughty *Flamen*) to the Water-side, where a small, but neatly trimm'd Galley lay ready to receive him; small were the Train of Followers that made up his Retinue, but that was more than over-ballanc'd by the many laudable Qualities, and eminent Virtues he bore about him. The Palmers and Votaries pour'd forth their most ardent Wishes for his Safety, and continued supplicating the Gods for the Protection of so much Goodness; till they lost Sight of his Barge on the opposite Shore. ALOISA, surpris'd to see so many poor People's Blessings attend any one who came from that Palace, could not forbear enquiring of her *Gondolier*, what was the Reason of such Expressions of Joy, and who the remarkable Person could be that had so merited them? But she was much more astonish'd, when she was inform'd, that it was the venerable and learned Father POTTER, the worthy Successor of the unworthy DORMIO. — And can it be! said she; then Heaven, however groveling Mortals may be deluded by Prejudice or Appearance, I see, baffles the Designs of the Invidious, and, to set these mean Beings an Example, will sometimes, in Despite of their Endeavours, prefer true Piety and Merit to low Sycophants, the Baits of Interest or Adulation of Courtiers. Why should the few sober, well-meaning Inhabitants of the Island of *Thule* be surpris'd that the Generality are profligate and profane, since the Avarice and Neglect of their *Flamens* have, for Years past, furnish'd them with too plausible an Excuse for indulging themselves in all manner of Vice, and suffer'd Infamy to become not only habitual, but even fashionable, and too often dignified with Honours and the highest Titles.

ALOISA was proceeding to enquire how this venerable Man, contrary to the present Customs of the Island, without any Thing to recommend him but

B 3

Learning,

• 77 A. B. Potter; the most celebrated, as well as avaritious Prelate, who accumulated most wealth of any we ever heard of in that Sea.

6 MEMOIRS of the NOBILITY, &c.

Learning, Piety and Modesty, could be exalted to the Dignity of *Arch-Flamen*, a Dignity which he so well supported, and which, whilst he alone seemed unconscious of, every one else thought he only could add new Graces to. When her *Gondolier*, with an unpolish'd, but hearty Salutation, leaning on his Oar, address'd a plain middle-aged Gentleman, who quitting the Retinue of the *Arch-Flamen*, seemed to wait on the Shore for the nearer Approach of ALOISA's Vessel. The *Gondolier* lost no Time to inform her, that the Person they saw, was a principal Attendant on the *Flamen*; that he was the Chevalier FAIREFRANC, and one whose Company she could have no Objection to, if her Ladyship would permit him to be taken into the Vessel, as he seemed to express by his Motions a Desire of making the same little Voyage her Ladyship intended; Innocence is ever free from all Suspicion of Maltreatment, especially where no visible Appearance of Libertinism gives Occasion for Disgust. ALOISA therefore consented to his coming Aboard, and as she viewed the Chevalier more narrowly, thought she perceived something in his Countenance that seemed to shew a settled Resolution, scorning the idle ceremonious Trifles of the *vulgar Great*, pitying the abusive Manner of the inferior Herd, yet tempered with Severity to Coxcombs, Compassion to Fools, and an obliging Affability to the Courteous and Civil.—And as every Man carries about him an indelible Characteristic, that to the truly discerning will shew him through all Disguise, so ALOISA modestly and fearfully viewing the Chevalier FAIREFRANC, imagined, and not unjustly, as it afterwards proved, that she beheld in him one born with a strong Inclination to Philosophy and Retirement; but his Address informed her, that Conversation and Pleasure had softened him from the downright Cynic, to the Man of true Reflection, and Wit and Sense agreeably join'd: That he blended Humanity for his Species with Severity to their Vices, and whilst he caressed the Man, would as freely attack his Foibles.

x Freedom of Speech see postea p. 224

Foibles. He entered the Vessel with an Air of Gaiety, uncommon to the Beaux Esprits of the Isle of *Thule*, who, like their representative Animals of a different Species, are most troublesome when they are kindest: The Chevalier addressed the unknown ALOISA with Complacency void of Flattery, and, whilst he seemed to court her Favour, commanded it. His Sedateness deprived her of all Suspicion of Danger, whilst his Pleasantry promised her an agreeable Entertainment. Without the Austerity of a Parent, or the finical Affectation of a modish Gallant, she imagined at first View, she saw every Thing in him that could be desirable in a Guardian. As Souls congenially formed attract each others Attention, so did theirs. 'Tis needless to rehearse the little Ceremonies that must necessarily pass between People who have Sense, good Humour, Frankness, and are politely bred. 'Tis sufficient to say, that mutual Charms in their Conversation soon created insensibly a Friendship which only great Souls are capable of, a Description whereof would not be esteemed by those who are incapable of feeling it, and to those who are is needless, since all the Eloquence and Rhetorick we could make use of, must fall far short of the real Pleasures of social Life and friendly Harmony. Let the gay Libertine rejoice, fired with the Glance of a wanton Eye, or dwell enamoured on a transient Smile; 'tis in vain to tell him, that one Hour's Conversation with an agreeable Fair, is more worth than all his Years of hard, ill-purchas'd lascivious Dalliance. Let the young, gay Coquet smile at the Gallantries of her perfumed amphibious Monster of a Fop; but if she has any Discretion or Judgment left (as Coquets are not always without) she will prefer a Dish of Tea with a Man of Sense and Merit, to all the Flutterings of a Birth-day Ball, or Hurry of a Masquerade.

ALOISA received him with a Modesty and Freedom that always attends good Sense and an untainted Mind. The *Gondolier* shewed how well he was pleased with his Fare, by many good Offices suitable to

his Function; and, soon as they were seated, rowed leisurely, gaping earnestly, yet silent in Attention, as if he expected something more than ordinary, and hugg'd himself with a secret Satisfaction, that he had introduced so entertaining a Gentleman into the Company of such an agreeable Lady. He had before informed ALOISA, that the Stranger was an Attendant on the Person of the *Arch-Flamen*, and with a Freedom peculiar only to untainted Simplicity, she expressed the greatest Regard for the venerable Prelate, and at the same Time, her earnest Desire that her Companion would give her particular Information how his Virtue, void of Court-favour, maugre all the Attempts of the Supplicants for Translations and large Benefices, could be so distinguished by the Court of *Tbule* (which was abandoned to *Luxury* and the worst of *Impieties*) as to be sent for from his Retirement at a rural See, to be placed in the highest Ecclesiastical Dignities of the whole Island.

Madam, replied the Chevalier, he must be insensible of all Politeness, which the Charms of Beauty inspire, who can refuse satisfying such a laudable Curiosity; Know then, that the Reverend Personage you saw just now, as he is one of the greatest Ornaments to Religion, so is he to Literature in general, and the Delight of all solid polite Conversation. At his first Promotion, when he was exalted to preside over the
 * Seat of the Muses, he applied himself earnestly to make the Worship of the Gods consistent with a learned Education, and agreeable to the Minds and Manners of Youth. He led them to the Knowledge of Divinity by the sweet Charms of Science, and whilst he informed their Understandings, instructed their Morals. He brought to light the most celebrated Antiquities of the ancient *Greeks*, a Piece which
 * will immortalize his Name whilst the Island of *Tbule* shall have the least Remains of Learning left. He confined himself honestly to the Residence allotted for him. He never, as is too customary with others of his Profession, deserted the People under his Care

x consecrated B^p of Oxford in 1715^{to}

* John potter's *Archeologia Graeca*
 in 2 Vol. 8^{vo} published in 1706

to attend the Court, or sully his Pontifical Robes by bending at a Favourite's Levee. He disdained all Advantages so gained, and chose to remain unenvied in his lettered Solitude, or employ himself in the Functions of his sacred Office, dispensing Charity to the Poor, and Instructions to the Wealthy, known only to the Good, and scarce heard of by the fluttering Butterflies of Grandeur, that bask in the Glare of a Court, like Insects round a dead Carcase in the mid-day Sun. For some Years his Name was scarce ever mentioned in the gay World, and his Writings, that were the Admiration of every one that had the Happiness of perusing them, were look'd upon as the Works of one long-since dead to FAME; you may therefore be justly surprized, Madam, that he now enjoys the high Station of *Arch-Flamen*, which no one before himself ever attained to so suddenly; but that Surprize will cease, when I inform you, that it was at the Request, and by the Recommendation of the great TALIBIO, a Gentleman whose universal good Character no one in the Island of *Tbule* can be ignorant of. That Ornament to the State, who was himself raised by Merit only to the Administration of the highest Post of Justice in the Island, was too sensible of the Want of Men of the same Stamp, in several other Posts of Church and State, used his utmost Endeavour to recommend such to the chief Ruler; TALIBIO somerimes succeeded, but Interest and Court-favour too often blinded their Eyes, and maugre all his good Intentions; they too often preferred *empty Nothings* to the most worthy Men TALIBIO could select; insomuch, that the good Man met with so many Rebuffs, that he determined never more to concern himself with such a Contrariety of Opinions, but leave them to their own detested Methods, and had not interfered now, but for the better supporting the Cause of his much-esteemed Friend POTIER.

I must inform you, Madam, that at the Death of DORMIO, there were two Parties in the Court of *Tbule*, as there generally are whenever any considera-

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+ *Ed. Chancellor Talbot.*

m. 1733

Polter was translated to Canterbury 37
m. 1737.

ble Preferment falls, either in Church or State; for the *Flamens* are no less *ambitious* than the Lay-subjects, and often set them dangerous Examples, in that pernicious Vice which is so destructive to Society: For the Priests of this Island, by being suffered to marry, have so many Family-Interests to provide for, that they are grasping after Benefices and Dispensations, fleecing their Cures to heap up Wealth to enrich their Families. ~~¶~~ And of this Sort, there were two who had already rais'd themselves to great Dignities in the Temple, and who, thro' different Interests, were Candidates for being made *Arch-Flamen*.

+ The one was a Prelate haughty and ambitious to the last Degree, fond of Place, Dignity and Precedence. No Persons that put themselves upon an Equality with him, could be in the least agreeable to him. Those only who were abject, creeping and servile, he ranked in the List of his Favourites. He sought nothing but *Favour*, and he courted nothing but *Power*. He digested the severer Ecclesiastical Law into a Body, and did all he could to promote an Hierarchy.

X The other was one who had raised himself to the Dignity, by prostituting his Parts and Pen to varnish the Crimes of a corrupt and rapacious Minister, who had long been supported by Bribery, Deprecation, and the worst of Crimes; and in this was he so fluent and affable, that any thing that made for his present Purpose, he made use of; so that, in order to cavil and confound some Points, he was frequently obliged to contradict himself; and this he would do to serve his Patron frequently.

The first was Favourite of the grand Ruler, who promoted his Interest strongly; but in this he found himself as strenuously opposed by his illustrious Consort, who always pretending a great Veneration for the Temple of *Thule*, had selected, from all others, the latter for her Counsellor. Sharp was the Conflict, and neither would give up their Pretensions. It ceased to be any longer a Contest between the two

+ B^p. Gibson. ~~B^p. Lord~~ B^p. Hoadly. B^p. Winchester^{Flamens}
 ¶ of which there never was a more flagrant Instance than in Arch-B^p. Potter.

* Gibson's *Codex juris ecclesiastici* 2. vol.
 published in 1765.

of **THE**LE; or, *The ISLAND OF LOVE.* 11

Flamens, for now the Ruler and his Consort made it theirs; both were obstinate, and neither could decide; at last it was agreed to refer it to TALIBIO, to name a Man most proper for the Post. TALIBIO attended, and so eloquently enforced the Cause of POTIER, that the good Man was nominated to it when he had not the least Apprehensions of what was doing for his Interest. He was sent for from his Retirement, and intated in the Mansion of the Temple, before the two rival *Flamens* scarce knew any thing of the Matter. Thus, Madam, you see, concludes the Chevalier, that Merit and Goodness sometimes meet its Reward in this World; so that it is not quite so depraved as some Folks imagine. But, Sir, replied ALOISA, if it is not owing to the Depravity of the World, that Men who are best capable of discharging the Functions thereof are not preserv'd, why did not your Ruler-himself examine well the Candidates, and give it to the most deserving? He should not have trusted to blind Chance; without which, this worthy Man would never have sate in the Chair, but have called forth all his *Flamens*: He should have examined into each of their Lives, Characters, Piety, Learning, their Behaviour to their Neighbours in their inferior State, and now they are exalted.— Hold, hold, Madam, interrupts the Chevalier, where are you running? scarce any one of them, besides the *Arch-Flamen* (and one who died lately in his own Flamenship, and of whom it was said, *he never was translated but to Heaven*) could bear the Scrutiny you mention; or if they were, some will tell you, our Ruler is not capable of making it, or of judging of it, were it made.—But TALIBIO was a Man formed for Government, and every Thing that was *Great and Good*; all Ranks and Degrees of Men *loved him Living*, and *bemoaned him Dead*; beating their plaintive Breasts, the Reverend hoary Sages of our Isle would cry, Good Gods! do ye then sport with Virtue? How can we obey your Dictates, or put on that Likeness of Cœlestial Perfection required by you,

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when

+ B^p. Hough B^p. of Worcester died in 1743. at 93

when you thus early snatch from us the Pattern you gave us, e'er we could obtain a Copy? Where's now our Bulwark between *Oppression* and the *Liberties of Thule*? Was it not TALIBIO, who, neglecting all the Pleasures of Life, which he might have so amply enjoyed, exhausted Nature by watching in his Country's Cause? He died a *Martyr* in defending the Rights he had *always maintained*, and needs no other Monument, than what is erected to his immortal Praise, in the Heart of every loyal Subject in the Isle of *Thule*: But, he is gone! And *Freedom*, *Truth* and *Justice* weeping, attended his Obsequies, bade the abandoned Isle adieu, and sunk with him into the silent Grave. — Where now shall we find them? — The Search is vain. — For the most seeming *Virtuous* dress up false Phantoms, and follow Shadows for the real Substance. — You seem to lament the Loss of so worthy a Man. — So we did all, even from the most polished amongst us, to the rustick Esquire, who knows little Conversation besides his Hounds, and is never eloquent, but when in his Dog-kennel, forced by the Torrent of his Praises, muttered out vulgar Applause. One of this Class being once in a Conversation, where his Estate introduced him rather than his polite Breeding, tho' his natural Parts, had they been rightly cultivated, might have passed for tolerable, sat with great Attention, listening to the Subject of Discourse, which then turned upon some late Transactions of the GREAT TALIBIO. A Gentleman in the Company, after expatiating largely on the equitable Distribution of Favours, concluded with the following short Narrative. — The *chief Administrators of Justice*, in the Island of *Thule*, have at their Disposal several Temples, where, at the Death of the *Flamen*, they can appoint what Successor they please. One of these, which afforded considerable Revenues, became lately vacant; the deceased *Flamen* that enjoyed it, was one of those who, loving Splendor, and to bask in the Sun-shine, never visited his Temple, but contented himself with receiving the Profits

x *Ld. Talbot died in 1737.*

Profits thereof, and allowing a small yearly Pittance, scarce sufficient for supporting Nature, to an honest *Underling*, who officiated for him in all the sacred Offices. No wonder that a Place so advantageous was sought after by our Preferment-hunting *Flamens*; Interest was made for several, but more especially by some of the chief *Sagubi's* at Court, amongst whom was the *prime Director*; for one, who was already possess'd of *seven hundred Orrs* yearly in Temple Revenues, and who was greatly desirous of obtaining this, because it being about as much more, he said, would make it up a COMFORTABLE SUBSISTENCE. In the mean Time, the poor half-starv'd *Underling*, hearing of the Death of his Superior, thought this a proper Time to apply for an Augmentation of his pitiful Allowance, he having out of the *Seven Hundred*, but

x TWENTY *Orrs* yearly for doing all the Duty; and desiring only *his* COMFORTABLE SUBSISTENCE might be raised to THIRTY.—If FORTY, he would almost have accounted it Superfluous.—Accordingly he applies to the Chiefs of the District, for recommendatory Letters of his Integrity, Sobriety and good Behaviour, which were readily granted him. He takes his Scrip, and, like the Ecclesiasticks of Old, travelled from his Town, which is upwards of forty Leagues, to the great Metropolis. The poor *Flamen*, who was meanly clad, and rendered worse to all Appearance, by the Fatigue of his Journey, arrived in the Dusk of the Evening at TALIBIO's Gate; but viewing the stately Building, was fearful to enter, or make his Address; when one of TALIBIO's Servants entering, and seeing the poor *Flamen* thus distressed (fill'd with the beneficent Temper of his Master, which diffused itself through his whole Household, gathered by him, from the bright Emanation, the heavenly Ray of Charity) kindly accosts him, and tells him, that it was their Orders not to banish Necessity from the Door, but to relieve it; that one of his Garb, however impoverish'd, might command whatever the House afforded; and further, that if he

had

x *twenty pounds.*

had any Business with his Master, in about an Hour he would be at Leisure, and he would communicate it to him. The poor *Flamen*, overwhelmed with Joy at this unexpected kind Reception, could not refrain from Tears, and eagerly grasping the Hand of his Introducer, replied, That he had some Business, which, tho' trifling to his Lordship, was of no less Consequence to him, than the Dependance of his Livelihood, and saving his Family from Destruction; but that, as it required his personal Application, he feared his Garb would be of Disadvantage to him.—You are mistaken, cries the Domestick, interrupting him hastily, if you imagine our worthy Master will esteem you the less for that, if your Cause be good.—He regards not *Dress*, but *Men*, nor *Men*, but by their *Merit*, therefore enter and be welcome.—In short, the poor *Flamen* was heard, and TALIBIO, touch'd with Compassion, assured him of his Influence in his Favour, over whomsoever he should appoint his Superior.—The poor *Flamen* withdrew rejoiced; let those judge of his Extasy, who have been in the like Poise, between *Hope* and *Fear*.—But how great was his Disappointment, when, at the next Interview, TALIBIO informed him, that he had
 ✕ seen the *Flamen*, who was supported by all the
 ✕ *Sagubis*, and recommended to the Post. That upon the Affair being urged to him, he declared, he could by no Means comply with his Request, for that the Claims and Demands of the *inferior Flamen*s were so exorbitant, and increased so much daily, that if they were encouraged in this Manner, there would be no setting Bounds to their Ambition.—The poor *Flamen* was modestly withdrawing with Tears in his Eyes, and his Heart almost bursting with Grief, when TALIBIO took him by the Hand, informed him, that he had strictly enquired into his Conduct, which he found unblameable: That he had given the *haughty Flamen* two Days to give his Answer to the Proposal.—And if you, poor honest Man, says he, will come to me on the Third, I'll give you your
 Answer,

✕ a Clergyman or a Bishop

✕ a Lord or a Minister of State

Answer ; and, in the mean Time, consider what I can do to your Advantage. The second Day, the *haughty Flamen*, more imperious than ever, relying on his Court-Interest, wholly refused to comply.—He was dismiss'd with *Scorn* and *Reproach*.—On the third came the *meek, humble* one, diffident, yet hoping ; joyful, tho' desponding, he approached.—TALIBIO informed him, there were no Hopes of succeeding, and that he might return to his Temple, if that Man was his Superior, and endeavour to content himself with what he had before, for that the *haughty Flamen* would by no Means consent to the least Augmentation.—I am sorry for it, says the *poor Flamen* ; but judge me Heaven !—I wish it not for *myself*, but for my *poor Family's* sake : Must then those tender Babes be reduced to beg their Bread, or submit to the servile Offices of griping Wardens, in that very Place, where I, for twenty Years, have incessantly continued to cultivate Peace, Morality and the Dictates of the Gods.—Yet this is my Comfort.—The sole Result of a Mind, conscious of doing Good ? that the very Principles I have inculcated, will prevent the Inhabitants from using them with Scorn and Derision, on Account of my unhappy Circumstances.—Heaven will raise some Friend.—TALIBIO, whose generous Nature could not bear to see such Distress without taking Part, with Emotion interrupting him, cries, In *Me* behold that *Friend*, the Instrument of Heaven : Tho' I can by no Means prevail on the *haughty Flamen* to grant your Request, 'tis in my Power to *dispose* of the Post, and from this Moment YOU are FLAMEN.—Excess of Joy o'ercomes the poor Man's Spirits.—He faints, and falls at his generous Preserver's Feet, and recovers but to *bliss HEAVEN* and *HIM*.—Was ever such disinterested Goodness, cries the whole Company ; sure nothing can exceed it ; can any Thing equal it ?—Nothing, replies a Gentleman, but another Action of the same worthy Man ; when, upon being sent for by the *chief Ruler*, to know what *Decision* he would make in a certain

certain intricate *Affair*, that would shortly come before him, he boldly and honestly replied; *Sire*, "The Sword of Justice you have consigned over from You to Me; in giving my Opinion without bearing both Parties, I wrong Truth, I wrong You, and I wrong Myself." At this Answer, the Ruler descended to such mean Invectives, and drove him from his Presence with such undeserved Indignity, as touched TALIBIO to the Heart, and, as some of the Island won't scruple to say, even occasioned his Death.

The Rustic, who had listened with Attention all this while, thought he must say something in his Turn, and cried,—"I don't wonder at the chief Ruler's Behaviour on this Occasion, since, as he had got the People's good Will to such a Degree, perhaps he might be jealous of his growing Favour; for I dare say, that had he put up for CHIEF RULER in Opposition to the present, tho' this might have out-bribed him in Votes, yet, says he,—"rapping out an Oath,—"TALIBIO would have got it upon the SCRUTINY."

I am very glad to hear, said ALOISA, that Justice is so well administred in an Island which, of all others, after a Series of Adventures, I have chose to make my Abode. As I shall seldom go to Court, I have little Occasion to enquire after the Temper or Qualifications of the chief Ruler, neither according to your Expressions, is there any forming an Opinion of his Judgment from the Choice of his *Sagubis*, since Partiality, and not Wisdom, constitutes them such; but I hope the Successor of the worthy TALIBIO, endeavours to emulate his great Predecessor; may Heaven diffuse his Spirit thro' the Governors of all your Provinces.

Alas! Madam, replies the Chevalier, your Wish shews the good Intentions of your Heart, but theirs are far otherwise inclined.—How far does Don EBORAC fall short of TALIBIO, tho' both vers'd in the same Science, and trained up Youths together; yet

how
L^d Chancellor York. afterw^d E. of Hardwick
appointed in 1737

how variable Mankind? Don EBO, as might have appeared unrivalled, had not the great TALLARO preceded him; but this we must allow, that since Monarchs have grown too great to hear their Subjects Complaints themselves, and have deputed their Ministers to that troublesome Office, never was the Sword of Justice lodg'd in abler Hands: *vires aut in modum aut*

Alas! what Pity is it that there are Crimes committed even beyond their Redress, and whilst they are deciding a Dispute about a trifling Contract, Things of a more interesting Nature never reach them, or durst not be complained of.—The following Relation must sound very tragical to all People, but more especially to a young Lady endowed with Beauty and Innocence; yet I hope you will permit me to repeat it, as it will plainly shew (amongst many others that I shall relate, if I am allowed to accompany you) that in the Island of *Thule*, however happy and well regulated it may seem to you, Grandeur gives a Sanction to perpetrate the worst of Crimes with Impunity, and Punishment and Infamy only attend inferior Vices: What is only a Piece of Gallantry in a *Sagubi*, is Death to a Peasant; and the Breach of Credit, which ruin a Man that enriches his Country with the Commerce of all the World, shall be the only Characteristick of Politeness in a *Magnifico*; who, whilst he is revelling in the Spoils of the Family he has reduced to the extremest Distress, shall smile at the pressing Instances of the Sufferer for his just Due, and deride the Misery he hath occasioned.

Blush! blush! for Shame! Ye Men of hardened Front! Who riot in Infamy, and glory in your Shame! Ye who, tho' by your Births and Stations seem designed for such Offices, neglect your Country in every Shape; who shrink at meeting a Foe in the Field, and neglect to put in Execution her wholesome Laws; yet boldly sully Innocence at Home, and ravage Virtue where ever ye find it fixt! How many contaminated Virgins mourn your Lust? How many Families, that once shone, the Delight and Support of the Commonwealth, are now mould'ring to Decay in silent Grief, at
the

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the sad Effects of your perhaps one fatal Hour, spent in lascivious Dalliance? Of which the following is too fatal an Instance!

PAULO was a Citizen of no little Eminence, long had he flourished and grown Rich by Trade and Commerce, pouring the Plenty of foreign Countries into the Bosom of his native *Tbule*; Numbers of Mariners combated the Waves, encouraged by his Industry; the Hands of hundreds of honest Labourers were daily supplicating Heaven for his Safety and Success; yet he, good Man, that took off the Gloom from several Families, and taught them to eat the Bread of Cheerfulness, in the midst of Affluence, was doom'd to be unhappy in his own Family; Heaven, from a Number of Children with which he had been blest, had left him an only Daughter, whose rising Bloom promised to be the Comfort of his declining Years, sweet Pledge of connubial Delight, and tender Semblance of what was once his youthful Spouse; oft would they sit, in her Infancy, and mutually recount their former Joys, as the beautiful Prater entertained their vacant Hours; here would he trace the Mother's Virgin Blush, there watch the brilliant Sparkle of her Eye, and pressing eager Kisses on her Lips, think twenty Years of Life recalled.—She attained her thirteenth Year, soon after the Death of her Mother, the Grief of which flung her into a Fever, that the Physicians were afraid would prove mortal.—Happy for her had it been so.—What a numerous Train of Mischiefs would have been prevented.—Her Relations had not now wished her Death, nor the distracted Father abhorred the Sight of what once could give him the greatest Pleasure.

She lay for a Time afflicted with a violent Illness, 'till Nature, assisted by Youth, at last put her out of Danger.—But Sickness had so impaired her beautiful Form, that her Acquaintance could scarce know her for the same.—It was the Advice of the Physicians, that she should be removed to the Country Air; accordingly her tender Parent sent her to a Boarding-School, a few Miles distant from the *Metropolis*, kept

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see Genl. Mag. vol. IX. p. 526

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by a Matron, in whom they could confide, one conspicuous for her Virtue and Morals; nor was she more to be admired for her Oeconomy and Prudence, than the Retreat she lived in, for its private Beauties and Solitude: In ancient Times, when Priestcraft more particularly presided in the Island of *Thule*, it had been a Receptacle for Maids dedicated to the Service of the Temple; a Grove of lofty Oaks around embrowned the Prospect of the Avenue, and over the old *Gotbick* Structure the twining Ivy spread its *Verdure*; a pleasant Garden lay backwards, where the young Ladies were wont to entertain themselves with several innocent Amusements, which was watered by a purling Brook, that stray'd in different Windings thro' its lovely Bosom, where the little Wantons would often lave off the Summer's Heats; no mortal Eye could penetrate the abstruse Recess, its lofty Walls defending them from all offensive Views.

Here the fair AMANDA, Daughter of the worthy PAULO, for some Time enjoy'd the calm Delights of youthful Innocence and unembittered Pleasure. She found several agreeable Companions in this instructive Solitude, that enabled her to pass away her Time of Absence from her beloved Parent with less Regret; they studied every harmless Art to amuse her, and some new-invented Toy, or Sport, was always ready to banish returning Melancholy.—No Hours could be pass'd more agreeably than these; they seem'd an Emblem of the first Joys of Paradise before Mankind deviated to Sin and Fell. But as there, so to these happy Fields, the dire Foe of Mankind broke in, and destroy'd their rising Hopes of future Bliss.

There was, near the Place where AMANDA was retir'd, a Seminary for young Gentlemen, under the Care of an honest and judicious Teacher; but, alas! all Care is vain, where headstrong Youth is concern'd; the Passions reign Predominant, and Vice will corrupt the noblest Nature. Monsieur LOURDAULT, who was then lately exalted to the Dignity of a *Sagubi*, had put his Sons to this Seminary for their Instruction

x *As near come*

struction in the Languages; the Eldest, who was then about Fifteen, frequently saw the beautiful AMANDA at the Temple; he no longer paid the Adoration due to the Divinity, all his Orazons were secretly addressed unto her: The solemn Form of Worship prescribed by the *Flamens*, he perverted to his own Use; and when he besought the Power supreme to hear him, his Heart deceived his Tongue, and more particularly applied it to her. — Gallantry had so universally diffused itself thro' the Veins of the young Gentlemen of *Tbule*, that the Youth of *Fourteen*, who had not his Mistress, was looked upon as stupid and unfit for Conversation: But the modern Inamoratos are far different from those of old; for as the Heroes of ancient *Quixotism* made it their Practice to relieve distressed Damsels from the Hands of brutal Ravishers, so the late Professors of that Science, seek all Means to be their Oppressors, and compute their Conquests, not by the Grants, or Monsters they have destroyed, but by the Maids they have defiled; and such Havock did these Destroyers of Innocence make, that there was scarce such a Thing as a Virgin of *twenty Years* of Age to be found in all the Island of *Tbule*: All was flaming Lust; and from the Court to the Cottage, each had their Share in amorous Intrigues. * Young LOURDAYLT was not backward to follow the Fashion; he had fixt his Eyes on AMANDA, and since his Father was exalted from the lower Class of the People, to make one amongst the *Nobless*, the Son began to assume all the presumptuous Airs of a real-born *Sagubi*. He thought that nothing should interfere with his Pursuits after Pleasure, and that all the World were made subservient to his Will. — He inherited all a *Sagubi's* Insolence and Arrogance, without the few good Qualities they otherwise possess. Haughtiness, Ambition and Love, were the principal Ingredients of his Composition. Nothing could check his voluptuous Appetites: No Reason held the Ballance in his Soul; but all was Lawless, Anarchy and lustful wild Confusion.

* Mr. . . . York: one of the sons of ^{He}
 * the Chancellor lately created L^d Herdwick

He was not long before he met with Companions in his Iniquity; Confederates in Vice are too common, and too easily found; the Association is fatal, yet too ensnaring for Youth to withstand. He communicated his Inclinations to three or four Youths of his own Age, with whom he was most intimate.—The lascivious Flame ran like Wild-fire; upon his discovering his Thoughts, they as readily confess'd, that they had each of them entertained a Respect, or rather a lewd Desire, for several of the young Ladies, who were Companions to AMANDA, as they were to him. They encouraged each other to perpetrate an Action that could enter into the Minds of none but who have abandoned all manner of Virtue and Honour. They gave Way to the loosest Wishes and Thoughts, and whilst they were consulting the properest Means to get introduced to the Company of the young Ladies, young LOURDAULT, more fertile in wicked Intentions than any of them, deliver'd himself to the following Effect; "Gentlemen, I am very sensible, that the Enterprize we are undertaking will be attended with the greatest Difficulties; but to me all Obstacles are nothing, or easily removed, when they debar my Pursuit after Pleasure. The Brook that winds thro' the Retreat which confines the lovely Idols of our Wishes, ye all know runs under a small Bridge, and an Arch under the Wall that encloses their Garden. I have certain Intelligence, that, in the cool Evenings, the lovely Nymphs often bathe themselves in its limpid Stream. 'Tis therefore my Resolution to swim down the Stream the next Moon-light Night, and, undistinguished, mix with the playful Wantons; and, if I succeed in this first Interview, I doubt not to give you a satisfactory Account of my Exploit; be ye at Hand only to favour my Retreat, if any Accident should obstruct my Design."—They readily complied with his Request, and, in a little Time, he found no great Difficulty in putting his Project in Execution.—He swam under the Bridge,

Bridge, and attained the Place where the young Beauties were nakedly indulging themselves in the Water; little did they think they should be thus surprised: They gave a Loose to innocent Pleasure, and sportively wantoned in the Stream, laying aside the Constraint that they otherwise laboured under in the Day-time. LOURDAULT was like another CLODIUS, that had intruded to the Secret Rites of CERES; he heard their most private Wishes, and was Witness to their most ardent Longings; not the scaly Innocents that play'd about the Chrystal Stream, shew'd more freakish Sports than they. All Disguise was laid aside, and he devoured their Beauties with a greedy Eye. He was lost in a Maze of Joy, at the View of their well-turn'd, polish'd Limbs; and the different Charms they displayed, would have warmed an Anchorite, were he in this Situation. He stood fixt with Admiration, and his Levity of Temper inclined him to the others, as much as AMANDA. Whilst he was thus gazing intent, he was perceived by BRUNETTA the Maid, who being more versed in those Affairs than the young Ladies, soon discovered him to be of a Sex not proper to be admitted to such private Recreations; but, like the rest of her Sister-Chambermaids, being allured by the Hopes of Lucre, and concluding that he was some young Gentleman, who had intruded there thro' Gallantry, she thought it most for her Interest to make him her Friend, and conceal the Attempt from the innocent Victims, whom she had in Charge.—The vicious Youth soon won her to his Party, and, by large Promises, engaged her to favour the Designs of him and his Accomplices. She advised him to make his Retreat for the present, by which Means he would be undiscovered, and promised him, that he should not only hear from her the next Day, but that she would contribute all that lay in her Power towards gratifying his Inclinations; and withal, gave him great Hopes of Assurance of Success, informing him, that the young Ladies were susceptible of soft Passions,

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and had their different Favourites amongst the young Lads his Companions. Young LOURDAULT was extremely rejoiced at this Discovery, and returning back the same Way he had entered, found his Companions waiting with the utmost Impatience for him, whom he informed of the Result of his Night's Adventure; and, emboldened by his Success, they all swore Secrecy to each other, determining to prosecute the Affair at all Events.—BRUNETTA applied herself in good Earnest to the Work, and by exaggerating the Praises of the young Gentlemen, brought the Ladies to so good an Opinion of them, that they consented to an Interview. She now began to triumph in her Conquest, and reckoning up the great Gains she should reap thereby, lost all Sense of Honour and Virtue; for having been a Prostitute herself, the very Sight of Innocence, she thought, upbraided her with her former Failings, and she could not be easy till she had reduced them all to the same wretched Level as herself. She made use of the most artful Insinuations to decoy these innocent Virgins, and with no other View, than of a little Gain to herself, was ready to sacrifice the Hopes and Reputation of several Families; but more particularly, she applied herself to forward the Intrigue of LOURDAULT with AMANDA. How contradictory are the Passions of Women? BRUNETTA had taken a peculiar Liking to him herself, and the better to ingratiate her into his Favour, she resolves to prostitute the fair Innocent to his lustful Desires!

AMANDA was so much deceived by her Artifice, and allured by the Hopes of a Title and Marriage with young LOURDAULT, that she consented to an Interview, under the Management and Direction of the faithless BRUNETTA.—He was accordingly admitted, after the Governess was in Bed, and spent the greatest Part of the Night in the fair One's Apartment. He succeeded so well in his first Address, that a second Assignment was made, and to take off the Suspicion, or Complaint of AMANDA's Com-

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Companions, he was instructed by BRUNETTA, to bring an Adventurer with him, that might entertain LUCILLA, and he have the better Opportunity to be alone with AMANDA. This was followed by the Introduction of seven others, for whom the perfidious BRUNETTA had provided Mistresses, softened by her Persuasions, and partly induced by their own Inclinations to Gallantry, they admit of their Visits, thoughtless of the Ruin they were courting: Unhappy for the young Ladies, they listened to their flattering Speeches, and resigned their Honour without Consideration! AMANDA, whose innate Notions of Virtue were not so easily abolished as the others, was a considerable Time before she surrendered; but Nature prompted, Love inflamed her, and the soft Temptation compleated her Ruin. She shewed her Passion void of Affectation, and too greedily drank down the fatal Draught of Love. One fatal Night, when Virtue slept, and Pleasure only reign'd, young LOURDAULT surprized her reading in her Chamber.—The Book she had chose, contributed to her Undoing, and added but fresh Fuel to her Flame — 'Twas wanton OVID.—He entered unperceived by her, and heard her repeat some of those Lines, with an Energy that raised him to the highest Pitch of warm Desire. The Season of the Year, which was then very hot, had thrown her into an artless Dishabile. She lay reclined upon a Couch, with nothing but a loose Gown over her. Her lovely Bosom was quite bare, o'er which her Tresses plaid in wanton Dalliances. She was not apprized that the Ravisher was so near, when he seized her in his Arms, and almost stifling her with fond Endearments, laid the trembling Virgin quite prostrate. His ungoverned Hands roved at Pleasure over all her Beauties, and, uninterrupted, he seized the Shrine of soft Delight; the struggling, panting Nymph, half dead between Delight and Surprise, was incapable of resisting his brutal Attempts. She lay Breathless, with all her Charms exposed to his View. He, in the Height of wild

x *There were Nine of them.*

wild Imagination, throws himself on the defenceless, lovely Maid, and, in a Moment, deprives her of that Virtue, which endless Time cannot restore. Their Intercourse was carried on for some Time without Interruption; but deadly Pain succeeded their stolen Pleasure; for, in less than two Months, the wretched AMANDA found that the Joys they had reaped was attended with bitter Fruits. She lost her Colour, was troubled with sick Qualms, and betrayed all the manifest Symptoms of a Woman with Child. The perfidious BRUNETTA perceived it; and, to compleat her Villany, would have prepared a Draught to render her *abortive*. The poor deluded, unhappy fair One, unwilling to add to her former Guilt, refused her Offer, shuddering at the Thoughts of Murder; but something must be done: Her Burden encreased, and every Day brought her nearer to Shame and Disgrace. In vain did she curse the Hour in which she first admitted of young LOU-DAULT's Visit; and, more to perplex her, she plainly perceived, that his Affections began to grow cold, and he was much less assiduous in his Addresses, than before he had obtained the Sum of his Wishes. During this Agitation, she had Thoughts of having Recourse to an Aunt, who loved her tenderly, and whom she thought she could confide in, to heal this fatal Mistake; but cruel *Fortune* had not yet done persecuting her; for, before she could put her Design in Execution, an unhappy Accident betrayed her, and the rest of her Fellow-Sufferers, and discovered their Misconduct to the World. BRUNETTA, who was privy to all this Scene of Lewdness and Iniquity, encouraged it only whilst she had an Opportunity of filling her Purse by it; and so regular was she in her wicked Dealings, that she would not admit any of the young Gentlemen, till they had every Night paid her a certain Sum for their Entrance. One of them, whose Allowance was not so considerable as the others, having exhausted his small Fund in Fees of this Kind, and going to enter as usual, she repulsed

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him with Disdain, because he could not satisfy the venal Portress. He could not bear to see his Companions admitted, and himself repulsed; but, highly incensed, loaded the faithless, insolent BRUNETTA, with the vilest and most bitter Reproaches. The Noise awakened the Governess of the young Ladies, who, rising, and listening at the Window, too plainly heard the Occasion of this Scuffle; and, shrinking with Horror, discovered the whole Course of this dark Intrigue. She immediately dress'd herself, and, calling up her Assistants, visited all the Apartments of the young Ladies; some of whom she found in the actual Embraces of their Lovers; the Proof was so evident, that no Excuse could be made. The Governess was shock'd at the horrid Sight, and, in so sudden a Dilemma, could not well tell how to proceed: But, upon Recollection, she thought it most prudent to send for the Governor of the young Gentlemen, that he might be Eye-witness to their Falshood. Tho' it was late at Night, the Report of this Adventure roused him from his Rest, and brought him, with his Attendants, to the unhappy Mansion. The Servant who went for him, stole out at a Back-door, so that the Dispute between BRUNETTA and the young Gentleman was not ended when he arrived: He found them high in Altercation, and reproving the young Gentleman for his Misbehaviour, was by him informed of the whole Affair; irritated by his ill Usage, Spleen and Malice made him betray the Secrets of his Companions. The good Man stood aghast at the Villany that had been so long, and so secretly carried on, but judg'd it the best Policy to conceal it for the present, till he had an Opportunity of acquainting their Parents with the unhappy Adventure.—He took the young Gentlemen home with him; and then, tho' late, the wretched Girls began to reflect on their past Misconduct. AMANDA was discovered amongst the rest, and a Messenger was sent in the Morning to acquaint her's, and the other young Ladies Parents, that an Affair had happened, which

x D^r. *new come*

which absolutely required their being called home. Accordingly, all who had been guilty departed the next Day. AMANDA was received with the greatest Confusion imaginable: She was confined to her Apartment, to avoid the Rage of her incensed Father, whom Grief and Shame had rendered almost distracted.——He, for some Time, could not bear the Sight of her; but Nature, at length, pleading in Behalf of his unfortunate Child, began to be reconciled, and consulted how he might best wash out this Stain to his Family. He was very sensible that he was capable of giving her a Fortune that might make her a suitable Match for the first *Sagubi* in the Land, and having been well informed of the Avarice of old *LOURDAULT*, thought that would be the properest Bait to induce him to comply with his Request: Accordingly, the next Morning, he waited on the *Sagubi*, and informing him of the whole Transaction, without concealing any thing from him, appealed to his Conscience, whether it was not equitable that young *LOURDAULT* should repair the Damage he had done his Family, by espousing the hapless AMANDA. The haughty *Sagubi* would scarce admit him to give his Grievs a Vent, before he returned this scornful Answer; “Sir, I don’t know how far your romantic
“Notions of your Daughter’s Honour may carry you;
“but, if she has play’d the Wanton, my Son shall
“not be ruined for a Fault that is incident to Youth,
“nor shall he ever marry the Woman he has debauch’d.—You should have taken more Care of
“her.—And, should I hear he has the least Inclination that Way, I would banish him from my Presence for ever.”——The unhappy Merchant returned more disconsolate than before, and the unfortunate AMANDA was seized with a violent Grief, that hastened on an Accident, which Persons in her Situation are too liable to, and soon ended her Days and Misery together; whilst the infamous young *LOURDAULT* triumphed over her Misfortunes, and boasted openly of his Spoils of ravag’d Innocence.

C 2

ALOISA,

x Lord Hardwick

ALORA, who was touched with Compassion at AMANDA's unfortunate Death, could not avoid shedding Tears at the sad Narration. - Unfortunate Creature! said she; but such is the unhappy Fate of too many of our helpless Sex; they listen to the delusive Voice of Love, and, like fluttering Birds, never find their Error, till they are caught in the Net. The Gods protect all virtuous Maidens from such Ills as beset the beautiful AMANDA, cries the Chevalier FAIRE-FRANC, with an Extacy that shew'd the Sentiments of his Heart were truly aimed to encourage Virtue: But, pardon me, Madam, if I shew a rising Fear for your lovely Self; you, perhaps, are not sensible to what Temptations Beauty is exposed in this Island, but more especially in the Scene of lulling Pleasure, to which your *Gondolier* informs me you are bound. There you will find the Male-Part of the Company, for the Generality, composed of three different Sorts of People; the first Class consists of the looser and more abandoned Part of the young *Sagubis*, who having been accustomed to be entertain'd with nothing but Flattery and Obedience from their Infancy, think it down-right Insolence in any one to oppose the Gratification of their Passions. They look upon the Female Sex as so many Deer in their Parks, which they are intitled to run down at Pleasure. By the Prejudice of their Example, there are several who ape them in all their lewd Behaviour. These have generally all their Vanity and Assurance, but want their Substance to support it. Search them narrowly, you'll discover them to be, at best, but Inns-of-Court-Men, or 'Prëntice Boys. The Second are of a Species composed of something between a Man and a *Butterfly*; they flutter thro' the Shades, delighting much to prattle with your Sex: As for *Conversation*, they are wholly unfit for it; you may as innocently talk to them as your Waiting-Maids. — These Reptiles are no ways scandalous but by their Tongues, which none of any Sense give heed

heed to. But the third Sort are extremely dangerous, as they are more entertaining than the others, and never accost any Woman but with a Design. Their Wit inclines you to give them a favourable Hearing. Their Air and Pleasantry create Esteem in you; and they seldom or ever desist, till your lovely Persons are made the Victims of their Desires.—Yet do they pride themselves in keeping secret their Amours, and, perhaps, whilst they are intimate with Ladies of the first Rank in Private, seem to be entirely unknown to them in Publick. These are the Men that make Conquests, indeed, and whom 'tis dangerous for a young Lady to accompany, on Account of the Agreeableness of their Conversation. The *Beau* shall often be permitted to shew his Grimaces at the *Toilette*, whilst some of the last Stamp are, by Intervals, revelling at the *Ruelle*. Of such as these, Madam, I beseech you to take heed; but if you will permit me to be your Attendant and Conductor thro' these visionary Shades, I will wait on you as assiduously as your Guardian Angel, and inform you of all you desire to know. ALOISA smiled, and gave Consent; which she had no sooner done, than the *Gondolier* perceiving they were near Shore, bade them prepare to disembark; which they did, and the *Chevalier* handed the Lady to the *Thulean* Paradise with such an agreeable Air, as soon convinced the Standers-by they were of a Rank to be distinguished from the Commonalty.—They entered the Gardens, and ALOISA was agreeably surprized with the pale Lights of the Lamps, that darted their borrowed Rays thro' the brown Shadows of the Trees. The Stillness of the Night assisted the Power of the Harmony, and convey'd its pleasing Sounds thro' every Recess in those agreeable Walks. ALOISA found herself, as it were, in an enchanted Grove, and dissolved into Softness at every thrilling Note. She was so charm'd with the Beauties of the Place, that her Mind was lull'd into a Sort of insensible Transport: The CHEVALIER, her Guardian (as such we must look upon

him for the future) roused her from her *Refuerie*, to take Notice of a Company of Gentlemen and Ladies, that were meeting them in the same Walk.—For Shame, Madam, says he, Give not this Way to enervating Softness, Pleasure is an agreeable Potion, which, if moderately sipp'd, enlivens the Senses, and enlarges the Faculties; but if you drink too deep of the CIRCEAN Cup, it benumbs the Genius, and drowns the whole Human System in a torpid State of Stupidity.—'Tis these soft bewitching Inchantments that allure the Heart to Pleasure. The greedy Ear receives the first Impression, and renders the list'ning Maid susceptible of the tenderest Ideas. Hapless for her, if the Favourite Lover steals upon her in those soft Intervals. Her Soul breathes nothing but Love. She sinks into his Arms, and, before Reason can return to her Aid, she is lost in Languishment.—Few escape like her that is now passing by us: That is the lovely INDAMORA; she came from *Indian* Climes to *Tbule* for Education. Her Spark is one who frequents the Court; and, like most that do so, has exhausted his Patrimony, to support a false Grandeur; so that all his Hopes of retrieving his Fortune, at present, are either in obtaining a Place (which is not very likely, he having too much Merit for one) or in marrying a young Lady with a competent Estate. INDAMORA is neither deficient in Beauty, good Sense, or a large Quantity of shining *Orrs*, which at present is all the Deity worship'd in the Island of *Tbule*; but the repid Breezes of the *Oriental* Part of the World, where her Father is Ruler of a considerable Settlement, have so warmed her Heart, more than the pale unripened Beauties of the Isle, that at every Glance and Touch of her Lover, she almost dissolves in Extasy. These warm Returns of Affection occasioned several hard Censures to be past on her by the phlegmatick Prudes of *Tbule*. The Daughters of the richest Merchants of the *Metropolis*, who keep their visiting Days, and have their regular Assemblies for Scandal, in Imitation of Ladies of the first Rank, at all those Parties,

Parties, never failed to make INDAMORA the first Object of their Resentment. At all such Meetings they gave up some unhappy Victim, as a Sacrifice to the Fury of RIDICULE; which, tho' one of the worst Fiends in the infernal Regions, is, in all Companies, worshipp'd as a Goddess by the *Thuleans*. The Men offer up their Libations to her, whatever Feast they are invited to; and the Women, in their private Retirements, amuse themselves with strong Waters, and the Discourse that she prescribes. 'Twas at a late Assembly of this Kind, that FLIPPANTA, whose Tongue is never idle, where Scandal is the Topick, finding the Foibles of INDAMORA were the Subject of Discourse, ready to burst with the Secret, she thought she had discovered, with a malicious Smile, and more malicious Apology, for the Virtue of INDAMORA, began, by whispering to the Company, that she must certainly be married to the *Chevalier*, or she would never have been guilty of the indecent Liberties she had suffered him to take; for, says she, 'tis no longer ago than last Night, that they were surprized by her Maid, in a Grotto of the Garden belonging to her Apartment, in the following Manner; INDAMORA was sitting in his Lap, reclining her Head upon his Neck, and whilst she muttered something, which seemed the softest Whispers of Love, but which could not be distinguished, she suffered her lovely Limbs, which were half bare, and twin'd with his, to be travers'd at Pleasure.—Eugh! cries a squeamish Prude, to suffer herself to be handled thus by a filthy *He-Creature*; if she is so fond already, what will she be by that time she has been married a Fortnight? the Full of the Honey-Moon will be intolerable to be borne in any civilized Company; and, in my Conscience, I think the Legislature ought to interfere and keep such amorous Couples at Home, that they may not appear Abroad to give Offence to the chaster Inhabitants of the Island.—*Amorous Couples* they may be, replied Lady OMBRE (who had parted from one of the best of Husbands, three

Years before, to take her full Swing at Cards and Gallantry) but I can never think they are *married*, as Miss FLIPPANTA seem'd to hint at first.—No, no, Ladies, take my Word for it, Husbands, in these Days, are not so gallant with their Wives; and take my Word for it, the Chevalier, as much enamoured as he is now, will soon grow weary of her Delicacies, if she bestows them so liberally upon him.—The rest of the Company, always fond of giving into Scandal, from what Quarter so ever it came, agreed, that the Chevalier was happy in his Mistress, and INDAMORA wretched and undone by his Embraces. This Calumny has been whispered as a Secret all over the Town, and several Sets of Coach-Horses have been almost destroy'd, in paying Visits, to s^r read it round as fast as possible; tho' nothing is more false, than that she is guilty. Three of the Ladies, which you now see with her, are the very Persons that were in the Conversation I have been mentioning, and are now keeping her Company, with all the civil Malice of polite, well-bred Enemies, in order to discover the secret Transactions of INDAMORA, and do her all the Mischief that lies in their Power.—And is she ignorant of their Design? cries the compassionate ALOISA; methinks it would become the Character of an honest Man, which you profess, and seem to bear, to inform her of the villanous Machinations that are contriving against her Honour and Reputation, by her false Friends; but, perhaps, your good Nature may not chuse to affront a young Lady, by so sudden a Shock. It therefore your Suspitions are just, and your Intelligence authentick, permit me to take her on one Side, and inform her, what Monsters she is in Company with.—It pleases me, Madam, replies the generous FAIRE-FRANC, to see you so zealous in Behalf of injured Virtue; nor should I thwart your Inclinations in the least, but that your Precaution is needless; you may observe with what a malicious Smile the Prude is, at this Instant, viewing the Waist of the lovely INDAMORA, where she
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thinks she observes some small Signs of Pregnancy— Even now she makes malicious Signs to the other Ladies to observe it likewise. Her Suspicion is justly grounded; but, when the whole Secret is unravell'd, will be attended with no Imputation of Guilt. If you will please to attend the first Day of the Week at the grand Temple, you will see all those spiteful Censurers ready to burst with Envy at the publick Appearance of the Chevalier and his lovely INDAMORA in all the Pomp of a Bride and Bridegroom. In fact, Madam, they have been married above these three Months privately; but, for some Family-Reasons, did not think proper to publish it till now that it is ratified by the joint Consent of both their Parents.—These pert Things will then be ready to run mad with Disappointment; for the Chevalier was the Object of all their Wishes, as he had a *Title*, and a considerable Estate, tho' at that Time (to speak in the proper Language of the Island of *Thule*) it was prodigious; Nor was INDAMORA less the Butt of their Resentment, because having more *Merit*, and a better *Fortune*, than any of them, they judg'd it morally impossible that the Chevalier could refuse so fair an Offer. Thus the innocent Fair perceives all their censorious Signs unconcern'd, and with an Air of secret Virtue, waits the appointed Time to strike her Foes with Confusion.

ALOISA seem'd to sympathise with the happy INDAMORA. She envy'd her not, but rejoiced at her Success, and seem'd pleased that the ill Designs of her Adversaries were frustrated. Methinks, says she, it is great pity but these Defamers of Virtue were properly exposed—They are so, sufficiently, replies the Chevalier, and the whole Town is well acquainted with their several Characters; yet notwithstanding that, they greedily swallow their shameful Reports; for, as it is a Maxim with our Rulers in *Thule*, that they love the *Treason*, but hate the *Traitor*; so the common People, willing to follow their Example, are fond of the *Scandal*, tho' they despise the *Censurer*. These Ladies

have been so busy with the Characters of others, it has made the injured Persons naturally enquire into theirs. FLIPPANTA, who was the first to rail against her, is a young Lady that, by her ill Conduct, has brought a Reproach, not only upon herself, but all her Relations; they blush at her Proceedings, wou'd reclaim her if they cou'd, and are continually reading her Lessons of Reformation; but she is so far from hearkening to, or observing them, that, indulging herself in all the Levity of Temper that actuates a young Coquette, she romps with every Man she is in company with, and rails at all the Women that are absent. Thus she vainly thinks to screen her own Failings, by bringing others upon a Level with herself. She was seen t'other Day in a Coach with the noted *Beau BEUVRON*, driving to a Place famous for being the Rendezvouze of Lovers, she clapp'd on a Mask indeed in her Return, but it was easy to discover that she did not go there to count the Trees only.

PRUDILLA, who is another of her wise Censurers, passes for a Virgin in her fortieth Year; who having refused the Addresses of Mankind in her Youth, in her Decline of Life busies herself with Monkeys, Parrots, Lap-Dogs, &c. But the most monstrous Favourite of all is a filthy *Hedge-Hog*. How wou'd the Beaux of *Tbule* jeer and gibe the modest PRUDILLA, if they knew that every Night that disagreeable Animal lodges upon the same Pallet with herself, on one Side of her, and the little Shock Dog on the other? She is now reading a Lecture (if I may be allow'd to call the Prattle of an Impertinent so) to her Companions on the odious Liberty the Women let the Men take in handing them up and down, and conversing with them in the free manner that they do. She declares, for her part, that the nasty, filthy Things shall never pollute her Glove by their Touch—At that very Instant *Pug* barks—She hushes his Complaint, almost smothering the ugly Beast with Kisses, and vowing, that there is more Eloquence in one Growl of his, than all the wittiest Men can utter.

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I am extremely sorry for the Behaviour of my Sex in many Instances, replies ALORSA; they often make themselves very ridiculous, when Nature has given them a Power of being very agreeable: But, amongst all their Particularities, nothing renders them more contemptible than their expressing such an Abhorrence to your Sex; for, as one of your own Poets expresses it, in some of his Dramatic Compositions, "I think, when a Man of Merit and Breeding makes his Addresses to a Lady, good Sense may give him a favourable Answer, without Scorn or Coquetry." But this Humour is grown so prevalent in the Female Sex, that they will forswear any thing of the Company of the Male Kind; and it not only affects these staid Virgins, but has imperceptibly crept into the Temper of several Wives, and even buxom Widows. The Ladies of this Order hath each of them her She-Friend, which she always stiles, *my Dear*, and uses with the same Terms of Familiarity as an affectionate Wife would to her Husband; they generally eat, drink, and cohabit together; or if they live separate, they visit each other as frequent as possible, and may be known by holding forth in all Companies on the wide Difference there is between sensual and Platonic Love. The first Instructor of this Sect was a *Flamen*, who wrote several Books, both in Prose and Verse, to prove the Sublimity of his Doctrine, and is held in as much Esteem by his Votaries as *Confucius* by the *Chinese*. The chief Tenet he maintain'd was, That all Love was beastly and unnatural, but what subsisted in the Mind alone; that outward Embraces, Salutes, and other Actions by which the different Sexes use to confirm their Affections to each other, are unnatural, and debase the Human Species. They even affirm, that a Man and Woman may cohabit together without gratifying the Inclinations implanted in them by Nature, altho' several of them have, by these Means, been unwarily seduced, even to the Loss of their Honour.

But if you would behold a Contrast to Ladies of this Character, only look down that Walk, and see

* one who takes as much Pleasure in caressing our Sex publickly, as the others do in railing against them: She is as fond of being seen in Company with a Man, as a Devotee can be at being found on her Knees, in the Temple; she makes no Secret of her various Amours; but, living in open Fornication, she defies all Scandal, as being too rich to be affected by it, and laughs at all Invectives, as being too shameless to blush at Vice, or to put on even the outside Semblance of Virtue; for she makes no Scruple in out-braving the most profligate of our Sex in profaning the Name of the Gods, or out-drinking them at her Nightly Debauches, where she frequently invites the greatest *Biberons* she can hear of; and, like *CIRCE* of old, turns them to Beasts, and leaves them like Swine wallowing in their Filth, unless any one of them, by his Appearance of Manhood, has charm'd her wanton Eyes. She then, in all the Gout of evil Desire, more lustful than the wantonest Prostitute of her own Sex, takes him to her Couch to gratify her lewd Desires.

* She, not long since, took a Fancy to a young *Sagubi* of one of the most distinguish'd Families in the Island of *Tbule*: He only deviated from the Virtues of a long Train of Ancestry, by poorly becoming the Hireling of a Woman's Lust. She invites him even to live with her publickly, so flagrant is she in her Enormities. The Laws of *Tbule*, you must know, Madam, are only made for poor People that offend against them; the Rich proceed unmolested. Had one, of indifferent Circumstances, liv'd thus in open Fornication and Defiance of all that's sacred, the Provosts of the District wou'd have enquired strictly into their Character, and made them give Security that no Charges shou'd accrue to the Public: But the Case was otherwise here; the guilty Tumbrel, drawn by half a Dozen Mules, bedeck'd with the richest Trappings, so dazzled the Eyes of the Mob, that, instead of blaming her, they mutter'd out softly Approbation of her Conduct. In Process of Time a hopeful Boy was the Effect of her wanton Endeavours; she was so far from blushing, or trying to

* Miss Edwards, of Kensington died in 1743 ^{con}

* Lord Anne Hamilton son of James duke of Hamilton died in 1748

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conceal her Shame, that she gloried in it, and seem'd to be fond of declaring her Infamy to the World; she cared not how much she was gaz'd at, and was never better pleas'd than when the World seem'd to take notice of her. In Confirmation of which, amongst several Stories that are variously reported of her, the following one will let you more particularly into her distinguishing Characteristick.

This Lady had one Day a strong Inclination to go to the Court, but it was more out of Ambition, and for the sake of shewing her Grandeur, than any Regard she had for the Persons themselves. Those Friends, whom Interest had kept from deserting her, perswaded her very strenuously against it, as judging, very justly, that she would be likely to meet but with a very cool Reception, if not some very gross Affront. But it was in vain; she had been so accusom'd to act without any manner of Restraint even from her Infancy, that she was deaf to all manner of Entreaty. She was dress'd in some of the richest Robes that Art cou'd invent, or Money purchase. The flaming Particles of the glittering Stone were so disposed, as to make her strike the Eyes of all Beholders. Her Equipage was every way agreeable; and none of all the *Sagubis* Ladies made a more splendid Appearance than her. She soon reach'd the Palace; but the great *URANDA* of the Palace, whose Nativity-Festival was then to be celebrated, being informed who was enter'd, and, coming up Stairs, in order to be introduced into her Presence, order'd the Ceremonial *Sagubis* to inform her, that no Woman of ill Fame (or what the *Thuleans* call by a grosser Name) cou'd be received, for that was a Place sacred to *Chastity* and *Virtue*. "*Chastity and Virtue*," (replies the *Dame Galante*, not in the least shagreen'd) they may pretend to the outward Shew, but I believe the real Substance is as much lost in them as myself." So flinging from the Door in a disdainful Pet, she walks down with all the Graces of a Peacock. She was stop'd on the middle Area by some Ladies, who she imagined were sore to gain

This story is also to be found in the *Court Tales, or Modern Amours* pa. 163- by Mr. Granger

gain Admittance; therefore, with an unusual *Gaitie de Coeur*, and Bluntness of Speech, accosts them, by telling them the URGANDA wou'd keep no Assembly that Night. No Assembly! says one of the Ladies; What, is she much indisposed then? It must be so, or sure it would never be deferr'd such a particular Night as this is.—No, Madam, replied our Heroine, that's not the Case, she is in perfect Health, I believe; but she declares, that no W**** shall be admitted; and if there are no W****s, I am very certain there can be no Assembly.

She continued this publick Manner of living with ANTONIO for some Years: No one *Sagubi* of the Court cou'd appear grander than he; for tho' he had very little Estate of his own, yet he had her's at Command whenever he pleased: His Hours flew on in one continual Round of Pleasure, and nothing, he imagined, cou'd remove him from a Seat in her Affections: But how mutable are Women of that Stamp! and how little are their most violent Passions to be depended on! In the tenderest Expressions of Love they will grow outrageous, and revile you whilst they are giving you Joy: For an Offence which she would once have overlook'd, she thought proper to banish ANTONIO from her Favour: He remain'd for some Time free of his Apartment, tho' he was discarded from her Bed. Women of her Complexion cannot be long absent from the soft Delight; like the wandering Eye of Vanity, when one Object's past, they immediately court another: Her grosser Appetites must be fed, and she had, for some Time past, look'd compassionately on a Groom who officiated as one of her Menials; she knew no Curb, nor kept no Bounds; so that it was no great Difficulty for him to be speedily convey'd from Straw and Horses Litter, to the Velvet Couch, and Bed of Down: He succeeded so well in her Affections, that the next Morning ANTONIO was order'd to withdraw; tho' he could not but expect some such Message from the Behaviour he had met with for some Time past; yet, when it was delivered to him, as it disconcerted all his

his Schemes, and disappointed his Thoughts of future Grandeur, he received it with a visible Confusion; he postponed the Time of his Departure, which she order'd to be immediately, as much as possible, by trifling about several Things, in packing up, which he was to take away with him. She finding this Delay, and fearing, lest she shou'd relent if she suffer'd him to stay any longer, knowing that past Joys can never be forgot, came down Stairs with a full Resolution to bid him be gone herself. By the Reflexion of the Glass, he cou'd plainly perceive that she was in the next Room in a violent Agitation; the different Passions of *Rage*, *Last* and *Compassion*, were visible in her Face: *Rage* for ANTONIO's Meanness of Soul; for he had been guilty of an Action far beneath the Pride of a *Saguborn*, in withholding from some poor Artificers seventy or eighty *Ores*, which she had entrusted to his Care, to satisfy them for some Works she purchas'd of them. And here let me do Justice to the only amiable Part of her Character, which was, however she wallow'd in Riot and Luxury herself, she was always the first to pay the Labourer, and relieve the Wants of the Necessitous; and in this she was a Pattern and a Shame to those who more strictly wore the Mask of Virtue. May this hereafter atone for all her Failings here! The other Passions took their Turn to reign, and now she seem'd to promise herself unbounded Scenes of Joy with her new Companion, yet could not help reflecting on those she had so often shared with ANTONIO. He, on the other hand, was more uneasy at leaving so good a Service, than at parting with his Mistress. He thought this a proper Time to make a last Effort to regain her Favour, but was so disinclined, he durst not have spoke, had not she herself afforded him an Opportunity; For, chancing and walking up and down the Room, like one distracted, she call'd to the Servant that attended.—“Has the Fellow got all the Things that belong to him? if he has, why don't he be gone?” ANTONIO waiting at the Door, at that Instant threw himself at her Feet, and meanly offering

40 MEMORIS of the NOBILITY, &c.

offering to salute them, cried, "No, Madam, there is yet one Thing dearer to me than all the rest; the young Product of our tender Loves: *That* belongs to me; if you can consent to part with *That*, I go, but, Heaven knows, reluctantly." She, with a Rage and Arrogance peculiar to the haughtiest Woman upon Earth, replies,—"You l--e, you mean spirited Sc--nd--l! 'Tis none of your's, 'tis my Coachman's;"—then flung out of the Room with the utmost Disdain imaginable, and sent Orders to her Servants to thrust him out of Doors. Her Commands were punctually obey'd, and the sorrowful ANTONIO departed from his Paradise, with this only Comfort, that, in the first fond Hours of their Dalliance, she had generously settled on him a Pension amounting to several hundred *Orrs* yearly.

ALOISA modestly enquired of the Chevalier FAIRFRANC, whether it had not been possible for this Lady, before she swerv'd from the Rules of Virtue, by means of the prodigious Wealth of which she was possessed, to have married with some young *Sagubi*.—Her wise Parent, Madam, prevented that, replies the Chevalier; for his Will, which left her Heiress to an immense Fortune that might vie with any one in the Island of *Tbule*, forbade her marrying with any Person but a *SAQUHI*; under such Restrictions too, that, shou'd she have wedded with one of the noblest of the Island, he cou'd not have touch'd the Gross of her Fortune, which consisted chiefly of ready coin'd *Orrs*; and those being Things that the *SAQUHIS* of *Tbule* are very fond of, and love to be handling, they could not bear the Thoughts of being troubled with the Woman, without having the full Possession of her Fortune; but had that Barrier been broken down, she wou'd have gone off to some of them, had she been old and decrepid as the *Sybil* of *ÆNEAS*; and had they, like him, been sure to have followed her to the infernal Regions, forty thousand *Orrs* wou'd be Bait sufficient to draw forty *Tbulean Sagubis* headlong, either into *Sryx*, *Acberon*, or black *Cocyrus*: So that, in short, the Will of the

x Miss Edward's son & Heir was called
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the *Hurgo*, her Father, were it to be translated into its proper Sense, would run thus; "I, who have sent my Soul I know not whither, for the sake of temporal Riches, if honestly or dishonestly acquired, is no thing to any one, being no longer able to enjoy them, am likewise willing that the Daughter's Honour and Title shou'd wipe out the Father's Disgrace, do therefore bequeath her all my Wealth, upon Condition that she purchase therewith a *SACQUIN* for her Husband, and yet keep the *ORAR* in her own Hands, but if she marries a Man that has none but the exploded Title of *HONEST*, I disinherit her; but as her Fortune sets her above Scandal and Want, she may be as vicious as she please."

Strange Infatuation! says *ALORA*, tho' the Construction you put upon it is a Banter, yet it seems to have had the evil Tendency that the mistaken Lady applied it in that Sense in Reality. — Is it just that Parents shou'd thus prescribe Rules to their Children's Affections after their Death? Is it not sufficient to tyrannize over them in their Lifetime?

A particular Instance of the Effects of the last-mention'd Cruelty, says *FAIRE-FRANC*, you have in that Lady whom you may observe alone in that Walk, with a Gentleman on whom she has settled her Affections, in Prejudice to her Husband, whom she was forced to wed; she seems to court Solitude in the midst of Hurry and Noise; and tho' she can't refrain being present at all publick Diversions, yet affects Privacy, where all besides are open and free: she is Sponse to the Chevalier *CHABOT*, and I believe a short Account of her will be no ways unentertaining, as it will give you a true Picture of forced Marriages, those legal Rapes, and convince you that Parents in the Island of *Thule* mind nothing less than the Union of the Mind in Disposal of their Children, if it does but cement the Interest of their Houses; and yet how vain must it appear to any Person of Sense, to form an Idea of Coalition and Alliance between Families where the Hearts of the Principals are at Variance! The Aged, dead

x William Vane Viscount Vane succeeded to his father in 1734 and in 1735 married Frances dau^r & Heiress of Francis Hawes of Perleu-hall in Berkshire & Relict of Lt. Wm. Hamilton

to soft Passions and Endearments, couple them as Ambition or the Purse direct; and to this it is owing that the Wife, blindly following her Inclinations, is too often induced to palm a spurious Brood upon the Foster-father: From hence the chief Ills in Society arise, all Order and Distinction is thrown down, and the Contagion spreads itself thro' the whole Nation. The young Heir, who is sure to inherit the Estate of him whose Name he unjustly bears, is early and secretly instructed by his *Mamma*, to pay a formal, or little or no Regard to the supposed Father, whilst Nature and her artful Insinuations incline him to receive the false Friend, who constantly visits them, with all the Reverence and Respect of a real Parent. — But the Case was otherwise with Madam CHABOT; she made no Concealment of her Follies; and it was thought, that had CHABOT behaved well to her at first, she would have prov'd an obedient and good Wife: But his Temper was as disagreeable as his Person; he had no one Quality about him that cou'd render him even tolerable: His Stature was remarkably low, and his Face had such forbidding Features in it, as frighten'd the Fair Sex from even casting a transient Look at it; he was wither'd even in his Prime, and emaciated before he was at his full Growth; tho' he was despised by every Female, he would still be courting and addressing them: His Wife was Heiress to a considerable Fortune, which old MICHEUX, her Father, had gather'd together at an *ERA* of Time, which is known in the Island of *Tahiti* by the Name of INVASION YEAR. 'Tis to that fatal Period that most of our Misfortunes are owing. 'Twas that which made *Sagubis* poor, and *Manitularis* rich. It has been no uncommon Thing since, for an *Hurgo* to sit at an homely Meal in a mean *Cabaret*, and see his own Servant ride by in a Coach which he formerly rode behind; that was the fatal Source of all Ills and Misfortunes that have befallen us since! There can be no Precedence or Degrees traced in our Blood, since that has mingled the Peasant's with the Gentleman. It would surprise you,

were

Lady Vane Da. to M^r. Haroes one of
the Commissioners of the South Sea —

were I to recount to you half the Mischances that fatal Year occasion'd; it even shook the Common-wealth; and it may be said, without an Allegory, that *the Nation went a begging*; yet in those perilous Times, *some escap'd*, and, like Physicians in the Time of a Plague, reap'd the greatest Advantage from the Miseries of others: *One*, perhaps, grew great upon the Ruin of *Thousands*, and Fortune in her wanton Prolicks, *decimated* them for *Good-Luck*, though most of those who obtain'd it, deserved the real *Decimation* for *Death* more than many of the *Roman* Legions who suffer'd it; for the Generality that met with Success in that pernicious Scheme, whether it was thro' Contrivance of the Cunning Set of People, or the Caprice and Folly of the Multitude, I can't determine; but they happen'd chiefly to consist of a Set of People, that, had they been in *Sodom*, nor a single Lot cou'd have been found amongst them. Amongst others was Madam CHABOT's Father; he acquired in the general Wreck a large Fortune to himself, as the Inhabitants on the Sea-shore of a certain Isle are never better pleas'd than when Ships are beat to pieces, nor ever thrive better than when *Thousands* are destroyed, so it fares with him. The Plunder of others accumulated his Wealth: But not content with triumphing over their Miseries, his Ambition pointed out to him much higher Views; he was of Opinion, that Wealth wou'd purchase any thing; and for this Turn of Thought, it must be ow'd he had too much Reason, since all Things in the Island of *Thule* are, by some sort of People, barter'd and sold; *Honours*, *Dignities*, *Titles*, even *Virtue* itself, is brought to a publick Market.— Few are the Bidders for *Virtue*; but, set up Fraud, Oppression and Cruelty, and there is no Occasion for an Auctioneer; neither are there many of those Commodities at their publick Sales, every one being possess'd of Stock sufficient, and loath to part with it: The Man that's *impudent*, is sure to thrive for only being so; and the *modest* Man is sure to be discountenanced for the very Quality he inculpably possesses. Mr.

CHER was of the first of these, nothing cou'd 'scape him, and he let no Advantage pass; the more People suffer'd, the more his Store was increased. The Professors of Folly (if it is allowable in Speech) are generally the cunningest Men, as those who pretend to most Wit are often void of it entirely. MICHER was a Man that, in the *Thulean* Idiom, they call *SARE*; which is one that wou'd cheat all the World rather than himself: He therefore that had barter'd his Honesty for earthly Substance, wanted a Title to countenance it. CHABOT, who had the latter, and wanted the first, was a proper Man for him to fix upon: MICHER therefore propos'd a Match between him and his Daughter; CHABOT readily embrac'd it, and, upon Consideration of the present *Orre*, overlook'd all Difficulties besides: *She was ennobled, and He was enrich'd.* MICHER was so well pleas'd at his Daughter's being married to a *Sagubi*, that he thought he had no other Business left to do in this World, and therefore very quietly and prudently departs this Life, after leaving this young Lady a considerable Sum of Money separate from the Power of CHABOT, who had liv'd so extravagantly upon her Fortune that it was almost exhausted, which made the old Gentleman not think proper to trust him with any more. 'Twas this new Acquisition of Wealth that made Madam CHABOT determine to gratify her Inclinations, and get rid of an Husband that was so very disagreeable to her. She had often observ'd, when she was at Court, that the young *Sagubi de Doucru* cast a favourable Eye upon her: He was youthful, rich and amorous; and, as he had some Courage, she thought, if she shou'd yield to his Pleasure, CHABOT wou'd not have the Heart to call him to account: Accordingly she seem'd to incline towards him; and, as Agreements of that Kind are not long in contracting, when the Parties are both willing, they soon came to a right Understanding. He declar'd his Passion with all the tenderest Eloquence that Love cou'd inspire; she complain'd of CHABOT's Behaviour, and painted him so odious, as plainly inform'd

x *Sewall's Shirley son of Robert Earl Ferrers. - he died in 1758 aged 49*

DOUCEURS that he was quite unfit for a Husband, and that a little ready Love wou'd not be unacceptable to the Lady. He, who was never backward when such an Hint as this was offer'd, immediately makes a Proposal to her of flying from the Tyranny and Insufficiency of CHABOT; and assures her, that, come when she will, his House shall be her *Asylum*, and his Arms embrace her with the Affection that CHABOT's shou'd have done. In short, he advises her to lose no Time, but put it in Execution immediately. After a little Pause, and a Blush that involuntarily spread her Face, she consents, but first of all concludes upon hurrying home to pack up her Cloaths, Money and Jewels, as Things that wou'd be absolutely necessary to take care of. DOUCEURS waited for her with a Carriage to convey her from her Husband's. He was then gone out with all his Equipage, so that the Servants being absent, she went off undiscover'd by all but her own Woman. CHABOT return'd home late in the Evening, and enquiring for his Lady, her Woman, according to her Instructions, answer'd him, she was not come home yet, and she believed it wou'd be very late before she did; for that she talk'd of going to Lady EVERDAY's to a Party of Cards. This was no strange Thing to CHABOT; and as they had been accusom'd for some Time to lie in separate Beds, he asks no more Questions, but very contentedly goes to Rest. It pass'd over very well that Night, and he snor'd heartily, little dreaming of the Matter, whilst DOUCEURS and his Wife were furnishing him with Furniture sufficient for a Stag of the first Head: But when he rose in the Morning, and found she had not been at home all Night, he was like a Man distracted; he ravid and tore, and vented his impotent Rage on Glasses and other Moveables. He then got into his Chariot, and order'd it to drive from one Part of the Town to another, vainly imagining that he shou'd see her somewhere. All his Search was fruitless; she was so well conceal'd, that Angels wou'd have been baffled to discover her. And tho' the *Sage* DOUCEURS lived blind

a little Way from CHABOT, yet he never once mistrusted him for having an Intrigue with his Wife, Madam CHABOT continued in all the Pleasure an amorous Lady cou'd enjoy with a young *Sagubi*, capable of indulging her in every thing her Heart cou'd wish. She had no one Thing to make her uneasy but the Confinement she underwent. She lov'd Company and Gallantry: Her Delight lay in frequenting *Assemblies*, *Balls* and *Publicks*. Judge then if one of her Complexion cou'd bear to be long coop'd up, like a Dove in a Cage. She esteem'd the Person of DOUCEURS at first, as he was pleasing to her, and had contributed to release her from a Man that was her Averfion; but he was now grown familiar to her, and *Variety* was the governing Passion of her Heart. She was even so mean-spirited as to have an Intrigue with a menial Servant of DOUCEURS whilst she was at his House. This indiscreet Behaviour was the Means of her being betray'd to her Husband. The Servant grew too presuming upon the Favours that were bestow'd upon him. He expected some more Distinction to be shewn to him than the rest of his Fellows; and Madam CHABOT having satisfied her Inclinations, had no farther Regard or Favour for him. He gave himself Liberties no way becoming his Station, and which were very prejudicial to the Lady's Character: He was continually insinuating to his Companions what Honour he had partook of, and even insulting her in a Manner so gross that every one took notice of it. — He wou'd be continually dropping *Inuendo's*, — by such like Hints as these. — That Couch, says he one Day, is very hard, but Madam CHABOT can make it softer than the best driven Down, by laying her Ivory Limbs upon it. — Ay, that very Day I was — but I'll say no more; for 'tis not fair for any Man to repeat what a Lady has said to him, — but she has the prettiest Lisp upon her Tongue, and the most agreeable Tenour in her Voice that ever I heard in my Life. — Oh! the soft Murmurs, the dear Whispers, and the short-

short-breath'd Sighs that ensued!—For Shame, says the honest Cook-Maid, DOLL, whom he was telling this to; why, you are mad sure: What, I suppose you have seen my Master and Madam CHABOT in some of their Pleasantries, and it runs in your Head like a new Tune.—ROBIN, who long'd prodigiously to disclose the Secret he labour'd with, replies, My Master! What, do you think he is the only one?—No, no,—I assure you there are others as happy as himself.—'Tis not for me to speak.—But there are some in the World who, perhaps, may be as well with Madam CHABOT as the *Saqubi* DOUCEURS;—Sweetly intimating your dear self, I suppose, says DOLL. Why, thou conceited Coxcomb, hast thou the Vanity to imagine I, or any one else, can be so ignorant, to believe that Madam CHABOT wou'd take up with such a dirty Clown as thou; but be assured I'll acquaint her with what you have said, for I think it a Shame that any Lady shou'd be so disgraced by such an impertinent Blockhead.—Away flew DOLL to the Lady's Apartment, glad that she had got a Tale to tell, thinking to ingratiate herself thereby. Madam CHABOT received the Relation with the utmost Confusion; she knew herself to be guilty; Rage and Sorrow for her Indiscretion drove her on to a Revenge, that, had it not been for the pusillanimous Temper of her Husband, must have been attended with the worst Consequence, which was to have the Servant discharged. She accordingly applied to DOUCEURS, informing him of the Fellow's Arrogance, aggravating every Circumstance, but never once accusing herself; and resolving that she wou'd not stay a Moment longer in the House, if he was suffer'd to continue there. The indulgent *Saqubi* cou'd not bear to see his Mistress uneasy, and ROBIN was therefore turn'd away immediately. She, exulted much at the Influence she had over the *Saqubi*, and thought nothing now cou'd interrupt her Happiness; she had almost forgot her Husband, suffering herself to be lull'd in a dozing Delirium of Pleasure; had she consider'd the least in the World, it
wou'd

would have been natural for her to imagine, that a Fellow who had been permitted to take such Liberties as he did, would not long remain silent under the Ignominy and Disgrace he suffer'd; that as she had a Husband jealous, watchful, and always upon the Enquiry to find her out, she might reasonably expect this Fellow would apply to him and discover all her Intrigues: Accordingly, no sooner was he discarded, than he went to CHABOT, informing him that DOUCEURS was the Man that had enticed his Wife from him; that she was then concealed in his House, where she gave way to all manner of Gallantries, that she had made amorous Overtures to him, but his Virtue had withstood them, for which he was discharged from his Service, and therefore thought it his Duty to acquaint him with the whole Affair; and likewise, as he was then out of all Employment, to beg he might be taken into CHABOT's Favour and Protection. He readily complied, and not only took him into his Service, but gave him an immediate Reward for his Intelligence. The enraged Servant shew'd his new Master all the Avenues to DOUCEURS House, and one particularly that was private towards the Garden, where the forsaken CHABOT had the Mortification of seeing his Wife in a Dishabille, as just risen from her Couch, and wantonly toying with her Gallant at the Window. This Sight was Death to his Eyes; and tho' it would have irritated a Man of any Spirit at all to have shewn DOUCEURS an immediate Resentment, yet CHABOT was of a tamer Disposition, he did not care for venturing his Life on any Terms; and as DOUCEURS had the Reputation of being a Man of Courage, he did not like hazarding a Thrust with him, he sneak'd off shamefully, and contented himself with going home and writing a Billet to the *Sagubi* DOUCEURS, complaining of his ill Usage in depriving him of his Wife, and submissively desiring him to send her home again; and, to shew the Confusion he was in, sent the Billet by the very Servant he had entertained of DOUCEURS. The Fellow believing what the Letter related to, had the

the Curiosity to open it before he got there, and read the Contents; and when he found how submissively CHABOT desired his Wife again, he was fir'd with the Hopes of receiving the same Favour he had formerly tasted. This made him overlook the Danger he might have expected to meet with in carrying such a Message to a Master who had formerly been so good to him, and who wou'd not have parted with him but to gratify a darling Mistress. In short, the Letter was deliver'd; DOUCEURS received it with all the Contempt so cowardly a Demand cou'd deserve; he shew'd it to Madam CHABOT, who did not fail to cast all the witty, ill-natur'd Reflections upon it she cou'd invent; and as Women of her Manner of thinking are always fond of promoting Mischief, she ends her Remarks upon it with—"My Dear SAQUH, I think you ought to thresh the Master for the Indignity he has offer'd you in demanding your Mistress from you: The Sword I know he'll never endure; the Cane therefore is sufficient."—DOUCEURS cou'd not help smiling at her Forwardness in having her Husband beat; but as he was of a Rank almost equal to himself, he cou'd not bear the Thought of depriving a Man of his Wife, and using his Person ill into the Bargain:—"No, Madam, says DOUCEURS; but, to please you, and grant your Request in some Shape, I'll give his Servant an Answer myself, and afterwards kick him out of Doors." DOUCEURS went down to give an Answer to the Letter, and was surpris'd to see that it was his own Man: He reprimanded him severely for bringing such a Message to him; and the Fellow giving him, in Return, some saucy Language, he order'd his Servants to convey him to the Horse-pond, and in the mean Time he would send an Answer to CHABOT by another Hand, which he did to the following Purport; "That every SAQUH was obliged, in Honour, to defend a Lady when she was injured; and as it appeared to him Madam CHABOT had been very much so, he could do no less, in Hospitality, than allow her the Liberty of his House 'till all Differences

“ were accommodated : Therefore, in Pursuance of
 “ the Resolution he had taken, any Encroachment
 “ upon her Liberty or Quier, he should think an Insult
 “ upon himself, would revenge it accordingly, and
 “ was determin’d to defend her with his Life and
 “ Fortune.”

This Answer was followed quickly by the Servant of CHABOT, who went home half-drown’d, and gave his new Master such a frightful Account of his Reception as intimidated him from attempting any Thing farther. He was contented to put up quietly with the ill Usage he had received, rather than aggravate a Man of DOUCEURS’ Temper. He bore his Wrongs as patiently as possible, and was easy to have his Wife live with her Gallant, whilst he was look’d upon as a Man that had once possessed an Estate which was then gone from him.

Madam CHABOT finding her Spouse take every Thing so contentedly, began to assume more Liberty to herself than usual ; she now frequents all publick Places, but it is with a Fear and Diffidence peculiar to the Guilty : She has been perfidious to DOUCEURS as well as CHABOT : For no sooner had she Liberty to go abroad, than, one Day in her Rambles, she met with a young Gentleman belonging to the *Military*. It was not possible for a Lady of her Cast to resist the Addresses of an agreeable Man :—Besides, a Red-Coat had irresistible Charms that she could by no Means withstand.—MILITO was a Man well educated, of true Courage, but small Fortune. Gallantry and War were his peculiar Study : To this were added a frank Air, which render’d him agreeable to all Company. His Pay was scarce sufficient to maintain him, but the Fair Sex made him ample Amends in their Favours : One Part of *Cesar’s* Character might have fitted him, *that he was every Woman’s Man* : He saw Madam CHABOT first of all at the very Place we are now in : They conceived a secret Liking of each other ; and the publick Walks giving them an Opportunity of conversing together, they were not long

long before they became acquainted: The Soldier attack'd her in Form, and she, not being able to hold out a hard Siege, surrender'd at Discretion. She behaved in the same Manner to DOUCEURS that she had done to CHABOT; for, having convey'd away every Thing that belonged to her, she made her Escape by Night with her Man of War: He had provided an Apartment for her, but it was in a Part of the Metropolis that was inhabited by none but the meanest Sort of People. As long as her Effects lasted, she could not refrain living in the same Manner that she had done in the highest State of Affluence; This gave the Neighbours a Suspicion that she was of an higher Rank than she represented, and contributed very much to her being discovered; for the ORRS falling short, and MILITO's Income not being sufficient to supply her Extravagance, she was obliged to keep herself more retired than usual.

DOUCEURS resented this Elopement as much as her Husband CHABOT could do, but was entirely ignorant where she was gone to; he therefore thought it most adviseable to join in the Husband's Revenge, which he could not doubt but CHABOT would readily comply with, as he knew what a cowardly Soul he was possessed of: He embraced DOUCEURS as his Friend for offering it, and concerted a Scheme between them to bring her back, which was sending a printed Description of her Person at large all over the Island of *Thule*. This was no sooner thought of, than it was immediately put in Execution: One of the Papers, unhappily for Madam CHABOT, fell into the Hands of an ordinary Sort of Woman, who lived in the same House where MILITO and she were secreted; every Mark, her Stature, Face, Shape, Air and Dress, so particularly spoke the Person, that it was impossible not to know her. The Wench was as fond of discovering her, as the SAQUHIS could be of knowing where she was: Besides; what quicken'd the Diligence of the Informer, was, an handsome Reward, which was offer'd to any one that would give Intelligence of her.

The Woman was proud of the Discovery she had made, and long'd impatiently till she could reveal it to the Husband: She went and told all she knew; and, by her Guidance, he, and several of his Followers, whom he hired to apprehend her, were directed to the Place of her Concealment; Madam CHABOT was luckily standing at the Window, and saw her formidable Husband leading up his Mirmidons to storm her Castle. She had but just Time to escape out of a Window at the Top of the House, and, by Means of some Leads, which had Communication with the next, she and her Gallant very safely got in there, and were privately convey'd out at a Back-Door, and went clear off.

Whilst they were thus cautiously retreating, CHABOT was very prudently summoning the Garrison to surrender before he proceeded to Violence, tho' his Forces were much superior to theirs, which consisted of an old Man laid up with the Gout, his Wife as decrepit as himself, a Hoydening Country Maid, and two Boys who sat cross-legg'd upon a Stand erected for that Purpose, discovering the greatest Valour in destroying and cutting to Pieces the innocent Cloth, but instantly disappeared. CHABOT had in his Party, one who alone was sufficient to put to Flight an hundred or two of such as those they went to attack: He was a tall, gruff-looking Man, but his Looks were not half so terrible as a Staff which he carried in his Hand, or rather by which he supported his Body. This Staff, tho' it was adorned with some of the *gayest Colours* at Top, yet it occasioned more Terror and Affright to those he threaten'd with it, than the *black One* with which CIRCLE wrested the Moon from her Orb, and call'd down Storms to affright the Shepherds of *Syracuse*; tho' some are apt to think it was either allied to that, or made of a Species of Wood call'd *Witch Elm*, since it has always been observed to be in most Use about Midnight, a single Touch of it at that Time, either setting a Man in a deep Sleep amongst the Midnight Fiends and Harpies, that wait upon

upon its Influence, or leading him *per Force* into unknown Cells, or confining him in Durance.—This powerful Sorcerer had CHABOT selected out to head the Party that was to command this important Expedition, and shelter'd himself behind him to be free from Danger; as, in the Days of Romance, the Giants did behind their Favourite Magician.—The Sorcerer, enraged that his first Summons was not obey'd applies his Staff to the Gate of the tottering Castle, and forces it open: They enter immediately, and search as narrowly for their Prey as a Body of free Booters that sieze upon a rich Plantation: But their Search is in vain, the Lady was flown; and finding herself so closely pursued by her Husband, she thought proper, the next Day, to send him Terms of Accommodation; which were, indeed, a little haughty for one in her Circumstances; no less than insisting upon a separate Provision for herself out of the little Income he had left, tho', by her Father's Will, she was left in Possession of much more than he had in the World. MILITO, her new Spark, was still more insolent: He threaten'd to call CHABOT to an Account, which, in the Language of *Tbule*, is an Expression signifying to send a Person decently out of the World. This so intimidated CHABOT, that he immediately complied with her Request; and she now takes her full Swing of Pleasure with her Gallant unmolested by CHABOT: All she dreads is to meet with DOUCEURS, who vows Revenge against them All; She knows his fiery Temper, and trembles with the least Apprehension of Danger that may happen to her beloved MILITO: He is now with her, and you may perceive they seek the most unfrequented Walks in the whole Place.

It is a Shame, replies ALOISA, that they should be suffer'd to appear in any Walks at all: People of such abandon'd Principles, outbraving all the World can say of them, give me but a very ill Opinion of the Regulation of your Morals: Innocence seems to have banish'd itself from the very Out-lines of your Ladies; and there is no one Thing they wear but seems to

carry an uncommon Levity in it. They bear the Fatigue of Dress only for a Disguise, and would be glad to shew every Beauty about them! They would all follow, if any one Toast of the first Rank had but the Assurance to bring the *Cloathing of Paradise* into Fashion.—There's a Lady now, with a Masculine Air, that would not be improper for a Commander at the Head of his Troops. But how ill does it become her? Whilst the *Thing*, that would be thought a *Man*, who accompanies her, dwindles into all the Softness and Effeminacy which would *adorn Her*; but, in *Him*, is *odious*.

True, Madam, says the Chevalier FAIRE-FRANC, and I must do that Justice to the Fair Sex, to acknowledge, that I believe most of their Fopperies and Follies are owing to ours. A Man, that can go all the Morning with his Hair in Curls, and afterwards be an Hour or two at his *Toilette* in adjusting it, ought to be blotted out of Society, as skillful Botanists root up useless Weeds out of their Garden. Their Great-Grandmothers would have blush'd to have been seen themselves in half the finical Airs which their Sons put on every Day. In short, thus much I must say in Vindication of the Ladies, the Men encroached so much upon their Delicacies and Softnesses, that, had not the Females put on the robust Deportment, their Admirers *should wear*, there would have been no outward Distinction left whereby to know the Sexes.

Tho', undoubtedly, says ALOISA, the Men were the first Aggressors, yet I think our Sex should, in Honour to their Ancestors, have exerted themselves to retrieve the present Race from Effeminacy. I am of Opinion, that all Deviation from the Principles of Honour, Virtue, Civility, and Manly Behaviour, are owing to the ill Conduct of both Sexes in Love; but more especially to the Imprudence of the Females. Would they discountenance the Addresses of every Man that only bears the Resemblance of one, you would not meet with so many feminine Souls in laced Cloaths, and Swords on: But it is because such char-

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tering Monkeys are suffer'd to be predominant in Company where Ladies ought to preside, that Men of Sense fly a Conversation which none but the native *Inhabitants* of the *Fir-trees* in *Peru*, could either be pleased with themselves, or think to entertain others with.

CONVERSATION, Madam, says FAIRE-FRANE, is the most entertaining Part of Society, under proper Regulations and Restrictions; but, without them, it is rather of Prejudice than Advantage. Double Entendres convey Ideas which should, by all means, be discountenanced by the Fair Sex; but at every Meeting or Assembly, you shall observe, that the Discourse first grows particular, then serious, till one of the Company, more full of Mirth than the rest, turns it aside by some jocular Saying or other, which inspiring the whole Company with unexpected Glee, flings them into Indecencies at last; which, tho' practised in most polite Assemblies, can by no means be consistent with Modesty. 'Tis the same Thing at these publick Places; you may observe, that the Generality of the Company, as they pass by, never once speak of the agreeable Situation of the Place, the Verdure and Shade of the Trees, or the elegant Harmony that is supplied by Art to make us the better relish the natural Beauties of the Place; but all the Entertainment the more modest Part of them have is, criticising upon Faces, Dress, Fashions and Equipage, whilst that of the looser Class consists wholly of lascivious Postures, lewd Expressions, and such Behaviour as sets the best educated *Sagubis* on a Level with the most vulgar Peasants.

See that young *Sagubi*, that is now gallantring with a Woman that has visibly laid aside all burward Appearance of Modesty; her Breasts are display'd in a very indecent Manner; every Motion, every Look, plainly denote the *Courtezah*; yet does he walk with her in as much Splendor as if she was a Lady of the first Rank in the Island.—This *Sagubi* is quite degenerated from his Ancestors. The two first of the Family, that ever made themselves remarkable, were his

Father and Uncle, they both raised themselves from the Order of the Peasants, to the highest Posts in administering *Justice* in the Island; yet their Morals were sufficiently known to be no way conformable to Equity, or the Distribution of Right.

The eldest Brother of the two, when in the highest Rank *That Order* could raise him to, was guilty of a more enormous Breach of it than many of the Persons whom he decreed to suffer for their Encroachments upon their Neighbours. He would expatiate, with all the Eloquence he was Master of, (which he was reckon'd to be more than any one beside in the Island of *Tbule*) upon the Heinousness of a poor Countryman depriving his Neighbour of half an Acre of Ground, or an ignorant Mariner's infringing upon one Article of his Agreement, tho', perhaps, compell'd thereto by the Winds and Waves, whilst he himself, at the same Time, kept confin'd in a *Villa*, not far distant from the Metropolis, a young Lady, whom he had debauch'd under false Pretence, and who, by his ill Usage, soon after lost her Life.

The other Brother was promoted to a Dignity in the same Profession, far inferior to the Elder's, but much above what his utmost Wishes could once have expected. He wisely judged, that the Way to Preferment, was, to court the Rising Sun. The Island of *Tbule* was at that Time divided between two Parties; one struggled hard to support themselves, and were assisted by some ill-designing Neighbours abroad, but they strove in vain to stem the Torrent; and several of their Chiefs, being betrayed and deserted by their Followers, perish'd in the Stream; or, (to speak without a Metaphor) after having ineffectually opposed their Interests and Forces against the CHIEF RULER, that had been legally call'd by the Voices of all the People to govern them. Those who were chief Directors of the Tumult, most of them being *Sagubis*, were taken and treated as Rebels, and some of them suffer'd most ignominious and shameful Deaths: But, as it was necessary they should first pass an Examination, the

† L^d Chancellor Cowper.

* Miss Cullen a relation of his wife

* Judge Cowper

of THULE; or, *The Island of LOVE.* 57.

the Laws of *Thule*, for Form's sake, condemning no Man unheard, several *Avocatori* were employed to plead; some on the Behalf of the CHIEF RULER they had opposed, and others in Behalf of the unfortunate *Sagubis*. TRUMPEUR thrust himself remarkably forward, and made use of all his Skill in the *Art of Haranguing*, to aggravate the Crimes and Indiscretions of the unfortunate Gentlemen. He succeeded, though without his unnecessary Assistance; their Crimes were so flagrant, and of such a Nature, that the most sanguine of their Friends saw little Hopes of their escaping a fatal and untimely End. He got many Enemies by this in private Life, tho', as an *Avocatore*, it was the Means of raising him to the Preferment in which he died.

Some of his Actions were too black to be canvass'd in publick Discourse, without severe Remarks being made upon them; yet would the ill-natur'd Part of the World, at their Meetings and *Bibing-Bouts*, frequently descant upon them with great Warmth and Freedom. One particular Piece of Misconduct that was laid to his Charge, and afforded Matter of the most Speculation, was his occasioning the Death of a young Lady of the strictest Persuasion, as to Morals, of any in the Island of *Thule*. Notwithstanding all her Strictness, and the Nicety of her Sect, he found Means to make her break thro' them all, and comply with his lustful Desires. Some very strenuously insisted upon it, that she drowned herself; others, as strenuously, that he, with the Assistance of two hired Ruffians, dispatched her himself. We leave that to Fate, and the all-seeing Gods, to derermine: But it is certain he underwent a publick and severe Scrutiny upon the Account; and, tho' they acquitted him, yet private Detraction almost every where condemn'd him, tho' no one had the Courage to tell him of it publicly, dreading his Power and Influence; for he was, soon after, removed from the Criminal Bar he had formerly stood at, and exalted to decide the Fate of others. Amongst several Criminals that came before him, was one of a Family sprung from the antient *Dispossessors* of the

+ Mr^s Sarah Stoute, a Quaker of *Burlingford* in Hertfordsh.

Ganaanites; he being descended from one Kind of the *promised Seed* himself, thought he was obliged, in Humanity, to assist the *Pseudo-Ruler*, who he firmly believed was descended from the *promised Seed* belonging to the Imperial Dignity. DATHAN was as rich as any of his Sect, and, having something more Honesty than the others, had spoke his Mind pretty freely relating to the then Posture of Affairs, and the Death of the *Sagubis* I mentioned before. This was sufficient for the Spies and Emissaries, which then swarm'd in every Part of this Metropolis, to lodge a private Information against him: They knew him to be rich, and, in the Language of the *Avocatori*, were determined to *seize him*. No less a Charge was exhibited against him than being a Traitor and Enemy to the Country that had *naturalized* him, of holding a secret Correspondence with the grand Enemy of the Nation. The *Abramite* was apprehended, and convey'd to one of their most dismal Dungeons, where, after lying some Time, he was brought before the *Seneschals* and *Avocatori* to be examined. They were all, before-hand, determined to convict him: But the *Plebeians*, a select Number of whom have the decisive Power in those Cases, being fully convinced of his Innocence by the just and clear Defence he made, acquitted him honourably.

TRUMPEUR, who was then newly advanced to the Dignity of a *Seneschal*, willing to shew his Zeal to his Promoters, inveigh'd bitterly against the Poor *Abramite*; he tortured every Word to the worst Meaning it could imply: He put ensnaring Questions to him, thinking to entrap him by his own Words. But DATHAN baffled all his Art, and return'd him such Answers that he could by no means find him criminal. When the *Plebeians* acquitted him, he could not refrain from Invectives very unbecoming one of his Character; and, instead of rejoicing with him for his Deliverance, he reviled him, and concluded his Speech by telling him, "That he might thank *Fortune* for being found innocent; but that, by all CIRCUM-
STANCES, I

"arrogance, he was actually culpable." — "Of course
"arrogance! (replied DARTHAN, incensed to the high-
"est Pitch of Rage) If they had been of any Force,
"and were suffer'd to amount to a Proof, where Life
"is concern'd, YOU had not been here now to tell
"me so."

It is recorded of these two Brothers, "That they
"had infinite natural Capacities: They succeeded
"surprisingly in Business, and were renowned for
"their Ascendency over the Ladies. It was their
"Boast, and a particular Mark of their Character,
"That they only desired to be heard. In their Tongues
"there was such Delusion, that it was impossible for
"any Woman they attempted not to be enchanted
"and undone by them." To which let me add, that
the same persuasive Eloquence which assisted them so
powerfully to ruin the Fair Sex, no less contributed to
their Advancement in the Civil Dignity; Eloquence
seem'd to have shed all its soft Influence on their
Heads, and Rhetorick flow'd spontaneous from their
Mouths: If the Pythagorean System might bear any
Credit in the World, one would be apt to imagine,
that the Soul of CICERO was diffused through them
both.

How different from them is he that now bears the
Name and Title? Dull, foolish MARCUS could not be
more unworthy TULLY, than is the young ROM- X
PULP of his Ancestors; he loves soft Sounds, 'tis true,
but of that enervating Sort, as make Men effeminate,
and unworthy the Society of rational Beings. He would
spend whole Days in listening to a new Air, and sa-
crifice all his Interests to a *Viola*. A shameful Instance
he gave of this once, when, by his Birth and Rank, he
was call'd upon to attend the Business of the Island,
on some important Affair relating to its Safety and the
Good of the Publick, to be debated in the GREAT
WRITTEN COUNCIL of the Nation: He was visited by
several of the *Sagubis*, in the Morning, to induce him
to go, because every one's Presence was absolutely
necessary. They every one found him, with a to-

x William Earl Cowper was very fond of
music

reign Master, at his *Viola*, endeavouring to get perfect in a new Tune, which the obsequious Sycophant inform'd him was never made publick in *Tbule*. Several of them went so far as to expostulate with him, and entreat him to quit his Amusement for the present, and apply himself to Things of an higher Nature: But he refused them with Disdain, answering, "That nothing could be of an higher Nature than Harmony; that this was Harmony fit to entertain the Gods; that, if they had no Taste, he knew better; and, for his Part, he would not quit that Celestial Piece of Musick before he could play it at Sight, for the Safety or Welfare of all the Empires or Dominions on Earth."

I don't blame any Gentleman, says ALOISA, for being fond of Harmony; there is something so charming in the true Modulation of Notes, that they captivate us whether we will or no: But I must necessarily accuse any Man, but who lives by it, of Indolence, and mis-spending the precious Hours entrusted to his Management on Earth by the Gods, who, in an exalted Degree of Life, neglects Avocations of Moment, to languish at the Sound of a *Viola*, or lull himself to Sleep with a *Flageletto*. His Life is, at best, but the *Rehearsal* of an *Opera*; and, like the *Monster* of *Trinacria*, he enters the Stage of the World. All his Actions are but mere Recitative. By Chance, perhaps, he goes thro' an Air gracefully, ends with a Quaver, and dies away like the Trill he has utter'd.

The Woman that attends him, says FAIRE-FRANC, is one of the worst Prostitutes he could have pick'd out. She has the Complexion of an *Abramite*, you may observe, but she is not one, tho' her Commerce in the Trade of Love has lain pretty much amongst them: She knew SHYLOCK from JEZREEL, and was often acquainted with MOSES and AARON at the same Time. An unhappy young Gentleman of that Tribe found her a Traitors in a very flagrant Manner. There are, in one Part of the Metropolis of *Tbule*, several Houses of Pleasure, peculiarly dedicated to the Goddess

dels APPETITES, where those, whose Passions are not predominant for their Reason, often repair to gratify their lewd Inclinations. It is remarkable, that the *Abrahamites* frequent those Places more than any other Sett of People. The Women that inhabit them generally look upon them as their best Customers, because they make them pay most for their Folly. If we blame them for being sometimes too rapacious when they fall in their Clutches, their common Answer is, that the *Abrahamites* thrive by Vice; Cheating is their Trade, as Lasciviousness is ours; and therefore what the *Abrahamites* purloin from the Men, 'tis but fit they should return it to the Women: For it must be own'd, that most of their Tribes live by Rapine and defrauding their Neighbours. They swarm all Days at the *Bourse*, like Bees, trying every Art, and making use of every Chicanery to get Money, which, at Night, they as lavishly spend at these amorous Meetings. Each has his favourite Madam, whom he thinks he appropriates to himself; but, notwithstanding that, there are always a sufficient Number of supernumery *Damozels* to stir up their decay'd Faculties, and enliven their pall'd Appetites. YAOTTA was one of these; she rose, by just Degrees, from being a Scullion in a *Sagubi's* Family, first, to be Prostitute to his Cup-Bearer; next, to his *Maitre d'Hotel*; and, after having obliged all the Male Part of his Servants, and been insolent to all the Females, she was recommended, by a *Pander*, to the young *Sagubi*, as a modest Virgin, and as fit to be ruined as any one in *Thule*. He was young, giddy, and full of warm Desires; he never consider'd the Consequence; but, fir'd with the Thought of being first Possessor of so valuable a Theft, immediately order'd her to his Apartment. She was well instructed how to behave herself, and assumed an Air of Innocence, tho' it was a Virtue she never was acquainted with. In her Familiarity with her Fellow Servants, she had contracted a Distemper that, too often, attends the Battles of Love. She communicated this to the young *Sagubi*. He caressed her in his

his
 Otway

his first Transports, and nobody in the Family was so great a Favourite as YACOTTA; but, in a few Days, he found his Mistake, and was too sensible of the Favour she had conferr'd on him. He order'd her to be turn'd out of Doors, oppress'd with Misery and Disease. She was accordingly discharged from her Service, and wander'd about some Time, destitute of any Support. At length she met with a *Madona*, one of those civil, complaisant, old Gentlewomen, who being advanced in Years, and past the Joys of Love themselves, strive to keep up the Spirit of it in others; and, in order to supply their Customers, ply about at all Inns, and Places of Resort, for Travellers, to pick up fresh Goods. They are known by a sanctified Countenance, and pretending to be outwardly religious, tho' their Hearts are of the blackest Dye. The *Rosary* is their constant Companion: Notwithstanding which, they never visit the Temple, but to find out some Girl fit for their Purpose. This *Madona* was the most noted about Town; she was very diligent in her Occupation, and the greatest Hypocrite that ever was born. If it is not too shocking to Modesty, the following Circumstance will give us a true Idea of her Character. She was lately taken ill, insomuch that her Life was despaired of. No one could pray more devoutly than she. In the Midst of her Ejaculations, a Customer of hers, who had been very serviceable to her, enter'd the Room; and, after some Ceremonies and Condolings, he acquainted her, that he came upon the *old Score*; but, as she was so much disorder'd, and taken up with better Thoughts, he would not interrupt her pious Moments, but would adjourn to some other House. — Never talk of *Pity*, Child! said she, *Business must be minded*. I am ill, 'tis true, but there's *Betty*, *Molly*, or *Nanny*, you may take which of them you please: Then, thumping with the Heel of her Shoe, as a Signal for some of them to come up, and neither of them attending her Call, she flew into the most violent Passion; instead of Prayers, she gave Utterance to the vilest Imprecations, and one of them

x M^{rs} Douglas - who was exhibited on the Stage in nearly the same Circumstances as above mentioned under the name of M^{rs} Cole - by M^r. Foote's

entering the Room, she reviled her, accused her of all that's bad, and fell upon her like a Fury, till she made her comply with the Rake's Desire; and then her Passion subsiding, she immediately grew sick again, and returning to her Supplication, whilst her Companions were busied otherwise, address'd herself to the Gentleman; "O! dear Sir! take Care of my poor Girl, consider she is young and tender. Oh! bless me, Heaven!—*Molly*, how can you be so idle?—" "Lord, have Mercy upon me! What will become of this House when I am in the Arms of my dear S—r." — Was ever so much Impiety join'd with such seeming Devotion!

She recover'd from her Illness, and being still industrious in her Calling, in one of the first Walks she took, after her Indisposition, she met with *YAOTTA* in the miserable Condition I have before related to you: She perceived her to be young, and agreeable enough to entice Customers to her House: She, with an Air of Charity, commiserates her Condition, and, soothing her Misfortunes, invites *YAOTTA* home to her House. One was as ready to consent as the other to ask, and Madam was carried in a Tumbrel to the *Madona's*, where she was soon dress'd up in a better Habit, and made an Appearance fit to entertain the best Customer she had: But for this the *Madona* made her pay very severely: She was hired out, like at Hackney Horse, and several *Sagubis* paid extravagant Sums, being seduced by the *Madona* to believe, that they were the first admitted to her Embraces. She continued thus, for some Time, the Toast of the wicked Part of the *Beau-monde*.

x Young *SHA SEDNEM* was prevailed upon by some of his Companions to visit this House of Recreation, which afterward proved fatal to his Quiet, and put an Period to his Life. He saw *YAOTTA*, and, the Moment he beheld her, was bewitch'd to enjoy her. Money could do any thing with her, for all her Affections were venal; she capitulated for some Time; but, in Consideration of *two Orrs*, surrender'd at Dis-

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erection. No Person could think himself happier than young SEDNEM; he imagined he had purchased Elysium, and, in all the Transports of a foolish *Inamorato*, offer'd to take her from that Place (which he said was fitter for a Slave than one of her angelick Form, and provide for her entirely at his own Expence. The Jilt finding she had got a Dupe to her Mind, thought there was no Time to lose, therefore immediately complied with his Proposal; and making use of all the false Endearments she was Mistress of, persuaded the unwary Youth that she was fond of him to Distraction. He greedily swallowed the Bait, and, by her Directions, the next Day took a Coffee-house for her, which he furnish'd in the most elegant Manner. They went on swimmingly for some Time; he visited her every Day, and often staid later than ordinary on Nights. His Father perceived this Change, and wonder'd that he, who seldom or never kept any irregular Hours, should thus, all on a Sudden, turn a downright Libertine. He had perceived an Alteration in him for some Time, and could not imagine what had occasion'd it; but, out of Tenderness, forbore speaking to him. The unhappy Youth, in the Course of his Amour, had exhausted his little Stock, and was often tempted to break into some of his Father's that was entrusted to his Care. He avoided it for some Time; but his false Mistress, understanding that he had Money in his Possession, never consider'd the Consequences, but was continually upbraiding him that such an one's Mistress went finer than her; that one had lately received a Present of Jewels from her Gallant, and that if he did not put her upon an Equality with them, she would never see his Face more. Her Allurements had so stupified him, that he could not bear the Thoughts of parting with her, and therefore resolv'd upon an Expedient to satisfy her Extravagance, which precipitated him to his Ruin. He had received Money of his Father to pay a Bill drawn upon him by a Correspondent. The Credit of Merchants is sacred, yet young SEDNEM was so insatuated,

so blinded by his Love, that he sacrificed both his own and his Father's Reputation to the Caprices of an abandon'd Prostitute. He neglected paying the Money, as he was ordered, but made use of it to buy the Jewels his imperious Mistress demanded. The *Abrahamites* keep a Day holy in the Week peculiar to themselves, separate from the *Touleans*. The Day before, unhappy SEDNEM bought a rich Set of Jewels with his Father's Money, and flew to YAOTTA's Arms, highly pleased that he could make himself acceptable by so valuable a Present. She received him with feign'd Caresses, and having once swerv'd from his Duty, he was the more easily induced to stay with her all Night. The Merchant, who was well acquainted with old SEDNEM's Punctuality, was very much surpris'd that the Money was not paid at the appointed Time. He thought something extraordinary might occasion the Delay of it, therefore took no Notice; besides, he recollected, that the *Abrahamites* make a very great Scruple of handling Money on their *Day of Rest*. All this while young SEDNEM was absent from his Father's House, which, at first, very much alarmed the Family; but, as he was studious and addicted to Contemplation, they at last concluded that he was gone to a *Villa* belonging to the Family for some Time, to retire from the Noise and Hurry of Business. But how fatally were both mistaken. Instead of seeking Solitude and rural Innocence, the unfortunate SEDNEM was revelling in stollen Pleasure, and feasting on his Ruin. — He continued with his bewitching Sorceress four Days. The Present he had made her, entic'd him to some few false Smiles, and treacherous Endearments. Whilst thus he was lost in amorous Dalliance, thoughtless of the Event, the Merchant met his Father upon the *Bourse*, and very civilly reminded him of the Delay in answering his Bill, informing him, that had he not a good Opinion of his Veracity, and Dependence on his Honour, he should not have waited so patiently when the Day of Payment had been elapsed four above the usual Time.

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x *Mendez*

Old SEDNEM was surpris'd at this unexpected Demand; but, to keep up his Credit, which had never been tainted, he desired the Merchant to take no farther Notice of the Affair; that he thought the Money had been punctually paid, as he had order'd his Son to carry it to him on the Day appointed; but he feared some Accident had happen'd to him, for he had never seen him since; that he apprehended he was uneasy at something, and had retired to their Country-seat to indulge his Melancholy: But that no Disputes might arise between them, he would immediately pay the Money.—This was accordingly done, and the Affair pass'd over in Silence.—Young SEDNEM had stay'd with his Enchantress longer; but she was tired of his Company, and wanted him to make Room for somebody else. Notwithstanding he had taken a House for her, and been at the Expence of furnishing it; notwithstanding the Presents he had made her, and in particular this last, which was a *Crochet* of Jewels that would not misbecome the Neck of the first *Suzuki's* Lady in *Tush*, yet she slighted him. The last Night she suffer'd him to wait below Stairs two or three Hours, whilst she was regaling above with some *Ruffians* who had gain'd her Affections. He waited with the utmost Impatience to see her, but she would not admit him into her Company. At length, after repeated Messages, she came to the Area, or Landing-Place on the Stairs, and, with an haughty, insolent Air, told him, that she wonder'd at his Impertinence, in sending for her out of Company, wherein she was particularly engaged; and, at the same Time, handling the fatal Jewels which he had so lately presented her with, impudently disown'd that she knew him, and, with a contemptuous Air, bade him get out of the House. The unhappy Youth was astonish'd at her Behaviour; and, as he loved her, was ready to sink at this unexpected Answer. It was a Shock he had never met with before, and which he was now unable to bear. He retired from the House in the utmost Confusion; and going, that Night, to a House of publick

lick Reception for Travellers, pass'd the Hours in Disquiet that naturally attends a disturb'd Mind. Sleep was a Stranger to his Eyes. 'Twas then that Remorse first struck him for his past Conduct. He upbraided himself for thus credulously trusting to the Fallacies of a perfidious Woman. He often, in his Agonies, cursed the whole Sex. After passing the Night in Repentance and Contrition for his Follies, he awoke in the Morning, and went home to his Father's House. The Family was not up, but he was admitted by a Servant, and retired to his Room with Perturbation in his Mind that any one might perceive by his Countenance. The Servant, who plainly saw that he was disorder'd, when old SEDNAM came down to his Office to attend the Business of the Day, did not fail to acquaint him with what pass'd. He order'd his Son to be called, and reprimanding him severely for his Absence, accused him of his Folly and Neglect in not paying the Bill when it was due. Young SEDNAM, whom Love had made desperate, if not distracted, return'd a very improper Answer from a Son to a Father, at which the old Man, enraged, gave him a Box on the Ear; the first Time he had ever struck him in his Life. Indulgence to his Children was his only Fault; if it will not sound uncharitable to say, a Father may be too fond of his Children, his was that only. By an ill-timed Affection he encouraged them to pursue Measures, which, at the same Time, Reason inform'd him was wrong. This Behaviour of his Son had irritated him to the last Degree. After striking him, that he was sorry he was oblig'd to such Austerity, yet he thought it might bring him to recollect, and refrain for the future, from the vicious Life he justly judg'd he had led in his Absence; therefore he ended his Admonition with bidding him go to his Chamber and think upon it. Young SEDNAM, in the Heat of Passion, replied, *I will think upon it, Sir.* He went out of the Room abruptly, and going up Stairs, mad

with

x with Love, and angry at the Correction he had received from his Father, resolved to put an End to a Life which was grown uneasy to him. He destroyed himself in a Manner, which, if it had been publick, and by the Sentence of the *Seneschal*, would have been look'd upon as most ignominious. The Father was almost distracted at this unhappy Accident in his Family. He repented several Times of striking him; and when the whole Affair was discover'd, would have called YACOTTA to Justice for the Jewels she had received of his Son.—But her Brillancy had enticed a *Sagubi* to her Bed, who defended her in Despight of all the Cries of Justice. 'Tis strange the *Sagubis* of *Tbule* will prostitute their Honour for Interest as much as Women will their Persons.

Thus ended the unhappy SEDNEM; a fatal Warning to all unhappy young Men who frequent such Places. His Father gave way to such Melancholy, that he let his Affairs run to Ruin, and was soon afterwards declared a Bankrupt: For which Reason YACOTTA may be said to have ruin'd a Family, which before lived in Affluence.

Old SEDNEM, in order to be reveng'd on her, who had been the Cause of all their Misfortunes, summon'd her before the *Seneschal*, for defrauding the young Man of the Jewels, and charged her with encouraging him to rob his Father; but she so strenuously insisted upon her Innocence, and that it was a free Gift, the *Seneschal* could find no Law to convict her, and she was suffer'd to triumph in the Spoils of Infamy.

ACQUISA could not avoid compassionating the Case of the unhappy SEDNEM; but look'd with still more Contempt on the *Sagubi* that caress'd her then. Wretched, thoughtless, giddy Creatures, said she! Can any Thing that wears the Image of a Man be so blind as not to see thro' the studied Airs and affected Grimaces of these profligate Wantons? Who expects common Civility, or the least Spark of Gratitude from them, may as well plunge into Mount *Aetna*, with an Assurance that he shall not be destroyed.

x Joseph Mendes. died in Jan. 1740 She

She was going on with these Reflections, when they were interrupted by the Clashing of Swords at some Distance. The Chevalier FAIRE-FRANC put himself upon his Guard to defend his fair Charge; and going to see what could occasion a Rencounter of that kind, in so publick a Place, he saw the *Sagubi*, who accompanied YAOTTA, in Combat with a plain, but well-looking young Gentleman; and enquiring into the Cause, he found that YAOTTA, who stood carelessly looking on, had occasion'd the *Sagubi* to resent, in this Manner, some Words which the young Gentleman had disrespectfully spoke to her. It seems that he was one who had shared her Favours; by which he had then lately suffer'd very much: And this being the first Time he had met her since, he could not forbear reproaching her bitterly, which the *Sagubi* looked upon as such an Indignity, that nothing but Life could atone. They were parted by the Company, who unanimously blamed the *Sagubi* for wrongly taking the Part of so infamous a Woman. She all the while was insisting upon her Honour, and rating the Gentleman for defaming her; who still persisted in his Accusation against her, in such Terms that both she and the *Sagubi* were obliged to quit the Place with Shame and Confusion.

FAIRE-FRANC returned to ALOISA, and, informing her what had pass'd, invited her to quit the Shade where they had sat so long, and walk round some of those agreeable Walks. She excused herself for some Time, alledging, that tho' she came to those publick Places to see the Manners; yet, as Retirement was always her Delight, she did not care how little she was seen herself: But, at length, by his Persuasion, she consented; and going into the grand Area, where was a Pavilion erected for the Sons of Harmony, she listened with Rapture to the charming Trills that pierced the ambient Air. In their Walk they met with Beauties of various Kinds: The Ladies seem'd to vie with each other in the Elegance and Ornaments of Dress: But ALOISA thought she perceived in the Air of most
of

of them a certain Levity and Coquetry, with which they endeavoured to attract the Eyes of all Beholders: She could not avoid remarking it to the Chevalier.—

“How much more amiable, says she, would these Ladies look in their native Innocence and Simplicity, than in the affected Airs which they borrow from other Nations? That wanton Behaviour which is overlook’d in the Ladies of *Gaul*, sits awkward and uncouth on the *Thuleans*; the *Persian Tiara* and *Turkish Vest*, would not look more ridiculous upon them. I am sure they are much more ornamental in themselves; but as they all give into it, Custom has made their preposterous Habits look’d upon with Indifference: And I don’t doubt but if some reigning Toast were to leave off the monstrous Hoop, and cease to shew her Neck and Legs, confining herself to the Vest and Veil, she would be follow’d by some at least.”

“I have been informed that your Laws in *Thule* are very severe against Persons going in Disguise; Why are they not then put in Execution?—Pray, Sir, inform me; Have you never any Travellers come amongst you, that give a Description of your Manners and Dresses? Methinks they should be puzzled how to describe the National Habit, since they vary so in some Particular or other every Day.”

Your Remark is very just, Madam, says FAIREFRANC, and the Travellers that come amongst us have nothing more to say in relation to our Garbs, than that the *Thuleans* are Apes of the *Gauls*. It is recorded, that the *Roman Ladies* once saved the State, by depriving themselves of their *Torques*, their *Bracelets*, and other Ornaments of the shining Metal, giving them into the publick Treasury towards the Maintenance of a War against the Enemies of their Country. The *Thuleans* have been ill used by their Neighbours, the *Gauls*, for some Years past: They have not been at War, indeed, tho’ they have all along been committing Hostilities: But their Women seem influenced by a contrary Principle. It is thought by some, that they are in Confe-

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deracy with the *Gauls*, to enervate the *Tbuleans*, and, by reducing them to Effeminacy, render them incapable of meeting their Enemies in the Field. They are so far from imitating the *Roman Ladies*, by contributing to the Military Expences; that, under Pretence of purchasing Trifles, to adorn themselves, they exhaust the Island of its Wealth to send it abroad. No Vlands can please them but what are cook'd after the Manner of the *Gauls*; and as their Tables are tainted with such Innovation, so are their Diversions, and even their common Discourse. A *Tbulean Lady* is, in her Infancy, first taught to forget her own Language: She is not suffered to call for any thing in her native Tongue, nor a Servant permitted to be near her that understands it. No wonder then that they are so averse to the Customs and Manners of their native Country, when they imbibe these pernicious Principles thus early.

The Chevalier would have proceeded in declaiming against the Errors of Parents in instructing their Children, had not ALOISA interrupted him, to enquire who were three young Nymphs that they met, of a remarkable fallow Complexion, usher'd by a Gentleman so very fair, that, had he lived in the fabulous Age of the *Grecian Deities*, VENUS might have taken him for her ADONIS, but would have lamented more to have beheld him in such Company, than she did to see her Favourite lye dead, destroyed by the merciless Tusks of the wild Boar.

ALOISA observed, that they gave themselves very strange Liberties with the young Gentleman, striking him on the Cheeks with the Hand-Umbrella's which are customary for the Ladies of *Tbule* to carry with them where-ever they go. In the *Indian Climes*, says she, they employ their Slaves to fan them, or keep off the venomous Insects only in the Heat of the Solstice; but I have observed, that here the same Instrument is used in the Severity of Cold, as in the most torrid Season: And it appears to me, that it is not so much wore for Use against the Inclemency of the Weather as for Ornament and Diversion.

Madam,

Madam, says FAIRE-FRANC, that Weapon is the heavy Artillery which they play with, to the Destruction of many a poor Man's Peace and Quiet: Several Ladies owe their Conquests to nothing else; they lay down Rules and Methods for the Use of it. By the different Motions of that Machine, they express their Love, Hate or Indifference. Both that and its Bearer are generally govern'd by *Air*: Sad Emblem of Caprice and Inconstancy! It sometimes serves them for a Screen at a smutty Jest, and often for a Weapon to chastise the Insolence of a rude Fop. It may properly be stiled the Female Sceptre, with which they despotically sway their Subjects: But those Ladies don't make Use of it in that Shape. They strike the Gentleman out of Arrogance rather than Play, and use him as a Slave rather than an Admirer.—He is a young *Hurgo*, who, by the Death of a Relation, is lately come to a very large Estate; but, being very much in want of the ready *Orris* to supply his present Extravagance, and satisfy the Demands of his Creditors for those Debts he contracted whilst in Expectancy of this Turn of Fortune, offer'd to assign Part of his Lands to the Father of these Olive Beauties, who is an *Abramite*, to raise the Money. Old CORRUNE liked the Offer well, because he proposed to lend him but half what it was worth, which the other readily embraced; but how to bring the Matter to bear he could not tell; for the *Abramites* in *Tbule* are not permitted to purchase any Lands, lest they should get too far into the Territories of the honest Part of the People, the *Sect* being look'd upon as the most deceitful Persons in the whole Island. This Difficulty would have been insuperable to some People; but, to one of CORRUNE's Genius for Mischief, it was easily surmounted. Any Man that abjured the Temple and Doctrine of the *Abramites*, and conformed to the *Crosselans*, he knew was entitled to the same Privileges as the Natives, tho' their own *Sect*, for such Proceedings, laid him under the severest Censure, and condemned him beyond Reprieve. Old CORRUNE,

who

who had no Regard for any Worship farther than it tended to his own Advantage, would have conformed himself, but he thought it would be much more his Interest to keep as he was; however, he had an Expedient to set all Matters right; he had three Sons, and thought it would be worth while to risque one of them when a good Estate was in Prospect: He persuaded the youngest to turn *Crosselan*, after which he lent the Gentleman two thousand *Orrs*, which was one Third of what the Estate was worth, and it was made over in Form to the young *Crosselan*. The young *Hurgo* could not pay the Money at the Time appointed, and the conscientious *CORRUNE* seized it in Behalf of his Son. The *Hurgo* has borrowed some more Money since, and he threatens him with Confinement if he don't make over a farther Part as a Security.— The Daughters know this, and they oblige the young Gentleman to take them to every publick Place, at a very great Expence to him; nor are they contented with that, but, by their Insolence and strange Behaviour to him, take Care to let every body know that he is obligated to their Family, tho' he will in some Measure retaliate it; for the Familiarities they have admitted him to, gave him an Opportunity to be intimate with one of them in such a Manner that she will shortly have Reason to repent it.

We are now got into another Walk: Please, Madam, to observe that decrepid old Monster; he is another *Abrahamite*, turn'd of seventy; his Limbs can hardly support him; he is so weak, that he is obliged to have a Man to lead him. You will be surpris'd when I inform you, that Love and Jealousy bring him here: He was enamoured, about a Week ago, with a beautiful young Sempstress, that lives near the *Bourse Royal*, whither their Sect every Day resort to practise their grand Trade of *Chicanery*. He saw her there, and immediately was smitten with her Charms—He thought Money could purchase any Thing.—It has already cost him twenty *Orrs* to his *Panders*, whom he keeps in constant Employment, to find out if she

has any Lover. They have discovered, that a young Fellow, about her own Age, of a genteel Profession, and a tolerable Fortune, is her profess'd Admirer; they have likewise found out, that she receives his Addresses with a favourable Ear. This has thrown the old Fellow into such a Fit of Jealousy and Love, that he is resolved to supplant him at any Rate. He has, this Afternoon, cheated a *Crosselan* of an hundred *Orrs*; he had Intelligence from his Emissaries, that she was come hither with her Sweet-heart, followed her, and imagines, that, when this Sum is thrown into her Lap, she will fly to his Lure like a Fowl to a Decoy: He hobbles round the Walks after her, with all the Desires of Youth, damp'd by all the Impotence of Age: He accosts her now; his Sinews shrink, his Nerves tremble, and his Addresses come fault'ring from his Tongue; he holds the Money in his trembling Hand, almost unable to support the Weight of it; she refuses it with Disdain, but her Lover advises her to take it and appoint him an Assignment. You may see she accepts it, and affords him a Smile, which he misconstrues for a Favour, but it is really meant in Contempt. I suppose she has promised to meet him in the City, for he is led off by his Assistant, with a Satisfaction in his Face, which would visibly appear were it not for the Convulsions that now and then attack it. If you please, we will withdraw into the next Arbour, where the young Man and his Sweet-heart are going, I suppose to talk of this Adventure.— In my Company you are safe, Madam; and tho' it is low and mean, it may afford us Matter of Speculation, and some Mirth.—But, heyday! what have we here? One seems to be bearing her from him by Force.—How her Screams pierce the Air!—She struggles in the Height of Agony.—The poor young Man flies from her aghast. —Is there none to succour her?—none to relieve a Damsel in Distress? Methinks the Prowess of our modern Knight-Errants would here be laudably employed.—But see, opportunely her Lover returns to rescue her from the brutal Ravisher. Retire

tire a little, Madam, their Swords are out, and such Rencontres as these must be very disagreeable to one of your Mould.—I will go up and see the Event of it, and return to you instantly.

ALOISA went into an Alcove, and FAIRE-FRANC up to the Combatants; but, before he got to them, another young Gentleman came in to the Assistance of the Lover, and disarm'd the Savage and his Companion: The young Woman embraced him tenderly, assuring him, that tho' her Heart was entirely his before, yet this Action, if possible, would add to her Esteem for him. FAIRE-FRANC, in an open, generous Manner, with an Air of Sincerity that it is impossible to counterfeit, congratulated the young Gentleman upon his Success. The rude Monster, who had occasioned all this Disturbance, after receiving such a Disappointment, mutter'd something of Revenge, and, with Malice in his Heart and Rage in his Countenance, left the Place. FAIRE-FRANC invited the young Couple and their Friend to join Company with him and ALOISA, and conducted them to the Alcove, where the Attendant, by Order of ALOISA, had provided a small, but decent Repast for them. They sat down and regaled themselves for some Time; and being settled and recovered from the Confusion which the late Adventure had occasion'd, FAIRE-FRANC intreated them to inform him who the Person was that had behaved so rudely to them; when the young Gentleman, looking modestly upon the Ground, and afterwards raising his Countenance in a submissive Manner, thus began his Narration.

Our Story for Persons in a middling Station of Life will, perhaps, afford as much Variety as some in a higher Degree: If therefore it will not be impertinent, or intrude upon your Time, which, I confess, might be much better employed than in listening to my Adventures, I will, without Disguise, relate to you the Circumstances which occasioned this remarkable Adventure.—That young Lady, tho' her Situation in Life at present is not so advantageous as what Fortune

tune seemed to promise in her Infancy, is descended from a Family that not only bore great Sway, but was very much respected in the Country which we both came from; her Father was a *Flamen* of distinguished Worth, and had considerable Dignities belonging to the Service of the Temple; but, having a numerous Family, he had little to bestow upon them besides a generous Education: No Lady in *Tbule* could have better Instructions to make them amiable and capable of all Things requisite to form an accomplished Woman, than each of them in particular had; but, to their Misfortune, their worthy Father was snatched out of the World, whilst some of them were yet very young. ALIDEA, which is the Name of the young Lady in Company, was one of the youngest: Her kind Mother straiten'd herself very much to give her an Education suitable to the others, which she had scarce effected when she died, having exhausted the little Stock that was left her by her deceas'd Husband.

My Father lived in the same Town; he was a considerable Practitioner in the Law, and, which is not very common with Persons of that Profession, went thro' it with a general good Character.—He often used to say, that his little Chicken, as he call'd her, wou'd make a pretty Match for his SALLITTIO, which Appellation belongs to me: He discover'd something so amiable in her Disposition, that, having no Daughter of his own, upon the Death of her Mother he took her home; my Parents were no less fond of her than if she had been their own; something more than Friendship was insensibly contracted between us: In all our little Sports and Diversions we strove who shou'd be most complaisant to each other: This Affection increased with our Years. My Father brought me up to follow his own Business; but, as he thought I might gain more Improvement in the Metropolis than I could in the Country, he persuaded me to come up here and perfect myself in the Profession before I settled there, assuring me, when I had done so, he would turn all his Business over to me, and quit it for

a quiet and calm Retreat, which wou'd be much more agreeable to him, as he was now declining in Years. I readily consented, for I as much desired to see the Metropolis as he cou'd have me; I only felt Remorse at my leaving ALIDEA: 'Twas then I first knew that I sincerely loved her: Nothing cou'd be more tender or affecting than our parting, every Thing was prepar'd for my Journey, my Baggage was pack'd up, and I was to set out the next Morning: Decency and common Civility required that I should take my Leave of her; I went to her Apartment the Night before my Departure, but was struck with an unusual Awe and Trembling; my Speech and Strength failed me, and I was scarce able to support myself, or to utter one Word; I found her bath'd in Tears, nor could I forbear mingling mine with hers; we pass'd some Time in this silent Interview without being capable of expressing our Sentiments by any thing but Looks; my Passion first broke Way, and, in all the Agony of Love, unknown to any but those who have felt the same tender Emotions, taking her by the Hand, I whisper'd, her with a conscious Bashfulness and Distrust of Success; " My dearest ALIDEA, I love you; I find it
 " now I am going to be torn from you, tho' I never
 " had the Courage to tell you so before; yet this Separation has embolden'd me to declare it; and could
 " I have the least Assurance that you had entertained
 " any kind Thoughts of me, it would, in great
 " Measure, alleviate the Affliction I feel at leaving
 " you: My Soul is artless, so are my Words.—I love
 " you, my dear ALIDEA, sincerely; and if you can
 " only say the same to me, I shall esteem myself the
 " happiest of Mankind." The tender, innocent Maid reclined her Head upon my Breast, and softly whisper'd; " I do love you, and, Heaven! be Witness to
 " it." No Mariner, who had lost his Reckoning, and drove about, the Sport of Winds and Waves, could more rejoice at the welcome Sight of Land, than I at the Hearing of those delightful Sounds: We had no Occasion to make use of Artifice to disguise the Mean-

ing of our Hearts, as our Souls were truly united; when once our Words had gained Utterance, they flow'd spontaneous in all the Flowers of Rhetorick a natural Passion could suggest; we gave each other all the Assurances in our Power of an indelible Affection, and agreed to keep up a mutual Intercourse by Letters as often as Opportunity should offer: This gave us Satisfaction, and we parted with Content on both Sides, but not till we had wasted the Night in a Conversation, to me the most charming I ever shared in my Life.

My Father, who loved me tenderly, was the first up to take his Leave of me and hasten me forward in my Journey. He went to my Apartment, and not finding me there, imagined very rightly where I was; he stole softly to ALIDEA's Chamber, and it being the Dawn of Day, we were admiring the Beauties which early Nature put on at her thus rising from nocturnal Darkness to Life and Action: I said a thousand soft Things, all that the sincerest Passion could dictate, and cou'd not help comparing our growing Love to the encreasing Day. My Father stood at our Backs unobserved, and heard our Protestations of Fidelity; when I was preparing to withdraw, and turning about hastily, was almost Thunder-struck to behold my Father: He, contrary to the usual Austerity of Parents, embraced us both, seeing my Confusion, and with a pleasant Smile, "Children, says he, I am far from
 " being irritated at this Discovery, it is what is entirely
 " ly suitable to my Wishes and Designs; but, young
 " Gentleman, 'tis yet too soon for you to think of
 " marrying; go first to the Metropolis, pass regularly
 " thro' your Studies, qualify yourself for Business,
 " and ALIDEA may then make you happy: Depend
 " on't I will look upon her as my own Child, and
 " shall take as much Care of her as if she was your Sister.
 " In the mean Time, endeavour to make yourself
 " worthy of so valuable a Blessing: She is a
 " Prize not to be thrown away upon the Undeserving;
 " go therefore and merit her, and my Consent
 " shall

“ shall accompany your Desires in every Thing honourable and just.”

He took me by the Hand, and, being sensible a sudden Departure would be best for us both, led me down Stairs to take Leave of the rest of the Family; which being done, my Father and I, attended by two Servants, set out on my Journey: My Father accompany'd me some few Miles, and then took a most tender Leave of me and returned back: I and one Servant pursued our Journey to the Metropolis, where we arrived the next Day; every Thing was provided for my Reception at a Gentleman's of the same Profession as my Father, who had agreed, before-hand, upon Conditions for that Purpose: The Servant left me, after he had seen me well settled, and returned to his Duty in the Country. I kept within Bounds for some Time, and thought myself very happy when I cou'd get a Minute or two for indulging my Fancy in thinking of ALIBRA; but the Diversions of the Town, and the Company that young People, of any tolerable Station in Life, are exposed to, soon destroyed all the sober Inclinations I had cultivated with so much Care; they banter'd me out of all my Principles of Virtue; a young Fellow, that would not comply with their Customs, and give into the polite Vices of the Age, was look'd upon with Contempt by them; they seduced me into all publick Companies, and it was not long before I was as fashionable as the rest; I soon had my Mistress, my *Fille de Joye*, as well as any of them; she, by her false Endearments, soon made me forget the lovely ALIBRA: My Extravagance cou'd not long be supported by what my Father allow'd me; and as my Necessities made me write frequently to him for Supplies of Money, he, who had formerly been well acquainted with the Ways of the Town, easily guess'd the Source of it: He wrote me a very severe Letter, and made ALIBRA write a few Lines at the Bottom: This, in some Measure, roused me from my Lethargy, and gave me Compunction for my Follies, which I had never felt before: I shew'd it to some of my false

Friends, who only ridiculed me for so doing. For shame! said they, don't expose yourself to so much Mirth and Laughter, as you will certainly be the Object of, if you go on at this Rate: Who would give any Heed to the stale, musty Precepts of an old Fellow in the Country, or the puling Fondness of a young green-sick Girl? One envious of the Delight he is too old to feel, and the other blaming you for enjoying Pleasures she never knew: Youth is the Season of Love and Gaiety; if we don't indulge the pleasing Moments as they pass, old Time will seize us with his Iron Hand, and we shall get out of the World without ever tasting its Sweets; let old Age reflect and repent, but let us enjoy the *present now*.

These Sentiments being agreeable to my depraved Taste, quite obliterated all the good Impressions the Letter had made upon me; they vanished in a Moment, and I returned to my former dissolute Way of Life, to support which I contracted several Debts; my Father was so irritated that he wou'd not discharge them, nor hear the least Word in my Behalf: My Creditors at length became implacable, they saw no Prospect of my paying 'em, and commenced several Actions against me. There are certain Privileges granted to Gentlemen of my Profession, by which Means I was longer than others before my Person suffer'd: But it was in vain to dispute with Justice, the Process was at length brought to a Conclusion, and I was confined in Jail. I had wrote several Letters to my Father, acquainting him with the unhappy Situation of my Affairs, but he would never return me but one Answer, which was, That, as I had brought all my Misfortunes upon myself by my own Folly and wrong Management, I ought to suffer for it, and should do so for him, and that he would not relieve me in any Shape. I could not tell how to behave; this last Shock, and the Miseries I endured, brought me to a severe, tho' late Reflection on Things past: I saw no Hopes of Succour, and Ruin stared me in the Face with a ghastly Aspect: My Neglect of ALIDEA, whom, notwithstanding, I

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sincerely loved, added to my Sorrow: I resolv'd to write to her, hoping I should find her a good Advocate to plead to my Father for me, nor was I disappointed; she supplicated his Favour so effectually in my Behalf, that, as I have been since informed, tho' he wou'd not write to me himself, or afford me any Relief, yet he privately sent Orders to the Gentleman, to whom I had been sent for Instruction, to assist me in every Respect, but to disguise it as if it did not come from my Father, but was his own Bounty and Benevolence, This had the desired Effect; I was released from the Horrors of Confinement, and returned to the Gentleman I had been with before.

ALIDEA was so afflicted at the News of my being in Prison, that she fell into a deep Melancholy, which seized her so violently that it was thought she could hardly recover. During this Illness, she was continually begging of my Father to let her come up to the Metropolis, and be instructed in some Business, alledging, that when she was so engaged, it would divert her, and keep all gloomy Reflections from her Mind; but the true Reason of this Request was her Desire to see me: My Father dissuaded her from it as much as possible; but finding her still persist in her Resolution, and continue to importune him every Day more and more, he at last consented, and wrote up to Town to a sober Woman, of considerable Business, which consisted chiefly in adorning the Tiara's and Head-Dresses of the Ladies; she lived near the *Bourse*, had a good Acquaintance, and was very well beloved: The Agreement was made with her by my Father, and ALIDEA was put to her for four Years to learn her Business: She came up to Town, and found, to her great Joy, that I was released. The Cloud of Sorrow that had for some Time hung over her Head, was at once dispell'd, when she had Hopes of seeing me again in Safety: She got one of her Companions, who was under the same Instructor, and who was better acquainted with the Town than ALIDEA, to conduct her to the Gentleman's where I was. I happen'd to be out

when they came (and I had forgot to tell you, that my Father, before she left the Country, had laid a strict Injunction on her not to go near me, nor to let me know that she was in Town) But how weak are such Restrictions to the Heart that sincerely loves! The worthy Gentleman had no Advice of her coming, and not perfectly knowing her, fearing they were some of my unhappy Acquaintance, and lest they should entice me to a Relapse of my former Follies, used them a little roughly at first, and plainly told them, they must not, and should not, see me; but ALIDEA soon made him sensible of his Error: There is something so moving in the Plea of Innocence, and so irresistible in plain, simple Truth, that it is impossible not to distinguish it from Counterfeit. He had heard my Father, when he was in Town, mention her with the utmost Respect; and being convinced who she was, he most tenderly embraced her, informing her, that he expected me home in a little Time: But, Madam, says he, we'll surprize the young Rogue a little; he shan't know you have done him this Honour, 'till I introduce him to you; it will startle him a little; but I shall be glad to see how he will behave under his Confusion.

They pass'd the Time 'till my Arrival, in talking of their Friends in the Country, and consulting how they shou'd best reconcile my Father, and re-instate me in his Affections; for the Gentleman was heartily my Friend.

Soon as I had finish'd the Business I went about, I return'd home to spend the Evening in our own Family, contrary to my usual Custom before my Confinement: Then I was glad when the Hurry of the Day was over, and often neglected some material Affair or other, that I might hasten to my lewd Companions, and spend the Nights in Riot and Debauchery; I now had abandon'd all those Pests of Society, and entertain'd myself with Reading in my Study, or taking some innocent Recreation with this young Gentle-

Gentleman, who is a Relation of the Person under whose Tuition I am.

The good PATRICIO (for that is his Name) receiv'd me with a visible Pleasure in his Countenance, telling me, there was a Messenger from my Father in the Parlour; that, indeed, the Message was not sent to me; but if I cared to see the Person that brought it, he wou'd introduce me, adding, that it was one who lived in the same Town with my Father, and knew me from a Boy.—This mysterious Way of speaking never made me once apprehend that it cou'd be ALIDEA whom he meant: I made bold to ask him if it was the *Sub-Flamen*? who, I conjectured, had done me some Prejudice, by speaking disrespectfully of me to my Father. He assured me, that it was not him, but one that I knew very well, and who wou'd be very glad to see me: He then led me to the Parlour; but, Heavens! how great was my Surprise when I saw ALIDEA there! The Expectation of seeing me had flush'd her lovely Face with a very becoming Bloom, but the sudden Transport was too great for her to support, and she fainted into the Arms of her Friend that accompany'd her: My Confusion was not less than her's, but Nature enabled me to bear it better.—By proper Assistance she recover'd soon, I flew into her Arms, and some Minutes were lost in expressing our mutual Joy: That past, she related to me the Reasons of her being so desirous to come to Town, where she lived, and what Temper she had left my Father in when she departed from the Country. The good PATRICIO interposed, and in a jocular Manner, “Children, said he, leave off this Fooling, I have no Authority to suffer this from your Father; do you, young Gentleman, first find out Means to be reconciled to your Father, and then you shall be welcome to kiss and toy as much as you please, but depend upon it I will write him Word of this Interview; if he approves of it, I shall have no Objection: But, however, don't despair; I'll do the best I can to make him approve it, tho' we old Fel-

“lows, don’t much like Billing and Coing when we
 “are past it ourselves.—But come, says he,—
 “*Sine CERERE & BACCHO, VENUS friget.*—What
 “think you of a little cold Collation; tho’ Love is
 “agreeable, Eating is necessary.—Come, Madam,
 “you shall be my Guest this Evening, and I’m sorry
 “the young Spark has no more Gallantry than to suf-
 “fer a young Lady out of the Country to come to see
 “him, and never ask her to eat or drink.”

He took us into an Apartment where a plain, but elegant Entertainment was prepared; Pleasure never came sincere to me; these happy Moments were im- bitter’d, and all my Draughts of Transport dash’d with Gall. In the Height of our Jollity, we were disturb-
 * ed by the unseasonable Visit of the *Saqubi* STILETTO; he was seldom or ever without some litigious Dispute upon his Hands; and as PATRICIO had large Con- cerns with him, in the Law, relating to his Estate, he cou’d not well refuse conducting him through some other Difficulties which he labour’d under: He had been called to Account, by Process of Law, for criminally conversing with another Man’s Wife; this brought him to PATRICIO’s, where, unluckily for my Quiet, he saw ALIDEA; he gloried in being a profess’d Libertine, and her Beauty was sufficient to entice him to practise his villanous Arts upon her: He behaved in so insolent a Manner that nothing but his Rank cou’d excuse. Indecency is the peculiar Prerogative of the *Saqubis* of our Island, and they presume upon their Privilege to be arrogant to all whom they think their Inferiors: He sat next to ALIDEA, directing all his Discourse to her; and his Conversation was so blended with Looseness and Immorality, that not only Modesty, but even Lewdness itself must have blush’d to hear him talk. He perceived that it made me uneasy, which was so far from putting a Stop to his wild Discourse, that it rather aggravated and en- creased it. ALIDEA express’d a Desire of going home, and good Manners oblig’d me to offer my Service to conduct her; the *Saqubi* offer’d his, and push’d me

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 * Charles Mor daunt Earl of Peterborough
 mentioned by M^{rs} Bellamy in her Apology
 Vol. 1. Letter 12. pa. 68.

back with Indignity: I cou'd not brook such Usage; but, with the utmost Resentment, return'd his Affronts; and taking ALIDEA by the Hand, led her to the Coach that was waiting for her. STILETTO, not at all chagrind at his Disappointment, turn'd it off with a Laugh; I beg the young Gentleman's Pardon, says he, for offering to deprive him of his Mistress; but, I hope, he can have no Objection to my taking Care of the other young Lady; 'tis not proper to let two such Beauties go home unguarded: I did not dare to thwart his Design, tho' it was entirely against my Inclination, because I knew how advantageous a Customer the *Sagubi* was to PATRICIO; with the utmost Reluctance I saw him enter the Coach: He entertain'd us with nothing but the most wanton Images and Ideas imaginable; and I still found, that tho' his Discourse was directed to the other, yet his Inclinations and Actions wholly turn'd towards ALIDEA: I sat upon a Rack all the Way in the Coach, and was glad at being relieved from my Pain, by the Coachman's opening the Door to let us out. We parted; the *Sagubi* return'd with me, and jeer'd me very facetiously for being so angry at a little *harmless Gallantry*, as he call'd it: He chang'd my ill Opinion of him, and I began foolishly to imagine, that what he had done was only out of Mirth; my Suspicions vanish'd; and he spoke so much in her Praise, and often repeated such seemingly hearty Assurances of Friendship to me, that I thought I had found an invaluable Treasure, a true FRIEND; but I have since discover'd that he acted the Part of a true FIEND: He pretended to give me wholesome Advice, and carried so fair a Port, that I was induced to take him with me to visit ALIDEA: He ingratiated himself with the old Lady of the Shop, by bespeaking Goods of her to a considerable Value: By this Means he had frequent Pretences and Opportunities for calling there without me.

One Day, which was very near proving fatal to our Quiet, the *Sagubi* went there to enquire after something he had order'd to be done, and found ALIDEA

in the Shop alone; he accosted her in a Manner that fill'd her with terrible Apprehensions; he made but few Words before he carried her, by main Force, into a Back room, with Intention to perpetrate his most execrable Design; she resisted him with all the Strength she cou'd exert, but he had gain'd his Ends, had not a Servant come in very luckily for her, and prevented him; she was a sturdy, robust, Country Wench, and seeing what was likely to ensue, snatch'd up his Sword, which, in the Scuffle, had fallen from his Side; she drew it, and clapping the Point of it to his Breast, bade him desist from his vile Purpose, or she wou'd instantly destroy him; the adventurous Hero, who was so bold to ravage the Spoils of Innocence, thudder'd at the Thoughts of Death; he drew back, and gave the tender Maid, whom he design'd a Victim to his Lust, an Opportunity of escaping from the threaten'd Danger. He went away vowing Revenge, and swearing, that tho' he had fail'd then, he wou'd not desist 'till he was possess'd of the inestimable Treasure he had been disappointed of; he has, since that, watch'd every Opportunity to get into her Company, which she as carefully avoids; she never goes abroad by herself, and to no publick Place unless I attend her. He now turns all his Rage upon me, vainly thinking, if I am destroyed, he shall have the better Opportunity of getting at ALIDEA; he is so mean as to make himself a Spy, and dogg'd us hither; ye have been Eye-witneses to what has happen'd upon the Spot, and how we frustrated his Design. I have only to inform ye, that, thro' the Mediation of the good PATRICIO, my Father is reconciled to me, every Thing is settled to my Satisfaction, and we are shortly to retire into the Country to solemnize our Nuptials.

FAIRE-FRANC and ALOISA both heartily congratulated SALLITTIO and ALIDEA on the Prospect of their approaching Happiness, returning him many Thanks for so readily gratifying their Curiosity; they highly blamed STILETTO for his Baseness. Surely, says ALOISA he must be some new-created upstart *Sage*, and could

never

The E
He m
wer a
He a

never descend from noble Ancestors; if he had, he cou'd not shew such Meanness. — Ah! Madam, replies SALLITTIO, there is no Dependence upon Nobility in *Thule*, they are most of them degenerate: This *Saqubi* is descended from as good a Family as any in the Island, but he has stain'd his illustrious Pedigree by his own base Actions; that Gentleman, my Companion, who is acquainted with him better than they can inform you of some Exploits, which are overlook'd as he is a *Saqubi*; but, for which, had he been a private Man, he wou'd have been severely punish'd. SALLITTIO desired the young Gentleman, whom he had called to his Assistance, to give them an Account of the *Saqubi*; he readily comply'd with his Request, and proceeded as follows.

STILETTO is as different from his great Predecessor, whose Title he bears, as one Opposite can be to another. The great *Saqubi*, his Relation, was bred to the Field from his Youth; he was Commander of the Forces of *Thule*, who served as Auxiliaries to a foreign Prince; he behaved gallantly in his Post; and tho' he was betray'd by Treachery at the last Battle he fought, whereby he lost the Field with great Disadvantage, yet I never heard of any one that arraign'd his Conduct. — After this he retired from all manner of publick Business, to a pleasant little *Villa* a few Miles from the Metropolis: But I shou'd acquaint you, that this *Saqubi*, tho' esteem'd as great in the Cabinet and Field as any that Age produced, to shew how Human Nature is fallible, and often deviates from itself; this great Man, whose Words charm'd every one that heard them, and whose Judgment was courted by Persons of all Parties, was so weak as to marry a common Singer, one of the lowest Class of the People: Some imputed this rash Action of his to Childishness or Frenzy, but the more Discerning ascribed it to his natural Impetuosity of Temper, and the Desire he had of cutting off the Title and Estate from the present unworthy Possessor: He thought, by marrying her, to leave an Heir, which would stop all Claims of the other

The Earl of Peterborow married for his 2d.
 He Mr. Anastasia Robinson, who had been a
 singer at the Opera, but made an excellent wife.
 He was Grand-father of Stiletto

other, who is only a Relation of a distant Branch of the Family; but blind *Fortune*, who bestows her Favours at random, commonly showers down most on the Undeserving; so did she now. The *Sagubi*, thro' Age, was disappointed of all Hopes of having an Heir. He plainly perceived the untoward Disposition of his Kinsman: He heard so many Crimes and Follies daily laid to his Charge, that he could not bear the Sight of him: He tried all possible Means to deprive him of the Honour and Family Estate; but finding them ineffectual, he let his Mansion and fine Gardens run to Ruin; every-thing was uncultivated and suffer'd to grow wild: He even let the House decay so much, that it was forced to be supported by Props, to keep it from falling; and this he did with a View, that when it came to the present Possessor, it should be scarce worth his Acceptance: However, this Behaviour gave Occasion to the censorious World to say he was disorder'd in his Senses. Those who have seen the many excellent Pieces, both in Verse and Prose, which he composed in that Solitude, must be convinced of the contrary.

STILETTO, who had great Expectations of the Honour that could not be long before it devolved to him (as the *Sagubi* was very much advanced in Years) began to give into all the Extravagances that could be thought of: He loved Fighting; but instead of applying his martial Genius to practice Feats of Arms in the Field, he vented all his Fury on innocent, helpless Waiters at *Cabarets*; on poor Men who ply about for Hire, and who, he thought, durst not resist him: He scorned to be guilty of small Enormities; none but Crimes of the blackest Die could satisfy him. Ravishing Matrons, deflowering Virgins, or staining the Reputation of the Chaste and Virtuous, were Trifles with him. Sacrilege would have delighted him, and any thing that was a more daring Piece of Wickedness than common, he was ready to perpetrate — ALIDEA is not the first he hath attempted to Ruin, tho' he failed of the Success with her,

which he had with several others. *OPTIMIA* was an unhappy Lady, who fell a Victim to his Lust; she was young, giddy, and unacquainted with the World, which gave a better Opportunity to the Spoiler to seduce her. Her Parents were dead, and she was left to the Care of a Grandfather, who was very tender of her, as were likewise his Daughters, who were Sisters to her Mother. I need not acquaint you of the various Sects of Religion in the Island of *Thule*; all *OPTIMIA*'s Relations were of that who pride themselves in being called *Dissenters*, and separating themselves from the established Worship of the Temple, pretend to revive the Doctrine of the primitive Fathers. She was brought up strictly in this Persuasion, and by that Means avoided many Temptations, which, more Freedom would have exposed her to; but Vice is ever restless to find out and destroy Innocence; would *Libertines* take half the Pains to be virtuous, which they do to gratify their loose Inclinations, how happy would it be for Society in general. We should not have so many Parents lamenting their Daughters lost Honour, nor so many miserable Couples, separating soon after Marriage, occasioned by the Bride's bringing Pollution to the Bed of some deceiv'd honest Man, even on the nuptial Night.

OPTIMIA lived in a Place of public Resort, *STILETTO* us'd frequently to pass that Way, and did not fail of seeing her, as his Eyes were always searching out new Objects of Beauty to indulge his insatiable Appetites. He observed a House in the Neighbourhood, where she often visited; his Assurance, Dress, and Prodigality, soon brought him acquainted there. He pretended to come out of the Country to make good his Claim to an Estate that was in Litigation; that he had no Acquaintance in Town, and should be glad of an Apartment in a sober House to lodge in during his Stay. The honest People, imagining no Harm, and being glad to have a Guest in their House that spent his Money so freely, very readily offered theirs, which he as willingly accepted of. *STILETTO*

was

Dissenters.

was married, and had a Family of his own; but notwithstanding that, he would frequently make Excursions from them, upon these Occasions, for the Space of three or four Months together: He did the same then, and none knew where he was gone to: He behaved very affable and obliging for some Time: Under the Supposition that he was a single Gentleman of Fortune, the old Lady where he lodged, was very assiduous in promoting a Match between OPTIMIA and him, and would have been glad even to have preferred her own Daughter to the same Honour, in Opposition to OPTIMIA, had not her Age prevented it; a thousand Times she wish'd young LYOLA had been arrived at Years of Puberty; so much does a View of Interest blind even the most reserved, and lay them open to all the Arts and Insinuations of the wicked.

STILETTO had frequent Interviews with the unhappy Maid destined to be his Prey; he soothed her glowing Wishes, and thro' his Lips infused the deadly Poison of Love to her Heart: Her repeated Visits there began to be taken Notice of by the Neighbourhood, who were censorious enough to give it a worse Turn, even before she really deserved it: How cautious than should every young Woman be of her Virtue? nor should she be less cautious of her Reputation, which often by Imprudence is lost long before she is contaminated: *Reputation* then, tho' it may look like *Sophistry* is *Virtue*: For when the World conceives an ill Opinion of any one, whether Man or Woman, all Efforts to retrieve a good Character, but plunge them deeper in Infamy, and make them more the Subject of Obloquy and Censure. The uncharitable and ignominious Part of Mankind, which is by much the Majority, pursue the unhappy Victims to bring them upon a Level with themselves: As if they imagined, like the wild *Tartars*, that every Virtue they destroy'd in their Neighbours, was transplanted into their own Bosoms.

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There were not wanting Enemies enough to OPTIMIA, who soon convey'd the displeasing Tale to the *Grandfather*; they represented it to him, as if she was already ruined: He was much shocked at hearing this News: He sent for OPTIMIA to him, and reproached her for her shameful Conduct: She fell on her Knees, and confessed all that had passed, owned that she loved him, but still vindicated her Honour. The old Gentleman was very glad to hear Things were no worse than they were: He thought it most adviseable to send OPTIMIA out of Town. When she was gone, he enquired privately into the Merits of STILETTO, and a Person who happen'd to know what he really was, acquainted the old Gentleman with his true Character: This entirely disconcerted the whole Scheme; STILETTO was obliged to move his Quarters, but not without persuading the good Woman where he lodged of the Honesty of his Intentions, who would hear nothing spoke disrespectful of him. He had by Presents and fair Speeches, so secured his Interest with her, that she took him to be an Angel; and, according to his Instructions, was very assiduous to find out where OPTIMIA was, which, by the Indiscretion of one of the old Gentleman's Servants, she soon did. She had no sooner got this Information, than she acquainted STILETTO with it, and thinking his Designs were still honourable, undertook to convey a Letter to her: The fatal Billet revived in her Heart all the Transports of a lawless Flame. This literary Intercourse was carried on for a considerable Time with the greatest Secrecy; so long, that the old Gentleman thinking all the Storm blown over, condescended at OPTIMIA's Request, to take her Home again. STILETTO thought this a proper Time to push his Project to the utmost. By corrupting the Servants, he had frequent Opportunities of seeing her, and so rooted his pernicious Principles in her Mind, that she readily came into any Measures he could propose. It was agreed between them, that the next *Sunday* she should feign herself sick, to prevent

vent going with the Family to Devotion, and STILETTO promised to come with his Chariot and Four to take her away, if she could find any Means of coming to the Door. Accordingly on the *Sunday* Morning, *Miss* pretended to be very ill; she was left at Home, with only a Maid-Servant; about Eleven in the Forenoon, when every-body was deeply engaged in the Service of the Temple, STILETTO came to his Assignment: He rang at the Gate, and the Servant going to open it, was surprized to see a Man standing with a drawn Sword in his Hand. He asked for OPTIMIA, and taking Advantage of the Servant's Confusion, he prevented her shutting the Door upon him, which she attempted, and rushed by her into the House: The poor deluded OPTIMIA heard his Voice, and flew down Stairs to meet him; he took her by the Hand, and putting her into his Chariot, the Coachman drove out of Sight in a Moment. The poor Servant was astonished at so unexpected an Adventure; she left the Door open as it was, and ran away to acquaint her Master with the Misfortune. Her abrupt Entrance disturbed the Congregation in their Devotion: The old Gentleman left the Temple, and dispatched Messengers different Ways, with all Speed imaginable; they returned the same Night from a fruitless Search, and could hear no News of the unfortunate OPTIMIA. The perfidious STILETTO had always deceived her by a Promise of Marriage, but now he had got her in his Power, she found she must comply with his Desires upon baser Terms: In short, that Night compleated her Ruin; and, to plunge her still deeper in Distress, he grew tired of her in a little Time, and scarce ever visited her, or would see her; she then too late found out and repented her Folly. She was abandoned in a strange Place, destitute of even the common Necessaries of Life, and had none to comfort her; for he had placed her amongst a Set of People who subsist by the Vices of the Great, and who were too well acquainted with such base Practices, to have the least Pity or Remorse.

morfe. When they perceived ſhe was deſerted by her Betrayer, they uſed her in all Shapes like a caſt-off Miſtreſs, and were continually teizing her to yield to the Embraces of others, as ſhe had done to STRIETTO; but ſhe loved her Undoer too much to conſent to any ſuch Offer. They found her Obſtinacy, and turned her out of Doors, deſtitute and forlorn. Compunction and Remorſe, the conſtant Comgomitants of Vice, ſeized her, and ſhe wandered about for three Days without Suſtenance, or any-body to ſuccour her. At laſt ſhe took a Reſolution to apply to her Grandfather, and throw herſelf upon his Mercy: She got to his Door in the Dusk of the Evening, and ſtood, expecting ſome friendly Hand that knew her, to conduct her to his Preſence: She had not been there long, before ſhe was perceiv'd by the Servants, who invited her in unknown to the Family, and ſecreſed her for that Night. The next Morning, one of them undertook to break the Matter to her Aunts, who managed ſo well, and worked upon the eaſy Temper of the old Gentleman, that, at length, after ſome Reluctance and Struggles between Indignation and Compaſſion, he was induc'd to conſent, that ſhe ſhould ſtay in the Houſe for a Month or two, until an elderly Gentlewoman of his Acquaintance ſhould be ready to go Abroad, to a diſtant Province belonging to the Iſland of *Thule*, and then he inſiſted upon OPTIMIA's accompanying her. She accordingly left the Land, and has now too much Leiſure to reflect on her paſt unhappy Conduct, and give up herſelf a Prey to Horror and black Deſpair.

Thus fell the wretched OPTIMIA, a Warning to all credulous Maids not to truſt too much to the deluding Tongues of Men, and a fatal Sacrifice to the Inſtability of Love in the Grantees of *Thule*. This Hero has given ſeveral other Proofs of his Proweſs over diſtreſs'd Ladies, ſome of which he has even attempted to force, when Perſuaſion has fail'd. He once demean'd himſelf in ſuch a Manner, as to profeſs a Paſſion for a common *Stage-Player*, who received him

in so disdainful a Manner, that having no Way to be revenged of her, he insulted her in the grossest Manner that could possibly enter into any-body's Head, and which a *Man* ought to have been ashamed of. He placed himself by her Side one Night, and threw such Trash at her before the publick Audience, as must shock any one who had not quite forsaken all Modesty. A Lover of the *Precieuse*, who was favour'd by her, saw his insolent Behaviour, and resented it in a proper Nature; he let the daring Hero know, that he was not invincible, and that he must not suffer himself to run such Lengths, without receiving the Correction due to his Insolence: He was drubb'd into better Manners, and forced to sneak away shamefully from the Sight of the very Woman he had affronted.

FAIRE-FRANC returned the young Gentleman Thanks for obliging them with an Account of STRILLETTO. I have observed, said he, that Love, in the Island of *Tbule*, is divided amongst three Sorts of Women, *Debauchees*, *Coquettes*, and those who will admit of Gallantry, yet preserve their Reputation of *Honesty*.

Although the first of these are abominable, yet they certainly deserve more Compassion than Hatred, because they are hurried away by the Force of Temper and Inclination; and were they to apply ever so closely, it is almost impossible to reform Nature: However, if in any Encounter the female Sex ought to conquer themselves, it is in a Conflict where no less is concerned than their Honours or Lives.

As for *Coquettes*, the Number is much greater, and will require more Room to enlarge upon had we leisure. The Difference between them and *Debauchees* is, that in all the Vice the latter are guilty of, there is at least Sincerity; and in what the *Coquettes* do, there is nothing but downright Treachery: There is not a *Coquette* in *Tbule*, but will plead in her Excuse, when she gives Ear to the Courtship of all Comers, that

x M^{rs} Bellamy's brother "bestowed
"manual chastisement" on him
see her Letters Vol. 1. pa 72.

that how honest and virtuous soever a Woman is, she never hates a Person who tells her he loves her.

But one may answer them, that Distinctions are to be made: The Lover makes his Addresses with a View that she will be either honest to herself or him, and allowing that she cannot hate a Man for the Sentiments he had of her, yet that shou'd not hinder her from being careful of not having so much Complaisance for him as for another, who had never declared any thing to her, for fear she shou'd thereby encourage his Hopes, and that at length it might make a Noise and be injurious to the Reputation she wou'd preserve.

If the Woman be prepossessed in favour of another when a second Man declares Love to her, she will have the same Precautions as the other to hinder it from continuing; but, if he persists, I maintain it as my Opinion, that she will hate him as much as she will love her true Gallant; it being natural to hate the Enemies of the Person we love, because Love will never long allow Love to be importunate; and a Lover, altho' he is well treated, may expect that a Passion which continues in his Rival, is at least nourished by some Hopes. A Mistress that is true to her Lover, considers his Rival as his mortal Enemy, and thinks him no less her own, as he makes her risque the Loss of a Lover whom she esteems more than her Life; but with Ladies of a gay Taste it seems to be quite otherwise. ALIBEA seems to be form'd for Love, and to inspire it in the Hearts of all Beholders, without being the least culpable herself; but OPTIMEA, by your Description, is a downright Coquette, she gives all the Advantages to her Betrayers imaginable, and, by laying herself too open, is sure to be ruin'd.

We have several Sorts of Coquettes amongst us, some of them take a Delight in being beloved by a great many People; Dress, Equipage, Hurry and Noise, is all their Desire; they feel no Effects of the Passion themselves, altho' they animate others with it; they make Advances to retain Men in their Service, and don't consider, that by these Advances alone they hold them

them rather than by their Merit: Besides, as it is not possible they should dispose their Favours so equally but that some one will seem better treated than others, and there being several who will not content themselves with Equality, but demand Preference to others; this makes the Malecontents jealous, and, upon quitting the Pursuit of their Amour, induces them to declare *all*, if not *more* than they know.

Another Sort of *Coquettes* keep several Lovers in their Service, and in private Favour, but *One*; these are *Sultana's* in Love, who are despotic in all their Actions; they have them in their Retinue like so many Slaves, and think they avoid the Censure of the Multitude. It is said, they have no amorous Intrigue, since they treat equally all those who visit them; but it is much more fortunate for them to have the Truth discovered, or, at least, it is better; for by believing they love no body, every one fancies that they love all. There are others who, by their Management, persuade several Gallants, that if they should love any one of them, they would run a Hazard of vexing the Favourite, and, by that very Evasion, they, in the End, vex him and lose him in earnest: For if, in the Absence of their Lover, they endeavour to render themselves agreeable, he can certainly know nothing of it; and if it is, in his Presence, and they act in Concert together, he will easily perceive that it is nothing, since she allows him to be a Witness of what is done; or at all Hazards, if he is dissatisfied, her Carresses, fond Endearments, and Promises to do so no more, will bring him to Compliance, and oblige him to be easy; but all this should be conducted with the greatest Caution imaginable. A Lover is not easily deceived; if he does not discover the Deceit immediately, it will not be long first: When a Man's whole Affections are engaged, he narrowly watches every Motion; and if he has any Spirit, upon the least Oversight, takes his Leave immediately; and tho' his Passion should be so predominant that he could not get the better of it, yet his Reproaches would occasion more

more Trouble and Confusion, than his Addressees could have given her Pleasure; there are *Coquettes* in the World, that dare not be cruel and rigorous to any Man, for fear it should pass for a Sacrifice to some other; and never consider, that it would be better for them, and more conducive to their Honour, if they were convicted of making that Sacrifice, than lying under the general Imputation.

This is generally the Course the *Coquettes* take; as to those, who only sin to please themselves, and remain true to their first Attachments, they are either satisfied with their Lovers, or they are not; if they are not, they endeavour to reduce them to their *Devoirs* by a tender and affable Carriage; but if that cannot be done, they break off without any Disturbance, under a Pretence of Devotion, or some other slight Occasion, though they take Care first of all to get all Papers and Letters from them that can any ways convict them.

If they are satisfied with their Lovers, they think their whole Hearts too little an Offering to make them; they take all Opportunities of letting them know it: For a Woman in Love, is a meer Contradiction in herself; their Letters are full of the tenderest and softest Expressions, yet that does not always prove their Love, for the *Coquettes* say as much, or rather more, every Day: But these, by their Actions and Carriage, sufficiently justify the Meaning of their Hearts; the Mind is the least fallacious; they may indeed say we love tho' we do not; but they cannot be kind to any one long, without having a real Affection for him.

A Woman that really loves her Gallant, is more afraid of giving him Jealousy than Death; when she sees him alarmed with any Suspicion that the Obstinacy of a Rival may create in him, she does not content herself with being acquitted by her own Conscience; she redoubles her Cares and Caresses for him, and her Rigours to the other; she takes every Opportunity of affronting the Impertinent, and does not
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defer her Severity from one Time to another, fancying that she can never be soon enough rid of so troublesome a Person. She knows that as many Moments as she defers chasing away this Rival, she should give as many Stabs in his Heart she is in Love with; she knows, that as soon as her Lover begins to have Suspicions, the least Care she should take to remove them, would preserve in him the Esteem and Love he has for her. Whereas, if she neglected to satisfy and cure him, it would alienate his Affections from her for ever; he would have no Confidence in her, neither would she be able to recover his good Opinion, tho' she even offered to sacrifice her Reputation to his Caprice; she must certainly imagine he will think she stood in fear of his Reproaches, which had forced that Acknowledgment from her; he will then despise the Favours, which at another Time he would have taken as the greatest Mark of her Love; every Woman has Cunning enough to know, that when a Man once puts a Confidence in her, he excuses all her Faults, and palliates all her Offences; but when once he distrusts her, he will not pardon the least Slight; he is at length fatigued and wearied out with the Trouble she gives him; he cannot bear so much Altercation; and the Reproaches he is obliged to make her, after pardoning a thousand considerable Faults, reize him out of all Patience; so that, in the End, he breaks off with her for a meer Trifle, he not being able longer to endure so much Vexation.

There is another Sort of Females who love their Gallants extremely, and yet make them jealous by their Indiscretion and Misbehaviour; and this proceeds from their flattering themselves too much with the Assurance they have of their good Intentions, in which Presumption they give too much Liberty to Rivals, and do not sufficiently quash the Hopes of those Men who make court to them, and who only pretend that they love them, by their Care and Assiduity in gallanting them up and down: For some Women may be compared to a Ship, and can no more
fail

fail thro' the Voyage of their Pleasures, than a Man of War without a Long-Boat or a Pinnace; they are ignorant that the Civilities of a Woman one loves are such Favours as all Suitors flatter themselves with sometimes, because they have Merit, and often those that have none but what they possess in Fancy; sometimes because they have no good Opinion of the Persons they make their Addressees to; and fancy the Resistance they make is only to set a greater Value upon themselves: Inasmuch, that if a Woman who has lived without being liable to Censure, and never given any Occasion to be talk'd of; if she is still anxious to preserve her Reputation, not to entertain in any manner the Addressees of every one that approaches her as a Lover; if it is one who has not been altogether so careful of her Carriage as she should be, but designs to amend, and endeavour to retrieve her Conduct for the future; it is absolutely necessary for her to be more strict than another, and even a Breach of good Manners may contribute to her Advantage, she should be *impartially severe*; for the least Opening of Favour which she gives a loose to, will more re-engage a Lover, than a thousand Refusals will disgust him.

A Mistress whose Intentions are honest, behaves with so much Sincerity to her Lover, that rather than fail to tell him Things of Consequence, she acquaints him with the most common Trifles, rightly judging, that should he be informed by other Means, of certain indifferent Things, that are render'd criminal at their being told again, it would have the worst Effect imaginable; she makes no Reserve to him in Point of Confidence; she tells him not only her own Secrets, but even those she knew before, and what she learns elsewhere every Day; she calls those People ridiculous, who say, that being Mistress of another's Secrets, they ought not to tell it their Lovers; she answers to that, that if we love the Woman, a Man of Discretion will never say any-thing of it; and if he quits his Pursuit, and abandons his Pretensions, she

would have much more to lose than her Friend's Secrets; she fancies that she ought never to consider us as such who will one Day leave them; for upon that Condition they would be Fools to grant us Favours.

In a word, her Maxim is, that if she once gives her Heart, she has nothing more to manage; she knows that there are only two Encounters that can dispence with her telling all to her Lover; the one, if he is indiscreet, and the other, if he had any Gallantry before hers: For it would be Imprudence in her to speak to him in that Case, at least without he pressed her extremely, and then it would be himself that occasioned his own Vexation.

Finally, a faithful Mistress thinks she can never justify her Love too much, even to the most severe Man; she takes all Ways to convince him of her Affections, and, to make it appear the plainer, she surprises him by a thousand little Favours that he did not expect; she has no Reserve with him, and she applies herself to procure him Esteem amongst all People; she makes her Passion the only Business of her Life; without the true solid Content and mutual Union of Hearts, she holds Love for a Debauch, and accounts it a brutal Commerce, and a Trade by which ruined Women subsist.

FAIRE-FRANC having left off speaking; bless me, Sir, said ALIDEA, what fine Things have you said? what a System of Gallantry have you laid down? but how hard is it to be put in Practice? and, indeed, Sir, I think there is Injustice in some Part of it; for since we find that Women will even deceive their Husbands whom the Laws have made our Masters, it is not fair that Gallants should come off at a better Rate, they whom nothing obliges us to fear but the Choice we make, and whom we take to serve us as long and as little as we please.

I am for giving them Liberty, Madam, replies the Chevalier; I don't say you ought not to abandon your Lovers when they displease you, when their own Defects grow disagreeable to your natural Temper, which

of THULE; or, The ISLAND of LOVE. 101

which abounds with Inconstancy; but I have shewn you the nice Manner in which you ought to disengage yourselves from them, not to give them any Reason to draw the Censures of the World upon you; for since Mankind has imposed that Tyranny upon the Honour of the Ladies, not to love what they find lovely, you shou'd so far comply with Custom as to keep your Thoughts conceal'd when you do love; but whether a Woman really loves or not, she can have no surer Foundation to ground her Conduct upon, than *avoiding all Occasions*; for how many Women has fatal *Opportunity* subjected to Failing? And how many Men have triumphed over the Virtue of several innocent Females, who, but by such Advantages, and the Strength of their Assurance, had never made a Conquest?

I am entirely of your Opinion, says SALLITTIO, and a strong Answer to your last Question is the infamous CERVINO, Companion in our late Adventure to the ungenerous STILETTO; never were two vicious Roysters so properly match'd, they seem form'd by Nature to assist each other in perpetrating any Crime that is bad: His Form bespeaks the Libertine; he has large, full, blue Eyes, yet the Balls are often half hid under his Eye-lids, and, contrary to his Intention, make him look languishingly; he has but indifferent Features, tho' a tolerable Complexion; he has a quick Wit, and a good Fancy, but he studies too much how to be pleasant; he loves to speak Equivoques, and double Entendres; and, that he may be the more admired, he often makes them at home, and starts them in Company where he first comes, as if they were fresh Thoughts or Repartees: He quickly engages in Friendship with People without any Discretion, and, whether he finds them People of Merit or not, as suddenly abandons them; what makes his Inclinations last longest is Flattery; and let a Person's Merit be ever so extraordinary, if he does not express the greatest Admiration at CERVINO's Perfections, he gains no Esteem from him:

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* *Anthony formerly called Bury*
Henley of George in Hampshire

He fancies that a good Taste, as it is now falsely called, consists in examining every thing to a Nicety; he never found any thing to his Mind that he saw, and usually pass'd his Sentiments both of Men and Books without Knowledge or Reason: In short, he was so blinded with his own Merit, that he could see none in any body else; and to speak of him in his own Stile, he hath a great deal of Sufficiency as well as Insufficiency; he is bold in any hazardous Attack at home, either to bully the Men his Inferiors, or debauch defenceless Women; but is equally timid in honourable Love and War; and yet, if any would have beleived him, he came off Victor in every Duel he fought, and had his Will of all the Women he attempted, tho' at the same Time it is notorious to all the World that he had been denied by certain Ladies, who, till then, had never refused any Man: He peculiarly prides himself in copying after the gay

* GUILMOTTO, who, in the Reign of ADOLPH, the second of this Isle, was the Chief of the Court for Gallantry and Intrigues; but he falls far short of his intended Original, for GUILMOTTO was a Man of Wit, Sense and Learning; but, by Heat of Blood, and predominant Passions, aggravated by the Court's encouraging all Lewdness and Debauchery, he was hurried down the Torrent, and, in gratifying a sensual Taste, lost his Life, and shipwreck'd his Fame: CERVINO has all the Inclination to Vice, of his Predecessor, which he makes it his Study to propagate; and affects to be thought worse than he really is: Were he equal to the other in polite Literature, and a Turn of Wit which makes shocking Things appear agreeable, it would palliate some of his Excesses, and render him less obnoxious to the World than he is at present; he has all his Obscenity without his Wit, and all his ill Manners without his Repartee to excuse it. If you will recollect most of the Stories told of GUILMOTTO, and attend to the whole Course of CERVINO's Conduct, if it may be called so, you will find it modelled by the others; no one particular Vice that the

first

* John Wilmot Earl of Rochester
 died in 1680 aged 32

first has been guilty of can be mentioned, but what the latter has strove to outdo him in; the one took *Gigantic Strides* in Vice, and the other, like a puny Boy, strains himself to *ape* him: He has endeavoured to imitate him in his Poetry; but, alas! his miserable limping Metre is, in Comparison, as a *Pack-horse* to a *Pegasus*: He is equally as unsuccessful in Prose, for having wrote a Pamphlet in favour of the PREMIER, or reigning Minister, he recommended it to him for his Perusal, who, according to his usual Temper of Mind, return'd it to him, with this gentle Reproof, "That such Productions appearing in the World really did more Disservice to a Cause than they befriended it." CERVINO was so irritated at this, that he told him, "Since he wou'd not accept his Pen to be employed in his Behalf, he should find the Effects of disregarding Merit, for he wou'd employ all its Poignancy against the Party he favour'd." "With all my Heart, replies the PREMIER, but take Care the Nib is not too sharp;" for if it shou'd, my Brother de CHATEAU-NEUVE has a Pen-knife that will mend it for you in a Trice."

Notwithstanding his Imperfections, he so far prevailed with some credulous, unthinking People, as to elect him a Member to represent them in the Grand WITTEN GEHT of the Nation: He was no sooner elected than he flew from every Thing he had proposed to them whom he had deceived to chuse him; he made them his Scoff and Ridicule, voting directly contrary to their Interest, which in Reason he ought to have protected, and have stood in Defence of against all Opposition: They could not avoid making Remonstrances to him upon these Occasions; he received them with all the Indignation imaginable, and would have expressed *Resentment*, if he knew how to do it properly; but, incapable of thinking, he attempted to be witty, and wrote a Letter to the following Purpose, to the *Syndic* of the Town;

F 4

7

Henry Pelham Esq. 1st of June.
Thomas D. of Newcastle Esq. 1st of June.

x To Fools,

"What do you plague me with your Representations, Remonstrances, and Complaints for? Shall the Feet pretend to direct the Head? I bought ye; ye know I did; and, by ———, I'll sell ye again; if not, your Wives and Daughters shall suffer for it; for ye know that I have made ye all C——lds, and them all W——res."

CERVINO.

Was I to recount all the Follies and Extravagancies he has committed, they would be equally tedious and impertinent; but one, I believe, you will not be displeased at, because he met with the Reward due to his Impudence and Wickedness: He had heard that GUILMOTTO, to shame some Ladies who had used him disrespectfully, went to visit them; and, to bring a Scandal upon them, he and two of his Companions fasten'd the Room-Door, stripp'd themselves naked, pulling the Ladies out with them into the Balcony facing the Street, and there exposed themselves to publick View, as if dancing with them; this entirely blasted their Reputation, and gave them up to the Censure of the World; so that they had all the Scandal without the Pleasure; by which those Debauchees sufficiently gained their Ends. CERVINO, willing to copy his great Original, had a mighty Mind to try a Frolick of the same Nature: He had seen, in a little Country-Village, not far from *Cæsarsbourg*, a beautiful young Daniel, a Farmer's Daughter; Innocence is as certain a Lure to Vice, as a fine Bird to a Hawk; he made his Addresses to her, but she perceiving his Designs, avoided his Company, and refused all his Offers; he thought to captivate her by a Way that only gives Disgust to Love rather than furthering it: One of his Companions, I won't be certain whether it was STILETTO, had a great Inclination to be well with the Farmer's Wife, who, tho' past her Prime, had still Charms enough to induce any

x A Letter to this Effect was said to have been written by Mr. Henley to the Corporation of Southampton, who published an advertisement by their Town Clerk declaring it to be forged — 25 Jan. 1733. — see Gent. Mag. vol. 3. page 147 & 155.

one to like her; and those Libertines have no Regard to the Nuptial Ties, or the Bounds of Modesty and Virtue; they hold their Consultations as regularly as Councils of War; and in one of them it was agreed, that CERVINO should carry off the Daughter, and the other the good Woman. This was the Plot laid against the poor Farmer's Quiet: They thought nothing could resist their Pretensions, and that, at Sight of their dear Persons, every Woman must, of Course, surrender. CERVINO and his Companion went down to the Village upon a Party of Pleasure; they put up at the best *Cabaret* in the Place; and as, in *Thule*, whoever spends his Money freely, and dresses well, is look'd upon as a Gentleman, they were respected as such: They made an Entertainment for the Country Lads and Lasses, and having treated them elegantly, they established their Character of generous, polite Men; but their next Day's Transactions destroyed the Whole, and terminated in their Disgrace: The honest Farmer's Wife and Daughter refused accepting of their Invitation, and the next Evening CERVINO and his Companion agreed with the Musick to play before them through the Town, and in that Manner they made a Procession publicly, in the Habit of Nature; and halting longer than any where else at the Farmer's Door, they address'd several lascivious Songs to the Mother and Daughter, at the same Time accompanying them with the most indecent Postures that could be invented. In the Midst of all their abominable Mirth, old PLOWDEN came home, and calling together three or four of his Rusticks, furnishes every one of them with good Horsewhips, and taking one likewise himself, leads them on to the Attack; they soon put the Fiddlers to the Rout, and belabouring the Sides and Backs of the disrobed Heroes, they drove them in that Manner back again to their *Cabaret*, not without a severe Punishment for their Folly in undertaking such an indecent Adventure. CERVINO and his Friend sneaked

out of Town the next Day, which afforded the Country People sufficient Matter of Laughter.

This is the most ludicrous, but not the worst Part of his Character; he belonged originally to a Company that had set themselves up to destroy all Order, and overturn all Society; bold and blind Lust was their Deity; they indiscriminately attacked Maids, Wives and Widows; they held the destructive Tenet, that all Things were made in common, and nothing should be appropriated; the Action of Lust they held to be the chief Principle in Nature, and that every Object a Man desired, he might enjoy: They stiled themselves the *bold Bucks*, and CERVINO was proud of being the Head of the Clan.

In Pursuance of their System, he made his Addresses to his own Sister; she was young and beautiful; and he was often heard to declare, that, as Nature required the Sexes should unite, he thought she might commit the Folly with him as well as another; nay, that if she would not consent by fair Means, he would use no more Ceremony with her than a Stranger, but would force her to Compliance: The tender Maid, affrighted at his Threats, and well knowing his brutal Temper, was always obliged to fly from his Presence, and dare never trust herself with him alone. Judge then, Gentlemen and Ladies, whether CERVINO and STILETTO are not capable of committing any Villany, though of never so black a Die, and if they are not proper Companions for one another.—— So far from being proper, says FAIRE-FRANC, that I don't think two such Monsters should be suffered to herd with the rest of Mankind; they are the very Bane and Pest of Society, and how can a Man expect to find a modest and virtuous Wife in a Country where such *Immoralists* are permitted to breathe?—— Any Man may be guilty of Errors; the *Tbuleans* have a natural Propensity to Gallantry, but those that have any Grains of Honour about them, will never be guilty of any vile Practices to gratify their Desires.

Indeed

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Indeed, Sir, says ALOISA, you seem to be such an Advocate for Gallantry, that if you were the Head of a Sect, would allow such Latitude to your Disciples, which would reduce Libertinism to a Science, and form Rules for People to be lewd by.

Your Pardon, fair One, replies the Chevalier, I stand reproved; tho' I am sometimes too free in my Speech, yet, I promise you never to transgress the Bounds of Decency; and, if you favour me to be admitted to pay you a Visit, after this Evening, I will deliver you my whole Sentiments freely and impartially, not only how far the two Sexes ought to allow an Intercourse with each other, but also on several other material Points.

An Acknowledgment, Sir, said she, is all I can expect, or ought to desire; and, to shew you how soon I can forgive, I desire you, and the rest of this Company, if they will honour me so far, to breakfast with me To-morrow: I am pleased with my Entertainment, and should be glad to have a Continuance of it; it is not proper to contract Friendship hastily, but Sympathy will unite Hearts that are akin insensibly to each other. We will, therefore, if you please, defer all Dissertations upon particular Subjects to another Opportunity; and whilst we are in this Scene of Gallantry and publick Resort, I should be glad to be informed of some particular Persons, which I shall point out as they pass by, if you will oblige me so far; I think no Gentleman can blame our Sex for Curiosity, knowing it is natural to us, nor can well refuse to gratify it: However, to put you to the Test immediately, Pray tell me, What is that Lady that carries such an Air of Affectation about her? She seems as if she would appear grand, yet has not the least Bit of Greatness in her Mien.

That, Madam, replies FAIRE-FRANC, is the Lady
x TURLIA; she is Wife to a *Sagubi*, who is honoured by the Court of *Thule* with a considerable Employment abroad; she had reduced him, by Gaming, to so low an Ebb, that he was obliged to quit the Island;

*Mary sister of Wm. Earl of Blessington but
married James O'Hara Lord of Rawley*

but the Government, not willing to lose the Services of so good a Subject, contrived a Method to send him away, yet with a Salvo for his Honour; so they appointed him Resident in a foreign Court in a publick Character. To define her rightly is almost impossible; never any two Persons agreed in their Opinions of her; the Reason of which is, she is so unequal in her Temper, that one Person alone is never long enough in her Favour to observe the Change of her Humour. I believe I can inform you as well as any body, because I have been acquainted with her from her Infancy.

She has naturally a good Complexion, yet she is not satisfied with the Beauty that Nature gave her, but spoils it by making use of Art; she has a large, full Eye, a little Mouth, but of a fine Colour; she has a very diverting Way with her; tho' some say, that, for a Woman of Quality, her Character is something too wanton: I am not of this Opinion; I know her *Burlesque* disguised under Gaiety, tho' I really think she exceeds the Bounds, and is something too pleasant. If a Woman has Wit, and particularly that Kind of Wit which will be merry and free, there needs no more than to see her; there will be nothing lost with her; she understands you, comprehends exactly your Meaning; she divines you, and usually leads you much farther than you thought of going; sometimes it gives her a mighty Prospect, the Heat of Pleasantry hurries her away, and, under those Circumstances, she will endure any free Expression, provided it be decently wrapp'd up; she will even repartee to it, and thinks it no Disgrace to surpass all that is said to her: You must not be surpris'd at finding no Discretion in a Person of so much Fire, Judgment and Heat being generally incompatible, and Nature will not work Miracles in favour of a single Woman: This is the Case with the fickle TURLIA: A brisk Fool takes more with her than a well-bred, serious Man; the Gaiety of the Man prepossesses her that she shall keep Dominion over him, because he has not Penetration enough to criticise on what she says; the greatest

Mark

x James *St. Tyravouley* - was appointed
Envoy to Portugal in 1727 - when he
 resided till 1741.

Mark of Wit that can be given her, is to admire her; she is pleased with having Incense offered up to her, and delights in being adored; she courts Applause all manner of Ways; she gives Praise that she may receive it; she converses with all Men, and, by her Familiarity, makes them imagine she loves them; let their Age, Birth, or Merit, be what it will, 'tis all one to her, or of whatever Profession they are, from the Royal Robe to the Frock, from the Sceptre to the Ink-horn; she esteems one that addresses her as a Lover much more than a Friend, and, amongst Lovers, the Merry more than the Sad, tho' both contribute to encrease her Pride; the Melancholy flatters her Vanity, and the Brisk her Inclination; she diverts herself with these, and flatters herself with an Opinion that her Merit must be great, since she is able to make the others languish.

Notwithstanding all this *Gaitié de Coeur*, she is naturally of a cold Temper and Constitution, at least if her Husband may be believed, who has often declared so over his Bottle; he used to be sometimes very merry upon himself, and would say, it was to that only he was obliged for her Virtue; for tho' she had all the Heat and Fire of Inclination, yet the Coldness of her Temperament kept it in due Bounds, and made a full Recompence for the sprightly Irregularities and Sallies of her Wit.

The Conjugal Faith, if we take it in the common Accepration, is said to be kept whole unless it is violated by the Contamination of the Person: But my humble Opinion is, that a Woman may be an Adulteress in her Heart, tho' she never admits the Embraces of any Man. CÆSAR was convinced of this, and carried it to so great a Nicety, that he repudiated his Wife for only being suspected; and this I believe I may say of TURLIA, that her Husband is no *Cuckold in Fact*, but has been so an hundred Times by *In-tention*.

This fair One being willing to share in all Diversions, has found a sure Means, as she thinks, to take

take her Pleasures without injuring her Reputation in the least ; she has contracted a Friendship with four or five, who are of a quite different Cast from herself, and pretend to the Chastity and Reservedness of the Victim LUCRETIA : She goes with these to all publick Places, not being cautious of what she does, but of what Company she is in ; she fondly persuades herself that their civil Behaviour rectifies all her Actions. The critical Minute, which is fatal to most Women usually happens when two Lovers are alone ; and the fair One, indulging herself in Desire, suffers her Honour to be lost, by being unguarded ; But I believe TURLIA, if she were to be caught in such a Manner, it must be in the Midst of her Family ; sometimes she openly refuses a Party of Pleasure to any of these publick Walks, to establish in the World an Opinion of her Regularity ; and a little while afterwards, thinking herself safe by having made such a Denial, she will join with any Party of Pleasure that offers to her ; nay, rather than be disappointed, she will make one herself. Two Things oblige her sometimes to deprive herself of them, Policy and Inequality of Temper ; and it is owing to them she goes often, on a solemn Day, to the Temple in the Afternoon, and to the Assembly at Night : With such publick Actions she thinks to amuse the World, and imagines, that, in doing a little Good and a little Ill, People will blend her Virtues and Vices together, as she does herself, and will only say, she is a civil, polite Lady : Her Flatterers, which always surround her Toilette, indeed go further ; they tell her, that it is impossible to reconcile Wisdom with the World, and Pleasure with Virtue, better than she does : Her whole Ambition is to be thought a Wit, and to let the World know that she is a Woman of Quality ; she suffers herself to be too much dazzled with the Splendors of a Court : If, upon her Appearance there, any of the Princesses of the Blood take Notice of her, and speak to her, tho' it amounts to no more than the bare Complement of the Day, she will be elevated with all the

Rap-

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Raptures of Joy imaginable; and for a long Time after, how abruptly soever matters not, she will find Means to acquaint any one, whose Respect she has a Mind to procure, how obligingly the Royal Family behaved to her. The CHIEF RULER having, one Evening, caused her to dance, tho' he made her no Compliment upon her Performance, yet she was so well satisfied with the Honour, and so full of it, that, upon returning to her Place, she could not help saying to a strange Gentleman that was near her,—"It must be confess'd that the *Grand Podestate* has fine Qualities.—I really believe he will obscure the Glory of all his Predecessors." The Gentleman could scarce forbear laughing in her Face, but recollecting himself a little, he answered her; "There is no Doubt to be made of his good Qualifications, Madam, since he has shewn such Discernment, in what he has now done for you." She was so extremely well pleased, that she could not forbear getting up from her Seat in a Rapture, and crying out, God bless the *Grand Podestate*!

There are some sort of People who only let holy Things put Bounds to their Friendship, and who would do all Things for their Friends, except offending the Gods; these People call themselves Friends to the very Altars: The Love of Lady TURRA has other Views; she has no Esteem farther than the Purse. Never any Beauty in the World could dishonour herself by Ingratitude more than her; she must needs be much afraid of Necessity, since, to avoid only the Shadow of it, she is not apprehensive of Shame: Those who would excuse her say, that she has too much Regard to the Counsel of People who know what Hunger is and still remember their Poverty; whether this Humour proceeds from herself or others I know not, but her Oeconomy is what would become every mean Person, but suits very ill with a Person of Condition.

The greatest Application she makes use of is to seem what she is not; since she has studied that Course, she learned

learned to deceive those who have no great Acquaintance with her ; but as there are some People who have interested themselves more in her than others, they have, unfortunately for her, discover'd that all is not Gold that glitters.—She is unequal, even to the very Balls of her Eyes, and Eye-lids ; they are of different Colours ; and the Eyes being the Mirrors of the Soul, those Irregularities are as a Mark set on her by Nature, to warn those who address her not to rely much upon her Kindness.

The very Dress she now appears with, in all the fluttering Gaiety of a Peacock, and which seems to have robb'd IRIS of her many particolour'd Hues, is Plunder gained from a young Mercer ; he is a compleat *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, dresses fine and finical, and practises the Steps of his Shop, as much as the *Ballet-Master* does those of the new Minuet for the Ball on the Birth-day ; he is very debonair and complaisant to all the Ladies that frequent his Shop, lisps and talks over all the Fashions ; he stands fair for rivaling the Parrot in their Favour, since it must be acknowledg'd that he has Resource to more Words than that entertaining Bird can make use of ; but if the Masters were to have *poor Poll* regularly train'd up to the Dialect of their Shops, they need only keep a Man to hand down the Goods, and the hook-bill'd Gentleman would do as well as ever a Foreman of them all.

Lady TURLIA found this Man proper for her Purpose ; she wanted something to appear handsome in, but did not care to purchase it herself ; she took an Opportunity of going to the Shop one Day, when she was sure there was nobody in it but himself ; she was carried in her usual Equipage, a scurvy Sedan, aiming at Gentility, but very much impoverish'd in the Wear, a Servant preceding it with a Coat on that any one would imagine was the Cast-off from some other ; she was stuck up in the Middle, and the Carmine on her Cheek glow'd with an uncommon Warmth. TURLIA arrived at the Shop, and took especial Care to give some frivolous Message or other to her Man, that
he

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he might be sure to grace her with all her Titles; the Fop-Citizen swallowed the Bait immediately, and addressed her with *your Ladyship* annex'd to every Sentence: She gave him all the Room in the World to imagine that she had a Passion for him, and his Vanity soon taught him to believe that she really had: He shew'd her several Pieces of Silk, and, after pitching upon one of the richest, she order'd him to bring it home to her own House, and gave him Directions accordingly. — The poor Cit gladly embraced the Opportunity, thinking this the Time to make his Fortune, or never; for now nothing less than an Intrigue with a Woman of Quality would go down with him.

In the first Visit that he made her, he found her in a State of Indifference, and could not perceive in her Looks either Kindness or Aversion; the Company she had with her hinder'd him from pursuing his Intentions: All that he could remark was, that she observed him very narrowly at every Glance; and, to say Truth, his Person was not disagreeable. He left the Silks with her, and, by her Appointment, return'd the next Day to know if she approved of them: He then took Courage, I mean that Sort which is inseparable from Assurance, and which is most suitable to some of the fair Sex; he represented his Passion to her so well, and press'd her so eagerly to make Returns to it, that she confessed she liked him, and faintly promised to give him some Marks thereof, upon certain Conditions; but her whole View was Interest, as his was the Reputation of having such an Amour, which he thought would wipe off the Imputation he lay under with some of his Companions of being a *Misogamist*. He laid out his whole Soul in Promises, and at that Instant would have offer'd all the World; but, in the Midst of their Chat, they were disturbed by an Interruption of her Woman's, which was contrived on Purpose to release the Lady from so importunate and troublesome a Visitor. TURLIA was seemingly in a very great Confusion, yet at the same Time disguised her Sentiments so, that she made the poor
Citizen

Citizen believe she was enamour'd with his Person ; every Action and Motion contributed to inspire him ; and, to crown all, she put on a reserved Air, told him that his coming so often might occasion some Suspensions in those that lived near her, that therefore she would have him vary his Dress, and his Countenance not being unsuitable to a Feminine Apparel, it would be better if the next Day he came in a Woman's Habit, and by that Means he might be introduced to her under Pretence of selling her Lace. The poor deluded Fool never apprehended the Ridicule that was to light on him in that Disguise, but readily consented to her Proposal, and passed the Hours with Impatience 'till the Time of the Assignment came: He dressed himself up that Morning in an extraordinary Manner ; the nicest Perfumes and Pulville that could be procured he made use of, and being equipp'd in his proper Habilliments, he went to Lady TURLIA'S.

He found her upon a Settee in a Rose-colour Undress, she had added Art to Nature, and affected to appear that Day more beautiful than she really was ; for, by fooling with the Fellow, she was induced to like him, and had not Fate, in Spite of her Inclinations, kept her virtuous, she had at that critical Moment failed ; at least her Intentions were such, and nothing was wanting on her Side to incline him to be her Gallant ; her Neck was bare, her Hair hung looser than usual, falling in Curls on her Breast, and she had given her Eyes an uncommon Turn of Languishing ; Love and Desire, heighten'd by Art, animated her Complexion with a lively Red ; the Window-Curtains were drawn round the Room, which being Crimson-Damask, the Sun Beams that play'd through hung an agreeable Brightness over the Whole ; she lay extended on a Couch in a careless Posture, when the Maid introduced the enamoured Mercer ; he stood like one astonished ; the Height of Expectation had taken from him the Power of Enjoyment.

TURLIA

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TURLIA accosted him in the kindest Manner;
“ Well, Sir, said she, are you not full of Acknow-
“ ledgment that I spare you the Pains of fighting a
“ long Time? Do you find that I make you pay
“ dear for the Favours you receive?—Tell me—
“ What makes you mute?” Madam, answered he, I
should be insensible were I in cold Blood, seeing you
in this Posture. She thought this a proper Time to
wheadle him out of his Silk; He generously granted
every Thing; and tho’ it had been his Ruin, had she
asked all the Silks out of his Shop, at that Moment
he would have yielded them up. “ Well, my Dear,
“ said she, it is not proper to interrupt your Bliss, by
“ putting other Thoughts in your Head; but, for the
“ present, I am much mistaken if I suffer you to think
“ of any but myself.” And in finishing these Words,
she took him about the Neck, and gently pressing him
in her Arms, pulled him down by her; he gave her
in Return a thousand amorous Kisses; but she was not
willing to stop there, and sought for more solid and sub-
stantial Love and Pleasure: But it was all in vain on
his Side, Nature had left him the Will, but the Power
was gone; his Joy was so profuse, that it destroyed
itself before his Inclination could be satisfied; it was
impossible for him to come off with Honour, notwith-
standing all the Efforts his Fancy made, and the Idea
and Presence of as beautiful an Object as could tempt
a Man.—“ What’s the Matter, Sir? said she, What
“ ails you?—What puts you in this sad Condition?
“ Does my Person disgust you? or do you only bring
“ me the Leavings of another Embrace?” This put
him quite out of Countenance, and deprived him of
the little Force he had left: He begg’d her not to
ruin him with Reproaches, and insisted upon it that
he was certainly bewitch’d. Instead of giving him
any Answer, she called her Chambermaid; “ Prithee
“ QUENTINE, said she, call some of my Servants,
“ this rude Monster is an Impostor, my Lace-woman
“ has deceived me, under Pretence of sending her
“ Woman to me; this Man, or rather debilitated
“ Ma-

“ Monster, has brib’d her to suffer him to deceive
 “ me; and I don’t know how it was, but he had
 “ succeeded in his Design, if his own Weakness had
 “ not preserved me more than my imprudent Con-
 “ duct; for you know, *QUENTINE*, ’tis a hard Mat-
 “ ter for a Woman to resist Temptation, when all her
 “ Soul is subdued to Softness, and she is surpris’d by
 “ an agreeable Companion in those tender Moments.”

— But tell me how I look To-day? Am not I
 very ugly? Do not deceive your Lady; there is
 something about me that does not sit well. — Let me
 see, says she; and snatching up a Glass that stood
 upon her Toilette, and making use of all the Gestures
 she used to do when she design’d to charm any one,
 to judge if his Insufficiency proceeded from his Fault
 or her own: She got up, shaking her Cloaths, that
 were somewhat discomposed; she went in a Fury into
 her Closet, and left the poor trembling, affrighted
 Lover to the Rage of an insolent, incens’d Chamber-
 maid, who was not backward in understanding her
 Mistress’s Meaning, or in loading him with Re-
 proaches. Oh! you filthy Creature, says she, What
 Design could you have in thinking to tempt a Woman
 of my Lady’s Virtue and Character? You! a poor
 stinking Mechanick, to think to attempt a Person of
 Quality, and then to disappoint a Lady, and not be
 able to compleat it; Out upon the shameful Monster.
 Poor Creature, how feeble he is! how he trembles!
 I advise you, if you are able, to get home to your
 Shop, and settle your worldly Affairs as soon as you
 can, for I really don’t think you are a Man that is
 long for this Life. Indeed I can’t forbear pitying
 you, your Case is desperate, and as you have so much
 Heat, without the Means to qualify it, it would be ab-
 solutely necessary that you should have a little cooling
 Bath; there is an excellent Horse-pond in the Yard,
 which is a certain Remedy in all these Cases, and if
 you will have a little Patience, I will call some of the
 Men to conduct you to it. — At this she flung out of
 the Room, and the Inamorato was so scard, that,
 think-

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thinking she was in good earnest, he made the best of his Way down Stairs and quitted the House immediately, leaving his Lace, which he had brought as suitable to the Character he assumed, behind him.

When he was gone, TURLIA, who had heard all that pass'd, came from her Closet, and laughing with her *Confidante* at the Folly and Timidity of her Lover, took Care to examine what Plunder he had left; for tho' she liked the Man well enough, she was much better pleased with Finery and Gaiety, and any thing that contributed to her Interest; but considering that she might get many more Things from him, she did not think proper to part with him so; therefore resolved to give him Encouragement to come again: To this Purpose she sent a Servant, some few Days after, to order him to bring his Bill and he should be paid; but with express Orders, that he should come himself with it: He thought to make sufficient Attonement for his former Fault; and finding her to be something mercenary in her Temper, he resolved to make her a Present of what she had already got; and to ingratiate himself more in her Favour, to take another Parcel of rich Silks with him: He was overjoy'd at the Receipt of the Servant's Message, and, as an Indication of his violent Passion, as well as to shew his Eloquence in Love, he return'd her a Billet to the following Effect.

" I own, Madam, that I have had Failings in my
" Life; I am but a Man, and none is infallible;
" for tho' I am still in the Prime of Youth, yet I never
" had such a Disappointment as the last Time I
" saw you: I know it is not to be excused, Madam;
" and, should your Sentence be ever so severe, I
" must needs own it is but what I deserve: Had I
" been guilty of Murder, or betray'd a Friend, I
" could not be more criminal; I have committed Sacrilege
" even at the Shrine of VENUS; and for these
" Faults, whatever Punishment you shall think proper
" to allot me, I shall not think it hard. If you doom
" my Death, my Heart will readily receive the
" Sword;

" Sword; if you condemn me to suffer what your
 " Maid threaten'd me with, I shall not think it harsh
 " from your Mouth. But I beg you to remember,
 " Madam, that I failed in my Power, and not in my
 " Will: I was like a brave Soldier, who finds him-
 " self without Arms when he should engage. I am
 " extremely puzzled, Madam, to know whence this
 " Failure proceeded; perhaps it happen'd to me as it
 " does to those who are deprived of their Stomach
 " when they fancy to eat most; I rather think that
 " the Force of Imagination consumed the Force of
 " Nature. You may, by my Misfortune, Madam,
 " judge in yourself what it is to be too charming; an
 " ordinary Beauty might have been better enter-
 " tain'd; I can say nothing in my Excuse, but that
 " you would pardon what is past, and give me an Op-
 " portunity of retrieving my lost Credit; for which
 " Purpose I only beg that I may have Liberty to come
 " To-morrow at the same Time I was there before."

He sent this by the Servant; and Vanity still sup-
 porting his Assurance, made him think his Offers
 would not be unkindly received; but fearing a second
 Failure, he took all imaginable Care and Precaution
 of himself; he bathed, and was rubbed with the most
 costly Essences he could procure; he was not satisfied
 with them, but ate all Provocatives that he thought
 could strain Nature to her highest Pitch of Vigour:
 His Head was so full of the Design of repairing his
 Fault, that he avoided all his Friends, and would see
 no Company; he got up early the next Day, and
 spent all his Time in preparing his Presents and Equi-
 pages of Love; every Body that came to his Shop
 thought he was mad, for he could not bestow a civil
 Answer upon them; he waited impatiently for the
 Hour that he was to go to Lady TURLIA's; he found
 her upon the same Couch, and half undress'd, almost
 in the very Manner she was in before, which he
 thought portended him no Good; but having put on
 all the Courage he could, he cast himself at her Feet;
 she recollected the Oddness of his Billet, and had much

ado to forbear laughing; but his Person had made more Impression on her than she imagined: So soon as she saw him, she blush'd a little, doubtless being shock'd at the late Affront she had received; the Maid being retir'd, he placed himself by her upon the Couch, having first made the Offering of the votive Silks to his kind Goddess; she put her Hand to her Face; and that rendering her bold; Ah! said she, poor Paralytic, are you come compleat To-day? He endeavour'd to shew that he was, but with as little Success as before; upon this she was enraged to such a Degree, that she, in good earnest, order'd her Servants to use him as *QUENTIN* had before threaten'd him, she and her Maid being Spectators from a Window, of his Chastisement, and the woful Spectacle he appeared. Thus ended the Adventures of the *Silk-worm* Hero; and Lady *TURLEA* is bold enough, in Spite of all the World can say, to wear the Prize of her Infamy in publick.

How many Ladies have their Gallants in private, with whom they enjoy real Pleasure, and no body knows any thing of the Matter; but her Intrigues afford her no Diversion, and yet are the Talk of all the World.

If this Lady has been false to the Nuptial Bed in Intention only, it is something in her Excuse, says *ALOISA*; yet I could wish there was none of our Sex that would deviate from the Rules of Virtue even in Thought.—There are some, Madam, replies *FAIRFRANC*, who have been guilty in *Fact*, yet are less blameable than the first; several Instances might be produced of it, but none stronger than that Lady who sits in the Alcove opposite to us; her Husband is with her, and those two Children are the happy Products of their Marriage: Notwithstanding they pass Life agreeably now, she is set out into it with all the Disadvantages that could be; and from being a *Common* Woman, is now a prudent, chaste Wife, and a tender Mother: Her Story is something remarkable; therefore, if you will indulge me with a little Time,

and favour me with your Patience in hearing me relate it, I will be the more particular.

As the Persons talk'd of shew'd a more than ordinary Fondness for the Children, the rest of the Company desired FAIRE-FRANC to tell them the Story, and ALOISA in particular; he could not refuse their Request, and therefore traced it from the Beginning.

There liv'd in the polite City of *Casarsbourg*, a young Merchant call'd TRAFFICK, who, like others of that famous Place, to all the open Candour of the fair Dealer join'd all the Politeness and Gallantry of a Court, after his daily Toils of Business were ended, he chose to spend his Evenings amidst the social Charms of a few agreeable Friends o'er a Bottle, or divert himself with the various Characters of Nature represented in some Drama.

'Twas after one of these that, warm'd to a soft Glow of Love, his eager Pulse beat high, and every Thought form'd fresh Ideas of some am'rous Scene: No longer able to resist the fierce Impulse of prevailing Appetite, he resolves to court some willing Female to his Arms, of which there are Plenty in that City constantly attending, ready with all the Endearments of the most amorous Mistress, to engage the Eyes of each that comes; no coy Denials pall the wish'd-for Bliss; but, without Reserve, they meet your Flame with all obliging Duty.—And as at *Rome, Venice, &c.* they are tolerated even by the State, which, notwithstanding, exacts large Pecuniary Mulcts from them daily for being thus miserably harrass'd by *Sappis, &c.* tho' authorised to prostitute themselves in Houses appointed by the State for that Purpose; so here each fair Trader sets out on her own Bottom, or beneath the auspicious Protection of some good old Lady, who having generously sacrificed her Youth in the Service of her Generation, now grown past Endearments, and deeply skill'd in all the Arts of that Science, lives on the Prey of the young ones; nor do they escape the fell Gripe of the Law, being continually harrass'd by its Blood-hounds.

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To one of these venerable Matrons, the sacred Priestesses of VENUS, the gay, the am'rous TRAFFICK repair'd; and making known his Case, adding the prevailing Argument of that all-powerful Deity, *Gold*, she made him this Reply.

Ah! my dear Child! were all Men like thee, I need not drag out a decrepid, old Age, beneath the Oppression of scurvy Officers, and the more dreadful Scenes of Poverty I daily meet: But, wouldst thou think it? in my Trade you know there is very little Credit, yet have I had six *Sagubis*, four *Quonds*, and Two-and-thirty *Hurgoes* broke in my Debt: For what can a poor Woman do when a Man with a Laced Coat, a terrible Face, and a threatening Sword, comes to one's House, tho' without a Farthing of Money, (which is commonly the Case) and demands Credit? Can she refuse?—I, like my Betters, have learn'd to scorn the mean, humble, modest Address of a Man in Rags, and to dread and comply with the insolent Request of a Coxcomb in Embroidery, yet, whilst I do it, I mourn the Depravity of the World, and curse the Example of my Superiors; from some of these Wretches in Power have I lately suffered: But what most wounds me is, that he, the Darling of my leisure Hours, when Youth and Beauty charm'd, now grows my greatest Enemy.—Oft have I fed him: Oft have these Hands the humble Laundress play'd, and every other Day, with a purifying Lixivium, cleansed his other Shirt, when a Militia Officer, he storm'd the Alms-Houses.—But now, forgetful of those kind Indulgences, and rais'd above my menial View, he flaunts a *Colonel* and a *Syndic*; he, my Child, but Yesternight, condemn'd me to the vile Hands of base Plebeian, Tithing Men, to be corrected. O Shame to Virtue! O Gratitude! where art thou fled? And what was this for, but hearing that a young Lady, exquisitely handsome, had taken up her Abode with me? He expected I should first sacrifice her to him; but I, waiting for thee, my Child, my TRAFFICK, refused him the precious Bit.

The *Merchant*, tho' knowing well to what this Speech tended, yet vigorous with his Passion, requested to see this fair Object. The old Lady, after several Commendations and various Arts to enhance the Price, comply'd, and straightway shew'd him the Room that contain'd this valuable Jewel, the Sight of which exceeded his utmost Imagination; then leaving him alone, he prepar'd to accost the beauteous Charmer, who sat fix'd in a disconsolate Posture; and when she lifted up her Eyes to view him, would often turn 'em to the Ground to stream afresh with Tears; but *TRAFFICK*, Master of all the gentle Eloquence to win the Heart of the most obdurate Fair, soon charm'd her to more engaging Ideas; he pressed her by all Methods to yield to his Embraces, but she gave him such modest Answers and Refusals, that Reason re-assum'd its Throne, and he promised to desist, and not to make use of Constraint; but, finding her Wit equal to her Beauty, after having admir'd both, he begg'd to know by what Means she came there? The Lady, reluctant a while, at last comply'd, and thus proceeded.

Tho' now you see me rack'd with all the Miseries of Life, and sunk below the common Herd, yet know my younger Days were as replete with Joy as these with Sorrow: My Parents, tho' not possess'd of an opulent Fortune, yet left me sufficient to keep me independent of the World; they dy'd when I was very young. (O! had I dy'd with them I had been happy) My Father was the first who departed; he, entirely confiding in my Mother's Tenderness and Judgment, left me, and all my Fortune, to her Disposal: For my Sake she refused Numbers of Suitors, but she soon after dying, left me by Will to the Guardianship of an old Fellow, who, just before her Death, had found Means to acquire her good Opinion, by railing at the rest of Mankind, and seeming himself a *very Saint*, the common Fraud of every Villain, for in his Heart lurk'd every ill Design that infernal Mischief could form, or the most abandon'd Monster execute. To
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this Wretch's Mercy was I and all my Fortune left; when, quite inconsolable for the Loss of my Mother, he took me home to his own House, deny'd me all Conversation, and debarr'd me even the Privilege of going abroad, until, tired with my continual Entreaties, he at last consented to let me go to a Boarding-School of his own chusing; I was then thirteen Years of Age; when being sent with as strict a Charge as could be given, I gladly pursued my little Journey; and though I expected some Confinement there, yet I imagined any Thing must be better than the Prison I came from. The Place he had provided for me was some few Miles from *Cesar'sbourg*, in a Village where most of the Inhabitants are of a Persuasion in Religion that inclines them not to moderate Restraint, but to refuse Youth even the most innocent Liberties: The Mistresses of this *Nunnery* (in Effect, tho' not Name) were two antiquated Virgins, who having despised Mankind thro' Pride when young, were as heartily contemned by them when they grew old; thus having never tasted what Pleasure was, they envy'd and rail'd at all that did. Here I found several immured Virgins in as terrible a Plight as myself; I, then ignorant of the Joys of Love, was soon taught by my Companions to wish for something, but we knew not what; and as all Female Tempers work by Contraries, being told that 'twas a Crime to look at or speak to a Man, made us but the more desirous, insomuch that the old Gardener seem'd to us a very Angel.

I continued in this Retirement for a considerable Time, wishing and wanting I knew not what, 'till CLARIMOND, a young Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, soon taught me what it was to love; the Window of his Apartment over-look'd Part of our Garden, and we were often drawn to stand there and hear him play most melodiously on the Flute. This made him appear almost an Angel to Girls who lived so reclude a Life as we had done: He found an easy Admission into all our Hearts and Affections, and our Esteem for him often made private Quarrels and Bicker-

ings between us; he saw the Pleasure we took in being thus entertained, and did not fail of coming to the Window every Night: It has since proved unfortunate for me that I happen'd to appear more agreeable to him than any of the others; the Difficulty was, how he could have an Opportunity of seeing me, or acquainting me with it; he was of a pretty quick Wit and Invention, and therefore succeeded in his Design too soon: He found out who was our Dancing-Master; and pretending that he had forgot Part of his Dancing, which he was willing to retrieve against the Nuptials of a near Relation, shortly to be celebrated, and therefore would gladly give him a Gratitude for his Assistance; the Dancing-Master readily accepted his Proposal, and when a little Familiarity had made them more conversant with each other, COTILLON, the Dancing-Master, after having given CLARIMOND his Lesson one Day, which by the Way he had no Occasion for, only to carry on his Design, he, in his Turn, oblig'd COTILLON with some pleasant Airs on his Flute. This succeeded to his Wish; the Dancing-Master highly applauded his Skill, and informed him how our young Ladies were pleas'd with having been often entertained by him in the Evening; for we were so full of the Praises of this charming Performer, as we call'd him, that we could not refrain speaking of him even at our Lessons; COTILLON therefore begg'd the Favour of him, that he would accompany him to our House the next Time he went to teach: This pleas'd CLARIMOND very much, every Thing seeming to comply with his Wishes.

The appointed Day came, and CLARIMOND was introduced to us under the Assistance of COTILLON, notwithstanding the Vigilance of our Guards; he accompanied us with his Flute in several Dances, and his Address and Behaviour charm'd us rather more than his Musick. COTILLON told the old Ladies that he was a Pupil of his, who danced so well, that he did him great Honour in his Performances, and with their

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Permission should shew them some of his Skill; they gave Consent, and with a Smile of Approbation desired him to chuse a Partner from amongst the young Ladies, and present them with a Mènuet; our youthful Hearts flutter'd with Joy at the Sound, and each plumb'd herself with Hopes of being the happy one.

He looked round the Room with an Air that inspired every Heart with Love, and at last offering me his Hand, took me out to dance with him: My Surprise was so great, that, at first, I had much ado to recover myself; but his Smiles and pleasing Eyes, which I thought survey'd me with more than common Regard and Attention, encouraged me to do my best: He express'd the highest Satisfaction at having such a Partner; and after we had finish'd our Mènuet, retired to his Seat: He pass'd several Compliments on the rest, but bestow'd the most extravagant Praises on me; this, as it always does, made my Competitors ready to burst with Envy, and gave me such a Flow of Joy and Spirits, that I never was so charm'd before in my Life.

CLARIMOND observed the rapturous Disorder he had occasion'd in me, and, taking a proper Opportunity, put a small Billet privately into my Hand; I blushed, and was in the utmost Confusion; I scarce knew how to conceal it, and to have discover'd it was far from my Inclinations: On those sudden Emergencies, Passion and Temper will direct us, when Reason has not Power to intervene: I contrived to hide the Billet in my Bosom, and after we had pass'd the Lessons of the Day, CLARIMOND and the Dancing-Master took their Leave, and our Governesses were so taken with his Behaviour and Discourse, that they gave him an Invitation to renew his Visit; he return'd them Thanks with a becoming Politeness, and at the same Time gave me a Look so tender that it thrill'd me to the Heart.

So far I thought myself happy; and what would encrease it, as I imagined, my Governess express'd a Desire that I should learn Musick, and the other young Ladies

Ladies that inclined that Way likewise were permitted the same: They could not think of proposing to a Gentleman of his Fortune and Distinction to be our Instructor, tho' it was what they wanted, that they might save the Expences of a Master, and by charging the same Sum to our Parents and Guardians, as if we really had one, might have an Opportunity of putting the Money in their Pockets. Thus *Avarice*, you see, will corrupt even a Seminary of Vestals; they thought of an Expedient to induce him to it without directly making the Offer, which was, the next Time he came, to ask him for a Recommendation of some Master whom he could depend on to instruct us.

This had the desired Effect; CLARIMOND at the first Overture offer'd his own Service, and it was accepted of by the old Ladies with a great many awkward Compliments, acknowledging his Goodness and Generosity; little did they think what they were doing; but the View of Interest silenced all the Precaution they had formerly taken: Thus was a gay, amorous young Gentleman admitted to a Seminary of young Ladies, to instruct them in languishing Sounds, and soft, enchanting Echoes: And thus was I destined to be the Prey of Lust, and reduced to Misery.

He took Pains to teach us all the gentlest Airs he could collect, which we look'd upon as a Mark of his Politeness, when in Fact it was only meant to make the greater Impressions on our Souls, and form us to his Fancy: I was more than ordinary the Object of his Care, and he spared no Allurements that could induce me to entertain his Passion; he profess'd nothing but Honour, and the strictest Regard to every Thing that was sacred: When we had not an Opportunity of conversing together privately, he would take some Advantage or another of my Companions being engaged, and slip a Billet into my Hand, without which he seldom or ever came provided: These were always fill'd with the firmest Assurances of Love; and I being indiscreet enough to believe them true, was so
silly

filly as to answer him without Reserve. I told him the whole State of my Affairs, what Fortune was left me, and how hardly I was used by a Person who wrongfully assumed the Title of a Guardian.

CLARIMOND pitied my Case, and gave me all the Assurances that could be that I should soon be deliver'd from my Dureffe: Nothing was so agreeable to me as this; I look'd upon him as a Guardian Angel sent from Heaven for my Relief; he propos'd my making an Escape with him from the Prison I was confin'd in, and had concerted all Matters accordingly: I, like a foolish Girl, consented, thinking every Day twenty till the happy Moment arriv'd, when, as I imagin'd, I was to quit Misery for Happiness; I had pack'd up every Thing in Readiness, but was oblig'd to wait a Week in the utmost Impatience before he could put his Design in Execution; he kept my Hopes alive with Assurances of his Fidelity and the strictest Honour; I, poor, simple, credulous Girl, never once mistrusted the black Designs that lurk'd in his Heart, and blindly complied with every Thing he desired.

CLARIMOND was so assiduous to see me, and so earnest in consulting my Escape, that I thought he had nothing in View but my Interest and Happiness: At length, having provided a Coach ready, and a Place to go to many Miles farther in the Country, he order'd me to prepare for my Departure the following Night; but all the Difficulty was how to get out: When I found that was the only Obstacle, Woman's Invention, which is always ready upon those Occasions, taught me to surmount it: I observ'd a Ladder that had stood in the Garden for some Days, which the Gardener used to gather Fruit with, it being then Autumn; I inform'd CLARIMOND of my Stratagem in the Day-time, and at Night, when all the Family was gone to Rest, I stole softly out of the House, taking with me every Thing that I had of Worth, and, with much ado, tho' I exerted all the little Strength I had, made Shift to haul the Ladder to the Wall, where I found my Lover ready to receive me; I toss'd over my

Bundles, and then, mounting the Ladder, got down myself; so eager was I to run to my Ruin, that I scarce gave him Leave to help me. Alas! I little thought then the Misery I was to endure, but fancied that, by gaining my Liberty, I gained every Thing—Too many Maids have been undone the same Way. He received me with the greatest Demonstrations of Joy, and said so many kind Things, that I thought myself happy indeed.

He led me to the Coach, which waited hard by in an unfrequented Place, and we set out, taking all the By-Roads for our Way: The next Morning we found ourselves forty Miles from the Place of my Imprisonment; I thought my Dawn of Happiness appear'd, and found myself as lightsome as one just released from a long Confinement; my Lover was very kind to me, and ask'd me several Questions relating to my Fortune; In the Simplicity of my Heart I told him all; he seem'd very well satisfied, and press'd me to give him Proof of my Love by bestowing my Person on him; I had no Objection to him as a Husband, and upon those Terms readily consented to receive him: I thought at the Mention of Marriage he seem'd to hesitate; this gave me some Uneasiness, but he soon found a Way to calm my Doubts, telling me, that we could not be married without making it publick to the World, for, in the Country, such Things could never be long kept secret; but that if we solemnly contracted ourselves to each other, it was the same Thing, and, for his Part, he should look upon that Tye to be as binding as if we had gone through the Ceremonies of the Temple: I was, like the rest of my Sex, easily deluded to any Thing that agreed with my Wishes, and yielded up all my Virgin-Innocence upon that frail Assurance of his Fidelity.

For some Time I enjoy'd, as I thought, all the Happiness this World could bestow; but it was soon clouded with Misfortune, in the Midst of our Transports. My Spouse, whom I then found to be the
Native

Native of a neighbouring Country, famous for nothing but Deceit and Villainy, and particularly injurious to the Women of *Tbule*, who, altho' they have frequent Instances of Ruin before their Eyes, are yet so bewitched as to entrust them, had taken Care, by his Correspondents in Town, to enquire into the Circumstances of old BILLONEUR, my Guardian, and was informed, that having made up all the Money he could, he had quitted the Island of *Tbule* with above Forty-thousand *Orrs*, which had been entrusted to his Care, amongst which was my little Fortune, and was gone from the *Island of Tbule* to a Place in *Gaul*, which readily embraces all Cheats and Bankrupts of any Nation whatsoever, provided they have but Money.

This News visibly alter'd my Husband's Disposition towards me, as his Affection to me center'd all in my Money; he was tired of his Conquest, finding there was no Advantage to be reap'd from it, and design'd to get rid of me as soon as possible: He brought me to *Cesar'sbourg*, under Pretence of suing for my Fortune, and recovering it, if possible, out of the Possessions which BILLONEUR had left behind him, and which, to secure to himself by a false Pretext, he had made over to his Son; but this Effort proving ineffectual, he left me about a Week since, having taken a Lodging for me in this abominable House, and I have never been able to hear any Tidings of him: I have worn out the tedious Hours in nothing but Sighs and Tears ever since he deserted me, void of Sustenance or Support; and all the Consolation I have received from the old Beldam, with whom he so carefully deposited me, has been to inform me, that I am right enough served for trusting to the Arts and fine Speeches of such a flattering, delusive Man as CLARIMOND; that I am not the only one he has served so, and the Town is obliged to him for recruiting it with free-hearted Ladies, as the phrases it; and further informs me, that notwithstanding I have scarce accepted of wherewithal to subsist Nature, I might

have had it if I would, and she shall charge me accordingly; that I have a long Bill to pay, and she knows I am not married; if therefore I will not consent to do as others do, and see Company, as she calls it, I shall be thrown into a Jail, and perish with Want and Confinement; the Dread of this has made me comply, and you are the first to whom I am to be made a Sacrifice. Consider then, Sir, What will the Possession of the Person avail without the Heart?—You seem to relent.—Pity my unhappy Circumstances; think, Oh! think, Sir, how much more noble it is to relieve the Distressed than involve them in greater Difficulties; how much greater the Satisfaction will be of being conscious that you have rescued a Woman from Infamy that has no Inclination to proceed in it.—I will do any Thing,—I will accept of the meanest Services, and be a common Slave, so I might but be delivered from this worse than *Egyptian* Bondage. I see a kind, relenting Goodness in your Eyes, Oh! stifle not the generous Thought, on my Knees I beg that you would remove me from hence, I will follow any Employment that I can with Safety and Honour, and my whole Life shall be devoted to acknowledge your Goodness; perhaps the Prayers of a repenting, deluded Sinner may reach Heaven, and induce it to show'r down Blessings on your Head; but rather than ruin me more, take from me my hated Life.

SABELLA, which is the Lady's Name I have been representing, could proceed no further; almost suffocated and overwhelm'd with Grief, she fell prostrate at his Feet, and there continued for some Time senseless and incapable of Motion. TRAFFICK, whose Mind, when he first came in, was wholly taken up with soft Images, assumed now a more generous Turn; he saw the unhappy Girl was in the utmost Distress, and resolved to succour her; raising her up, he therefore assured her that she might depend on every Thing in his Power; he was so pleased with the open, free Relation she had made him, that he suddenly conceived an Esteem for her, assuring her that he would
release

release her from that Place immediately; and if she was sincere in what she said, and would be willing to be employ'd in any honest Means, he would recommend her to a Gentleman of his Acquaintance to look after his House, where she might live very happily, and as retired as she pleased; and to shew my Intentions are generous, says he, I will not ask the Return which it is to be thought I expect for this, unless you are quite willing to it. SABELLA clung round the Knees of her Benefactor, and assured him, if he would dispense with her granting him the last Favour, she would comply with any Thing else he should desire. May Heaven reward you, said she, and enable me to make a grateful Return.

TRAFFICK called the old Woman up, and informing her that he would satisfy what Demands she had upon SABELLA, she made him a thousand awkward Compliments, dropping him a Curtsie at every Word; and then addressing SABELLA, Ah! Chicken, says she, I congratulate you upon your having found so good a Friend; Did not I tell you all along that you would find Things much mended when you once came into Company? He has taught you better already, I see, than to sit always mumping, sighing, sobbing, and swallowing your Tears; but rest you merry, I'll not disturb you yet, I'll go and make out her Bill—She accordingly returned with it in less than half an Hour; and TRAFFICK, having paid it off, told her, he must take SABELLA home with him. Well, well, says the old Beldame, a Week or so will not break any Squares with us; I suppose you will be tired of her by that Time; but pray take Care that I have her again then; don't go to play me any foul Play.

They took their Leaves, and TRAFFICK lodged SABELLA for that Night in his own Apartment. The next Day he went to a Merchant of his Acquaintance named VIVEUR; he was an old Batchelor, but having large Dealings, was obliged to keep a great Number of Servants, and had often enquired amongst his Friends for a young Woman who was expert in
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Housewifery to manage them: **TRAFFICK** inform'd him, that he had a Relation of his just come to Town, who he believed would be suitable to him, and that, if he pleased, he would bring her to wait on him that Afternoon; for that, his Cousin being young, and just come out of the Country, he did not care how soon she was settled in a good Family. **VIVEUR** replied, that if she pleased him, and was careful and sober, he did not care how soon she came, and invited **TRAFFICK** to bring her to dine with him the next Day. The young Trader returned overjoy'd at the News, a Pleasure arising from the sole Consciousness of doing Good diffused itself around his Heart. He acquainted **SABELLA** with his Success, and furnished her with a neat, but plain Dress, and took her at the Time appointed to **VIVEUR**'s.

The good old Gentleman consider'd her Words and Actions very attentively all Dinner-time, and found something in her that claimed his Esteem and Regard. After the Tables were removed, they enter'd upon the Business they came about, and **VIVEUR** having asked her many Questions, to which she answered very modestly and pertinently, he concluded by saying, that he had but one Objection, which was her Youth: But her Friend **TRAFFICK** had a Reply ready, and said, he hoped her Prudence would make Amends for that. In short, Things were adjusted to the Satisfaction of all Parties, and **TRAFFICK** had the Pleasure of seeing his feign'd Cousin received into the Merchant's House, and leaving her behind him. He visited there very often, by which Means he had a frequent Opportunity of seeing her, and could not help admiring the Prudence and Conduct with which she managed **VIVEUR**'s domestick Concerns: The old Gentleman reposed such Confidence in her, that he kept nothing from her; she was entire Mistress of his House.

The young Trader observing this, imagined she had granted the same Favour to **VIVEUR** which she had refused to him. No Man is perfect, and human
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Passions will prevail even in the most generous Natures, and who, by the Dictates of Reason, perform the noblest Actions upon unprejudiced Motives. **TRAFFICK** renew'd his Addresses to **SABELLA**, and being one Day alone with her, he told her all his Suspicions and Desires.

Sir, said she, your Mistrusts are unjustly ground'd; after what I have told you, and the Favours you have conferr'd upon me, it would be idle in me to conceal any thing from you: My Destroyer had my Person, but I never knew what it was rightly to love before; if my Heart is due to one more than another, Gratitude must allot it to you: But, however the perfidious **CLARIMOND** may disregard the solemn Promises that have pass'd between us, I shall never think him otherwise than my Husband, tho' I am determin'd never to see him or converse with him more, if I knew where he was.—You have taken me from a Station wherein nothing but Misery and Disgrace could attend, and placed me where I may live virtuous and happy; Why then will you seek to destroy the Fabrick you have erected, and sully the Innocence you have preserv'd? **VIVEUR** has never behaved to me in any other Manner than as a Friend and Relation of yours: I can never have the Vanity to expect to be any thing but your Mistress, and that I will be to no Man breathing. **TRAFFICK** could not but secretly applaud her Resolution, and assur'd her, that, for the future, he would desist from his Solicitations.

Some few Months after, Overtures were made by some considerable Merchants in *Cesar'sbourg* to **TRAFFICK**, advising him to take upon him the Management of their Affairs abroad, and to venture his Stock with theirs: He readily consented, thinking in a few Years to obtain a pretty Fortune, and then come home and settle in his own Country. He turned all his Effects into Merchandize, and, in Conjunction with the others, freighted a Vessel for one of the Provinces of *Thule*, in which **TRAFFICK** set out for his intended Port, big with the Hopes of Gain and Riches:
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He had ventured his All upon the Voyage, so sanguine was he in his Expectations. The first Part of his Voyage was as prosperous as he could wish; but when he was got almost to the Port he was bound, the *Iberians*, who were at Wars with *Tbule*, having Intelligence of a Ship so richly laden coming into those Parts, were upon the Watch and attacked them. *TRAFFICK*, whose whole Fortune was at Stake, urged the Master and Men to make a vigorous Defence, animating them with Promises of large Rewards in case they saved the Ship; they fought desperately as long as they were able, but were obliged at length to yield to superior Force. *TRAFFICK*, who had behaved courageously during the Action, and with his own Hand destroy'd Numbers of the Enemy, when they were taken had not only the Mortification of seeing himself robb'd of his Effects, but was plunged into a miserable Dungeon, without any Materials to write a Letter or make known his miserable Circumstances.

Whilst he was thus enduring the Frowns of Fortune for upwards of four Years, the fickle Goddess smiled upon *SABELLA* with a kinder Aspect; she behaved so well, and got the Esteem of old *VIVEUR* to such a Degree, that he resolved secretly to make her his Wife; she apprehended not in the least the Favour he intended her; but what corresponded exactly with his Design, tho' the whole Story was unknown to him, was, that during the Time of being at *VIVEUR*'s, she had Intelligence given her of her faithless Betrayer, whom she constantly avoided the Sight of, and at last was informed that he had lost his Life in a Duel at a House of ill Fame.—A just Punishment for his betraying her to Disgrace and Infamy, had not Providence interposed in her Behalf.

VIVEUR, as I observed to you before, was an old Batchelor, very rich, and had none but distant Relations, who had extremely disobliged him to inherit what he left at his Decease: He saw so many Charms and good Qualities in *SABELLA*, that Generosity, as
well

of THULE; or, *The Island of Love.* 135

well as Esteem, induced him to make her happy. He took an Opportunity of telling her his Mind; she received his Declaration of Affection with a becoming Modesty, telling him, she was very well contented with her Station; that he had already been so good to her, she could not have dream'd of the Honour he offered, and that she should look upon him as her Father and Protector rather than any thing else. The Word *Father*, utter'd so accidentally, and in such Simplicity of Style, made the old Gentleman smile. Well then, my little Fairy, said he, I will be thy Father; the World will say I am in my Doatage to marry thee, but I heed not their idle Prattle; my Relations are unworthy of receiving any Favour from me; and, as by the Course of Nature I cannot live long, should I leave my Fortune to you in the Circumstances you now are, the censorious World will raise Reports prejudicial to your Reputation; I have therefore so much Regard for you, that I had rather be laugh'd at whilst I am living, than your Character should be called in question when I am dead.

SABELLA received this Declaration with a visible Joy, tho' her Heart every now and then check'd her in Behalf of TRAFFICK; but his Friends having heard of the Ship's being taken, and where he was convey'd to, had long given him over for lost; she thought it therefore proper to accept of VIVEUR's Proposal, and the Nuptials were accordingly solemnized in publick, to the great Diversion of the busy, meddling Detractors, who were ignorant of the generous Motives that induced the old Gentleman to take this Step. They lived mutually happy and contented with each other for the Space of a Year or more, when it pleas'd Heaven to deprive the old Gentleman of Life. He died entirely satisfied with the Conduct of his young Wife, in whom he reposed such a Confidence, that he left her all his Fortune without Limitation or Restriction, excepting some small Matter which he had left in Acts of Charity; and knowing that it would be agreeable to her, as well as himself, he

he desired a Sum of Money might be appropriated to the Release of his Friend TRAFFICK from Bondage, whom, in his last Moments, he begg'd her to search out and ransom at any Rate.

Pursuant to the Will of her dead Husband, she applied to several eminent Merchants to find out TRAFFICK; they wrote to their Correspondents abroad, but all the Intelligence they could receive of him was, that, after a long Confinement in a dismal Dungeon, he had found Means to make his Escape by Night, and got clear away from *Iberia*; that he took his Route over the *Alps*, but they could not tell where he was gone to.

SABELLA being a rich Widow, did not fail of having many troublesome Suitors, to avoid which she quitted her Town-House and retired into the Country: She was in the sixth Month of her Widowhood, when, one Day, as she was coming out of the Gate to get into her Coach, she observed a Man with a dejected Countenance, and a Dress which shew'd the utmost Distress; he consider'd her very attentively, which she perceiving, thought she saw something in the Lineaments of his Face that she was not unacquainted with; she imagined she discover'd the Resemblance of her Friend TRAFFICK: When she was in the Coach, she order'd a Servant to follow him, and acquaint him that a Lady would be glad to see him at that House, and begg'd the Favour of his Company to Dinner.

TRAFFICK was surpris'd at the Servant's Message; he was a Stranger to that Place, and wonder'd how any body there could be acquainted with him; but Curiosity and Necessity made him accept of the Invitation. SABELLA returned about Dinner-time, and order'd all her Servants not to acquaint TRAFFICK with her Name: He came at the Time appointed, and being introduced to the Lady, was agreeably surpris'd to see with what Affability she entertained him: He thought he recollected some Features in her Face, as one he had formerly been acquainted with, but Mis-

fortunes

fortunes had quite banish'd SABELLA from his Memory: She asked him so many Questions, that they revived his Remembrance, and at last he cried out in an Extracy, O Heavens! Is this then SABELLA? What strange Events does Providence bring about? I congratulate you upon your good Success, though Fortune has dealt very unkindly with me since I saw you last.

I perceive it, said she; and as all my good Fortune is owing to you, I have no other Way of making you amends for the Wealth I now possess through your Means, than by offering that and my Person to your Disposal, and I am very glad it is in my Power to reward so much Merit; banish your Melancholy, and be happy yet, if I can make you so.

She then acquainted him with what had happened to her since his Departure, and by what Means she became possess'd of VIVEUR's Fortune. He could not refuse so fair an Offer, and the Nuptials were accordingly celebrated. This sudden Match occasion'd an Alarm in the Town; but when the Motives were known, their Generosity to each other was as much applauded as the Lady had before been censured. Those Children you see with them are theirs, and they are now as happy a Couple as *Thule* can produce. Thus often from the worst Disasters the greatest Good arises.

FAIRE-FRANC had scarce done speaking when a flirting young Lady came up to them, and hit the young Gentleman who was Companion to SALLITTIO a Tap on the Cheek with her Fan. Very well, my dear Friend ANSELM, says SALLITTIO, I see you keep on your old Amour still; GENEURA still lords it over your Heart, notwithstanding you have so often told me that you have broken off with her entirely. I shall need no other Witness than yourself to condemn you; your Blushes at her Approach sufficiently shew it.—Indeed you are very much mistaken, replies the young Gentleman, my Affections have been alienated from her a long Time, and very deservedly, if
you

you knew what Reasons I had for it. — I would gladly know, says SALLITTIO, seeing you have sometime thought her worthy your Love, why she is not so still; her Beauty is not decay'd since I first saw her; instead of that it is considerably advanced; and if at that Time you became passionate of her it challenged Esteem, it now claims our Admiration; she never goes into Company without carrying away some Heart or another with her; all that know her will confirm this: But supposing there were no such Thing, and that she has not the Attractions she formerly had, your Love should continue constant, since your many Vows and Promises oblige it so to do; she now seems to call you again, with the same Love, to all Appearance, she ever bore you: The first Moment of your Appearance will seal you a Pardon for all your Faults; then consider if such a Mistress deserves not to be loved.

You will not say I am to blame in discontinuing my Love to GENEURA when you know the Occasion; I will relate her Story to this Gentleman and the Ladies, and let their Sentence acquit or convict me. You ask me, if GENEURA's Beauty is decay'd? That's a needless Question, especially to me who have always found her too beautiful; her Face is still the same, but the Beauty of the Mind is vanished and decay'd; she has no Title to any Faithfulness from me; and if you had weigh'd and consider'd every thing, you would not have pleaded for a Woman who has so little Right to what she demands of me.

Since I attain'd my twentieth Year, I have taken the Liberty of all Sorts of Conversation: Amongst others, I became acquainted with a gay young Gentleman, called LERANTUS; he introduced me one Day to GENEURA's Father, with whom he had some Business; by leading me there, he did as good as bring a Victim to the Altar to be sacrificed; I had no sooner seen her, but my Desires were so inflamed that I could not rest till I had made her an Offer of my Heart. The Father and Mother being subtle designing People,
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discover'd presently what Design I came on ; they entertained me always handsomely, to lure me on to come oftner, and to entice me to further Visits ; they knew that I had a considerable Estate in Expectancy, and as for their Part they had not much, the Husband being only in an inconsiderable Post under the Government ; so that it would have been no small Advantage to them if I had married their Daughter ; they took Care to recommend her to my favourable Opinion, and gave her strict Orders to carry herself modestly and discreetly before me ; she play'd her Part with a great deal of Judgment, and was so young, and talk'd of Love with such Innocence and Simplicity, that I was charm'd to hear her ; I lived but for her, and imagined that she lived but for me, therefore, preferring Content before Riches, I dispos'd myself to marry her so soon as I could obtain the Consent of my Friends, tho' at that Time I perceiv'd several Artifices both of the Mother and Daughter, yet Passion blind'd me, and I overlooked them all : When I was there, if any Person of Quality came to pay them a Visit, as their House was frequented by several, they order'd themselves to be denied, and gave me largely to understand the Favour they did me ; but they requited me in the same Manner, and often sent me away whilst they entertained some others ; and thus they were familiar with all the World, yet bore the Character of being very reserved : When they told me she was not at home, knowing the natural Vanity of the Girl, and her Affectation in Dress, I suspected nothing but that she would not see me because she was in dishabile ; for when she had Notice of my Coming, I observ'd that she was equipp'd with more than ordinary Care.

But what discover'd to me the Falseness of her Intentions was an Accident ; I had Business that required my Absence from Town more than six Months ; at my Return, which was unexpected to her, I found all her Innocence changed into Subtlety and low Cunning ; her Mother had introduced her into Company with some Coquettes of Fashion, who were pleas-

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sed to esteem her for her Beauty and sprightly Behaviour. This gave her such a Turn for Gallantry, that nothing would serve but she must ape them in every Thing; her Circumstances not being equal to her Pride, the best Figure she could make was but ridiculously affected, and discover'd an insupportable Vanity; she never heard a Coach pass by the Door but she pretended that it was some great *Sagubi* or other of her Acquaintance; I was visiting her once when I had an Instance of it: See, says she, to an awkward Country Wench that attended her, if that Chariot is not the *Sagubi's* DOUCEURS. *I don't know, Madam,* says the Creature, *whether it be a Sagubi's or nea; but I think the finest Gentleman is on the out-side of the Carriage.* How's that, says I, my fair One? Do you know when the *Sagubi* passes, by the Tread of his Horses, and the Noise of his Chariot-Wheels? No, no, replies she, I have not so excellent a Sense as that comes to; but I know that, at a certain Time every Day, he passes by here, and casts many a longing Look at this House; and, in saying so, she bit her Lips in a wanton Manner, as if, to make me uneasy, she would insinuate that the *Sagubi* passed that Way only on Purpose to see her; she imagined, that every Person who beheld her was dying for Love of her, and took such Pleasure in being gazed upon, that every Place of publick Resort was sure to be honoured with her Company: At every Mask and Assembly she appeared the first, and shew'd that she delighted more in the Company of Men than Women. I found her once coquetting it in this Manner in publick, amongst which were six Persons that profess'd themselves her Admirers, and vied with one another to obtain some Favour from her, and she managed Matters so cunningly, that she fed them all up with false Hopes; for she sat on the Knee of one, trod on the Foot of another; she took one Gentleman by the Hand, and spoke to another that sat by him, yet this prevented not her listening to another Lover who had a very good Voice, and sung to entertain her, although her

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am'rous Glances were darted at another that stood near him: Every one thought himself in greater Favour than his Rival; but had she been asked herself, she could not have told which pleased her most; she frequented the Temple only to be looked at, and wherever she saw a Knot of Gentlemen, would walk backwards and forwards on purpose to be observed by them; and she had her Ends in some Measure, for there were few but what eyed her, though it was only to laugh at her Folly.—A Gentleman observing her in this Manner, Fair Lady, says he, you need seek no farther, I have what you look for; yet this Rebuke shock'd her not at all, to such a Pitch was her Confidence raised; all her Motions, and the minutest Turn of her Head and Eyes, were studied; her Speech was not natural, but blended with a wanton Lisper, and an Imperfection which she imagined gave it a Grace: All her Discourse consisted of idle toying Expressions, and she never looked on any Person twice but she gave them some romantick Name or other, tho' sometimes she made a very unlucky Choice, and pitched upon infamous Persons as her Favourite. I could not help taking notice of these Things, yet I was so bewitched that I excused them rather than condemned them: Those Friends who spoke to me and persuaded me to quit her Acquaintance, I answered, by saying, that it was impossible to find a Beauty so accomplished by Nature, but that it was absolutely necessary she must have some Recourse to Art: I could not deny that, notwithstanding all her Gaiety and Frolicks, I had still an Inclination to marry her, and attributed all her ill Conduct to Youth and Liveliness of Spirits; I flatter'd myself that I should be able to give her better Instructions than what she had received from her Mother: But what a Madman was I to think that a Woman would exchange Liberty for Slavery? He that would confine her to himself, must give her a full Swing in every Thing. GENEURA would have done so, and I was beholden to her Disdain for breaking my Enchantment,

ment, and which induced me to seek my Remedy rather in Contempt than Enjoyment: She perceived I slighted her, and her Head was filled with Notions of meeting with better Fortune than she could expect with me, so that to be better known she freely entertained all Comers. At a publick Fair, she missed not a single Day of being there, and sat openly on a Counter in the Shop, as if she had been a Piece of Goods to be sold; she was not only teizing all her Acquaintance for Sweet-meats as they passed by, but was mercenary enough to ask them for Fairings of Jewels and other expensive Toys, to such a considerable Value, that, had she received such a Revenue yearly, it would have maintained her very considerably: Her Beauty at last was had in such Esteem, that every body that came to the Capital was reckon'd unpolite, if they went away without seeing this Rarity of the City. By making herself so publick, she contracted an Acquaintance with some of the principal *Avvocatori*; and those that had any Suits of Consequence at Law, made use of her Influence to bias the Counsellors, as thinking her Beauty able to corrupt *Syndics* of the greatest Integrity; but this I could have excused, had I not been sensible that she did it with a View of Advantage only, and that by this Means many Persons frequented her House who only courted her to deceive her. I own that it gave me great Uneasiness to see her Proceedings, although I had all the Reason in the World to hate her, and plainly saw Ruin approaching her; for my little Experience of the World taught me, that there could be no worse Guardian to a Maid's Chastity than *Poverty*, and that *slender Revenues, Beauty, and Chastity*, are seldom Inhabitants together; and *GENEURA*, by her ill Conduct, gave Encouragement to all Sorts of People to ask Favours of her, which she loosely granted, that the modest Part of Woman-kind would not bear the Mention of. In short, her Cloathes, Words and Actions, seemed to declare her a Prostitute to all the World.

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Although I took particular Notice of all this, yet I continued my Visits, and thought to wear off my Affection by a gradual Decay; insensibly my Love was disengaged, that she might let those Affections be lost which she knew not the Worth of, or the Value of keeping, as if it had been a Shadow that suddenly disappeared; so that all the Affection I had shewn to her was only Respect for what I had formerly born her: I wished her well, and would have done all in my Power to contribute to her Success in Life; but what could my feeble Wishes avail? It was in vain for her to think of Happiness, for she soon after met with a Misfortune that it was almost impossible for a Woman of her Temper to avoid.

Her Mother, who was as great a Coquette as herself, would not take her Daughter in Company with her, because she should not discover her Age; for tho' she was declined in Years, she had still Vanity enough to seek the Reputation of being fair and handsome: By this she was exposed to more Temptations than otherwise she would have been: 'Twas this that occasioned her present Disgrace, and yet was the Means of her obtaining her present Fortune. She was at a Wedding once, with only a single Maid to attend her; a young Gentleman, who had several Times taken her out to dance, kept close to her, and proffered his Service to see her home, seeing no one come near her. About the Time that the Bride and Bridegroom were going to retire to their Apartment, some unknown Persons enter'd, disguised in masking Habits, and putting out all the Lights, committed an unspeakable Disorder; in the Midst of the Tumult it was reported, that the Bride was taken away by one of her former Suitors; as for GENEURA, she fell to the Share of Count GISMOND, one who had grown old and grey-hair'd in Scenes of Debauchery; he carried her off, and put her into a Coach that waited purposely for her in the Street; in the mean while he that attended her so closely before, missing her, and not being able to find her out in the Darkness and Confusion, endeavoured

to make himself known to her by his Voice, which was observed by the Maid, who had likewise lost her Mistress; She therefore accosted the Gentleman, and desired him, if he found her, to acquaint her with it: She had scarce spoke the Words when he laid hold of one whom he imagined to be her Mistress; he called out to the Maid, to acquaint her that he had found the Lady, and bade her follow him; the Maid, believing what he said, obey'd his Commands; and when she came into the Street, tho' it was not much lighter than the House they came from, yet she could perceive that he conducted a Gentlewoman, which, for Stature and Size, much resembled her Mistress, so that she still ignorantly followed on, and discover'd not the Cheat till she heard the Gentlewoman speak, and then, almost amazed and frighten'd out of her Wits, she run back to the House where the Wedding had been, to look for GENEURA, where she in vain enquired after her of every body she met, and was obliged, when it was very late, to return with the News of her Loss to her Father and Mother: They received it with much more Calmness than the Wench expected they would, especially the Mother, who put a good Face upon the Matter, and said, she did not doubt but her Daughter was better provided for.

GISMOND having got the Prey he wanted, ordered the Coachman to drive as fast as he could, so that in a little Time they were a full League from *Cesar's-bourg*, where they accidentally met a Gentleman who had been an Admirer of GENEURA; he heard his Mistress pleading as in great Distress, and drawing his Sword, order'd the Coachman to stop. GISMOND seeming to resent such an Insult, the Cavalier made no more to do but run him through the Arm, designing it for his Body, had he not aimed his Thrust wrong. GISMOND would have certainly destroyed the other; for he snapped a Pistol at him, but it mis'd Fire, and the Flash in the Pan startled the Cavalier's Horse, and made him run away with him cross the Fields; in the mean while the Coachman put forward, and

and got a great Distance from the Place without meeting with any other Adventure: He did not stop till he came to a little Villa of his Master's, about three Leagues from *Cesarsbourg*; GISMOND's Wound was dress'd there, but so carelessly that a violent Fever ensued, which in ten Days carried him off. Some that pretend to speak Truth, and scorn Dissimulation, affirm, that he shortned his Life and destroy'd himself (his Constitution being much impaired in former Adventures) by the Impatience of his Loves; and that, without regarding his Wound, he would enjoy the Fruits of the Spoil he had taken, wherein he so overheated himself that it occasioned his Death: This carries with it all the Face and Probability of Truth, and what better confirms it is, that he left all his Fortune to her in Prejudice to several of his Relations. Now let any impartial Person judge if I can think of marrying GENEURA, notwithstanding she is come back to her Father's laden with Wealth, and pretends to all the Honesty and Virtue that the most reserved Woman upon Earth can; but I am not one of those that believe a Woman's Beauty, like the *Sun*, may be common to all, and not lose its Lustre; and if I ever marry, I shall be so far like *Cesar*, that I will not so much as have a Wife that is liable to Suspicion.

SALLITTIO, who had listen'd attentively to his Friend's Account of his Mistress, made this Retort upon him.—I don't much wonder at the Description you have given of GENEURA, for it is a Thing generally granted, that there is no Disaffection so violent as that which succeeds Excess of Love: But I can't apprehend from whence proceeds this sudden Change; for tho' you tax GENEURA with many little Affectations and Freedoms, yet since she hath been out of GISMOND's Hands, she hath only preserved those Beauties that render her more handsome and more desirable; and as for her Chastity, there cannot be the least Doubt of it but that she is as pure as ever; the most censorious Part of the World can say no otherwise; for it is notorious that GISMOND, who was

an old Batchelor, and very rich, carried her away by Force from the Place she was at, by the Assistance of some Friends in Disguise: I grant you, that when he had her in his Power he might make some Assault upon her Chastity; but a plain Proof may be produced that she never consented, if you refer to his Will, which he made the Day before he died, wherein he bequeaths all his Effects to GENEVRA, desirous to make Atonement for the Injury he had done her, as he particularly expresses it, in endeavouring to corrupt her when she was at my House, and in Reward for the Virtue and Chastity she discovered in resisting my Assaults, for which she deserves an honourable Acknowledgment.

ANSELM was a little irritated at this frank Reprehension of his Friend; Why did she not cry out, says he, when she was amongst so many People with whom she was acquainted? It plainly appears, from several Circumstances, that she was accessary to her own Undoing. Even when she was in the Coach, and going thro' the Streets of *Cesar'sbourg*, that Town is so populous, that, had she made known her Distress, she would soon have met with People generous enough to relieve her; or, suppose she could not, what Endeavours did she ever use to obtain the Succour of her Friends? Did she ever send to me, who would have been more ready to assist her than any of them? You would also have me believe, that she did not suffer herself to be vanquished by her sweet Friend and Paramour, and you quote Part of his Will to prove it; but, alas! how plain is this Cheat? How easily is it seen through? Is it in the least probable that GIMOND, who was a distinguish'd old Ruffian, and possessed what Wealth he had plunder'd from the World by indirect Means in an arbitrary and licentious Manner, would suddenly repent himself of his former Vices in such a Manner as to make this Wench his Heiress for having continued honest? Was she the only Woman to be found that continued chaste in Spite of Temptation? Was there no Virtue amongst his Sisters and

and Cousins? What a Miracle is this! There is only he that attempted her Love who esteems her chaste; and all others think her unchaste; for my Part, however plausible the Affair may appear unto others, I can never be persuaded but that she, by her Insinuations, influenced the poor Man to make this Declaration when he lay at the Point of Death, and when her Fondness prevailed over his Weakness: In short, I will never take up with another Man's Leavings, or transplant a Tree into my Garden where the fairest Fruits have been already gathered.

FAIRE-FRANC perceiving that ANSELM grew warm, prevailed on SALLITTIO to drop the Dispute, and not to cast any Reflections upon GENEURA; says he, There is one that is now passing by, who is a Coxcomb of the first Rate, and his being a *Sagubi* makes him more conspicuously ridiculous: CLARICAN is the Son of a Gentleman who was extremely rich, but withal, the most covetous that ever was; in his last Sickness, he was advised to try a Change of Air, there being no other Hopes left of his Recovery. Ay, says he, I would willingly go to my Country House, but how can I do it without being accompanied by my two best Friends, I shall have no Ease or Quiet without them, and should not remain peaceable in my Grave if they were not to be with me at the Time of my Death: His Acquaintance, who attended him in his Illness, assured him that they should be there, imagining, as he was at the Point of Death, that the two best Friends he meant were the Physician and the *Flamen*, but he quickly gave them to understand their Error, and that by his two good Friends he meant two strong Chests of Money. It was represented to him, that one so near his End as he was, would be blamed by every body for suffering his last Moments to be disturbed in Anxiety after Wealth when they should be employed in something else. Ah! says the old Man, you may preach what you will about last Thoughts and Moments, but I am very well assured they are my best Friends, since they assisted me at all Times, procuring

me whatever I wanted ; besides, added he, I believe there are but few in the World who loved me but for the Sake of those Friends.

His Kindred, however they might disguise it, loved his two Friends as much as himself, and would not permit them to be carried from the House, lest some Accident should befall them in the Journey.—For this Reason he could not take the Benefit of the Air, but was obliged to continue in the City, by which a very remarkable Accident happened.

Although he was in the utmost Extremity, yet he would keep an Account of all that was expended in his Sicknels, lest his Son and Servants should deceive him ; for that Purpose he always kept a great Bag of Money in Bed with him, on which he constantly leaned as if it had been a Pillow ; and when any thing was wanted towards the Support of the House, every Farthing must go through his Hands to buy it. One Day nothing would serve him but he would go into his Study to see if his *two Friends* were as they should be, and tho' he was very ill, and much persuaded to the contrary, yet he would be carried to the Place he desired, having, with much ado, opened one of his Coffers, and kneeling down on a Pillow to contemplate his Treasure with more Ease, he died suddenly, and his Head fell into the Chest : 'Tis wrong to pass too severe a Censure upon the Dead, but it may very well be said of him, that he died in a most abominable Posture, as if he was adoring his Money : Heaven permitted him to come to that unhappy End, that he might serve for an Example to others ; and I really believe that it is no Sin to divulge the Crimes of such People, to induce their Neighbours to live better.

CLARICAN being left sole Heir, makes it sufficiently appear that it is not the Will of Divine Justice that so great Riches should remain in that Family, for he is as full of Prodigality as his Father was of Avarice, and that Man is his best Friend who furnishes him with the most Inventions to spend Money ; he once lent me an Orr to bestow on a poor Object of Charity, and

never

never meets me but he fantastically demands it, telling me, that I shall not bestow Alms at his Charge; I always tell him that I will not pay him 'till he hath consumed all his Estate, because then an *Orr* will be more to him than a thousand now, and that then he will thank me for having kept it so long; he takes this as a Jest, but I speak it in good earnest, for I believe he will soon find an End of his Riches according to the Rate he lives: If he wins any Money at Play, he is so liberal to his Lacquies that he will give them not only all his Winnings, but oftentimes considerable Sums of his own Money into the Bargain; he never bargains for any thing he buys, because he would think it a Disparagement to him to contest with the Vulgar; his Follies are without Comparison, and his *Airs* make him so remarkable that all that meet him, though they know him not, yet by his Looks judge him to be full of Extravagance; there's always something extraordinary in his Cloathes and every Thing about him, either for Fashion or Colour; sometimes he will make People believe that he is let blood or wounded in the Arm, only that he may have an Opportunity of displaying a fine Sash curiously wrought, which he pretends is the Work of the Lady in whose Cause he ventured his precious Person, tho' when the Truth is known, he bought it of a Sempstress at Baby-Fair when he treated a common Woman of the Town there. In short, if he is consider'd all about, it will be found that there is no one Part of him which differs not from all others: If in the Morning he thinks that the Women don't look graciously on him, or simper and smile as he passes by, he fancies his Cloathes are in Fault, as being deficient in something to charm them, and this makes him put on another Suit in the Afternoon to recover their Favour; this makes him so prodigiously curious in his Apparel, that when he is to enter into a new Fashion, he sends for four or five Master-Tailors in Consultation, as able Counsellors to give their Opinion in a difficult Case, and fees them for their Advice in his Summer and his Win-

ter Fashion, and that he may be the better acquainted with the most sumptuous Modes.

Nor was his Equipage or Lacquies less ridiculous than their Master: It was grown a Fashion with the *Sagubis* of *Tbule*, to have the Out-side of their Coaches and Chariots painted yellow, as some affirm, that they might imitate the *Golden Carrs* of the ancient *Romans*, tho', if that was their Design, they were but a very paltry Copy: CLARICAN, guided by nothing but his own Fancy, would needs have his Chariot not only of an odd fantastical Shape, but of a Sea-Colour; some People, in a Sneer, would say, he did this as an Emblem to shew the Instability of his Temper, tho' it was more generally imagined he did that, as he did every Thing else, without Thought.

His Servants were an exact Copy of him; the same Levity and Inconsistency run thro' his whole Household, and made CLARICAN's Folly apparent to all the World; their Liveries were continually changing as their Master's Ladies varied in their Fancy, that they might be rather said to wear the Livery of Folly than that of a *Sagubi*: The Habit of his *Ladion* that constantly attended him was very romantic, partly *Thulean*, partly *Indian*, and half *Mabometan*; he generally chused to travel thro' the Streets of *Cesar'sbourg* by Torch-Light, to make himself more conspicuous. I don't speak this as an Enemy to Politeness and Gentility, so that the ordinary decent Mode be observed; but CLARICAN is not content with cloathing his Servants fantastically, as several others do, but he will be so himself, that the Relation may be seen, and that it might not be thought his Servants are borrowed. But there are yet greater Impertinencies; he has a Looking-glass artificially placed in the Crown of his Hat, to admire his dear Features in: He is at great Trouble to let every body know that what he wears is entirely new, because, in his Father's Time, he was permitted to have nothing but what was second-hand, and which was oftentimes so tender that it would not bear touching. Being one Day at the Door
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of the grand Temple, he would needs salute a Lady that was going in, tho' he had no Acquaintance at all with her; for, by several such Exploits, he thought he had made himself famous for Gallantry, which was his highest Ambition, but the Lady would not accept of his Favour, at which he was so enraged, that, to shew his Repentment, he put his Hat on in a Fury, and pulled the Brim so hard that he wore it, and pull'd it down over his Nose, like the Vizor of an old Helmet. This happened before many People that knew him, and occasioned much Laughter amongst them, to his no small Mortification; all the Revenge he vow'd was, that he would be revenged of the Hindbinder that sold it him; but he redeems the Time wherein he was so ill clad, and, I believe, was so eager to appear in the Foppish Light he now does, that he would not have given a single Cardetue to save his Father's Life.

All his Diversion consists in going to Temples and publick Walks to shew himself, and will sometimes vie with his own Coachman in driving through the publick Streets of *Cesar'sbourg*, and thinks thereby he does a mighty Feat, tho' the Humour is stale enough. When he stays at home, he never employs his Time in Reading, or any Manly Entertainments, but busies himself in Childish Plays and Boyish Diversions with his Foot-boys and Lacquies; yet I could forgive him this, did he come off handsomely in his Simplicities, but when Tradesmen go to wait on him about Business, and find him engaged in these Fooleries, if he is acquainted that they are impatient at waiting so long for their Answer, Let them attend, says he; What have these rascally Citizens and Cuckolds to do, but to furnish us noble *Sagab's* with Goods for our Use, and their Wives and Daughters for our Mistresses: As for his ordinary Discourse, 'tis as idle as can be imagined; 'tis all about how many *Orrs* he has won and lost at Play, and what rare Patterns he has for Cloakes, which he will shew you Draughts of, as if they were Designs for Architecture.

I think I have described this Insect sufficiently for you to judge, that he cannot be capable of any Action but what shews his Folly ; I am ashamed of taking up so much of your Time on so despicable a Subject ; nor had I done it, only to shew how much fairer Chance a Coxcomb stands for the Favour of the Ladies of *Tbule* than the most accomplished Man of Sense, for there are at present four or five Ladies throwing out Lures to entice CLARICAN for a Husband : I asked one of these Adventurers what could be her Motive for so unaccountable a Proceeding ? She answered, that Foppery, Folly, Riches and a Title, were the only Qualifications required in the Husbands of the present Age ; and that, the very next Day after Marriage, they had nothing else to do than to consult how to get a good separate Maintenance and a speedy Divorce.

I've often heard of him, says SALLITTIO, in my wild Exploits, and remember him well ; now you acquaint me with his Character, he was an Admirer of CLARICIA's, with whom, in my Days of Gallantry, I had an odd Adventure ; as I think I have seen her in the Walks this Evening, and perhaps may meet her again, it will not be amiss to tell you something of her, that you may the better know her if I should point her out ; but my dear ALIDEA, I hope, will not be offended at the Frankness of my Relation, but consider it as a Folly past, and look upon it as a Dream.

I suppose I need not tell you, when I have hinted so much in my Apology, that this CLARICIA is a lewd one, who is at any Body's Service that pays her best ; 'Tis between two and three Years ago that, taking Notice of me somewhere, I being gay and full of Vanity, nothing would serve her but she must have me for a Paramour to her wanton Desires ; yet I speak not this out of Self-conceit, that she could take any sudden Liking to my Person ; for I am not ignorant that she knew no other Merit in me than that I had a great deal of Money to spend : She flung herself in my Way where-ever she could meet me, and practised all her Ars to bring me to her Lure ; but I had no more Thoughts
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of her than if she had never been, so that she was obliged to make Use of her utmost Stretch of Invention to catch me.

I was walking one Evening on the Bank belonging to the great Arsenal of *Cesarsbourg*, when a Soldier accosted me in a very strange Manner; Sir, said he, you have, by your polite Taste und Conversation, convinced several People, and some of distinguished Worth, that you are a Person very studious of Curiosities and Rarities,—not that I had any Curiosity at that Time but what related to my Pleasures.—He proceeded.—Therefore, Sir, seeing you here, I made bold to acquaint you, that there is a Friend of mine who has got some of the rarest Secrets that Art or Nature can produce, not even the *Crane-neck'd Club* can shew the like.

I could not imagine what the Fellow meant by this, it was unintelligible Jargon to me, but I was willing to see what this unaccountable Proceeding would come to; and knowing that there were a great many Quacks and pretended Conjurers about the Town, who, under the Sanction of their Professions, carry on the most secret Intrigues, I was determined to see the Uphot of it, and to try whether this was one: I ask'd the Soldier, what was the principal Study of the Friend he spake of? Oh! Sir, answered he, the Globes, the Globes, but chiefly natural Magick; and, by a certain secret Knowledge, he has acquired such Perfection, that he can bring before you the very Woman you are to marry. I asked him several other Questions, all which he so pertinently answered unto, that I really believed him to be an honest, innocent Fellow, who was employed in some Design or other upon me which he was not privy to: I therefore invited him with me to a neighbouring *Cabaret*, and informing him that I much desired to see his Friend, gave him proper Directions to come to me the next Morning and conduct me to him; he failed not to come, and led me for the Space of three Hours through winding Allies, Turn-

ings and remote Places, with which this Town shamefully abounds, till I was quite out of my Knowledge; at last we arrived at this great and illustrious Virtuoso's; it was a little, low House, extremely out of Repair, half untyled, and seemed as if it would have reel'd quite cross the Way, if it were not for the friendly Assistance of two Props that kindly supported it; the Alley it stood in was all of a-piece, and I was almost poison'd with the many offensive Smells that saluted my Nostrils; had any one of them continued long, I certainly should have been suffocated, but one was continually driving out another.

I stood at the Door some Time with my Hand upon my Sword, as cautious what I had best to do, which my courageous Soldier perceiving, clapped me on the Back,—Don't be afraid, Man, (says he) I suppose the Sight of the Place affrights you; but the Doctor chuses this odd Place to perform his Experiments in, to avoid Suspicion, and because he would not be discovered; Come in, come in, Man, said he, that we may drink deep Draughts of Knowledge. Well, at last overcome by his Persuasions, I was determined to see the Event of it, let it be what it would, so was introduced to the Ground-Floor, and seated upon the Nave of a Cart-Wheel, which was turned up at Length, and served instead of a Stool, whilst he went up Stairs to ask the Doctor if I might come up; he descended immediately, informing me, that the Doctor was not yet come, but that I should have the Liberty of the Master of the House's Chamber till he arrived. I could not help smiling to myself at the Oddness of this Adventure, and wonder'd where it would end.

However, I consented to visit the Master's Apartment, tho' I had much rather have staid in the Street: Swords and Halbards were disposed over the Chimney on the same Rack with the Spits; Spit, I should have said, for there was but one, and that was grown rusty thro' long Disuse; two or three old Shoes were nail'd up against the Chimney-stock, one served for a Salt-Cellar, another for Blacking, and a third held Matches.

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and Spice; at one End of the Room an old Piece of Mat made a Partition, which served both for Wardrobe and Buttery, and thence my honest Friend the Soldier brought me out a lame joint Stool, which was made to stand even by the Help of a Faggot-Stick. I sat thereon like a President at the Head of a Society of Quidnuncs, whilst the Soldier went thro' his Exercise which he had practised that Morning on the Parade; and between Intervals, every now and then told me, the Doctor would soon be there, — Don't be impatient, says he, for he promised me to be here at Eleven, and I never knew him break his Word; I could have brought him to your House, and have saved you the Pains of coming hither, but most of the Things he makes use of in his Operations are not portable. — Well, said I, since I have had so much Patience, I will stay a little longer, for I should be loath to lose my Labour after all this.

An Hour or more was wasted in these idle Stories, when the Soldier thought it would be better to go and look for his Friend, and left me in the House with only a great Dog, which began to growl when he was gone, and which I did not perceive before; however, he lay pretty peaceable as yet a while.

I was now more confounded than ever, and could not imagine what to make of all this; I began to be of Opinion that he was some Russian, and was now gone to fetch his Comrades to plunder me; I did not know whether I had best stay or go, however, I resolved to see it out, and laid my Sword by me, partly for Fear of the Dog, and to be readier in case of a Surprise. Nothing troubled me so much as Hunger, which now began to make its Approaches very strong, otherwise I could willingly have staid till Night, so desirous was I to see the Conjuror's Art, and how he could shew me the Lady whom I was to marry.

My Soldier did not return to me any more, but sent a fat, queer looking Fellow, who, after a thousand Scrapes and Compliments, informed me that he was Master of the House, and was come to make me wel-

come

come till the Doctor arrived; I assured him I was very glad of it, and hoped he had not dined: No, says he, but I ate so hearty a Breakfast, that I shall have nothing more till Night: I told him plainly that was not the Case with me, and I should take it very kindly if he would bring me a Bit of any thing he had in the House; he humm'd and haw'd about that for some Time, for I found, tho' my Host was to make me welcome, yet it was to be at my own Cost; so, putting my Hand in my Pocket, I pulled out a Piece of Gold, having no smaller Money about me, and gave it him to provide something, but he staid so long, that I thought he had run away with my Money, and left me Master of the Household Stuff, all the Furniture put together not being worth it.

At last he returned with Bread only, and went out to get something else; being not able to eat so much dry Bread without drinking, I gave a great deal to the Dog, who barked at me as if I had been some Thief; when I had appeased him, there came a Beggar to the Door, who seeing me tolerably well dress'd, was so very importunate for an Alms, that I gave him all my Provision to get rid of him; the Dog was very much affronted at that, and quarrell'd with me afresh. I had a Mind to go to the Door to look for my Host, but was deterred from that lest any one should pass by that might know me, and wonder to see me in so frightful a Place. About half an Hour after, my Host returns with a Bottle of Wine and a little Piece of Beef half-roasted; I made him fetch me some more Bread, and tho' it was so ordinary, made the heartiest Meal I had done a long Time.

After I had given my Host two or three Glasses of Wine, he started as one recollecting something he had forgot; Bless me, says he, I can't tell what I have been thinking on all this Time, to keep you in a low Room so ill furnished, since I had the Key of an upper Chamber which is a great deal better; he conducted me up to that, telling me it was the Room that the Magician sometimes used; this was hung with
Paper

Paper, and had a pretty little Bed in it, but upon looking about, I found neither Books, Mathematical Instruments, Globes, nor any thing else; the usual Lumber of a Conjuror.

I hope, Ladies, you will excuse my being so particular as to dwell upon every minute Circumstance; but I could not relate the Adventure compleatly without it. I sat there some Time, still in Expectation of the Conjuror, for my Host had left me all alone, when I was on a sudden surpris'd with the unexpected Appearance of a young Lady, of a fine Mien, and exceedingly well dress'd; I thought this suited very badly with the Place, but was much more confounded when, in a haughty Tone, she demanded what I did there, and if I had any Thing to say to her? I now thought it was Witchcraft indeed, and that the Conjuror, knowing my Mind before-hand that I intended to ask him whom I should marry, and to have a Sight of her, had sent this Woman to make me believe I must fall in Love with her; if so, thought I, the *Conjuror* is little better than an *old Bawd*, as indeed most of 'em are; upon which, accosting her very civilly, Madam, says I, we have been both abused in this Affair, for I have waited here some Time to speak to one whom I cannot get Sight of; that I had some Business with him; but since I found I had been deceived, and that I had undesignedly been led into an Apartment that seemed to belong to her, I would withdraw and give no further Offence.

If it was a Mistake, young Gentleman, says she, you need not be in such a Hurry, but are welcome to stay till your Friend comes; and I am very much obliged to the Abuse that has drawn you hither, as it has given me an Opportunity of seeing the only Man I could approve of upon Earth. Is it a She-Friend that you expect, Sir? said she:—And, without staying for any Answer to my Question, run into such indecent Irregularities as are shameful to express, and which at that Time I could not tell what to make of, not having been through so many Scenes of Life as I
since

since have: I was at last quite tired with her Footery, and getting up in something of a Disorder, says I, My Friend will not come, I see, and therefore, Madam, I must make bold to take my Leave: She very ceremoniously insisted upon seeing me down Stairs; and as I came down, she plainly told me, that, if ever I should think proper to come and repose an Afternoon in her Chamber, it should be at my Service, and would take it as a signal Favour: I own I was indiscreet enough to ask her if that was her Chamber, and how a Woman of her Charms could condescend to take up with so mean a Place?—She finding me stand to parly with her, told me, that she was a Woman of Fashion, and that, to confess the Truth to me, she had seen me several Times before, and by her Contrivance I was brought there, to avoid the Suspicion of her Friends and Relations who watch'd her very narrowly; but if I would be true to her, and not boast of the Favours she conferred on me, she would acquaint me where I might find her in a much better Situation than I had then done. I have been guilty of some little Irregularities, says she, which the Height of my Passion drove me to, but I hope you will excuse me.

My youthful Vanity, prompted by the Hopes of possessing such an agreeable Woman, and having such an extraordinary Amour, pleaded her Pardon in my Heart, and made me imagine strange Things. I readily acquiesced in every Thing she said, and promised to wait on her at another Time and Place, which she fixed immediately, and I took my Leave as well satisfied as a young Fool could be.

I went to her as she directed me, and found her in a very pleasant Apartment situate on the Banks of the River, every thing about her was in the most elegant Taste, and she behaved in a quite different Manner than before, with all the Reservedness and Respect imaginable. I was then quite beside myself, and had not something very particular happened, I had certainly been deluded by the fair Wanton. In the

Midst

Midst of our Discourse, her Black came into the Room in the utmost Confusion, and what with Stammering and his broken Tongue, told her that CLARICAN was at the Door: She seemed in the utmost Consternation, I thought; but recollecting herself a little, — Well, says she, he must come in, I think, it is only my Cousin that is with me. This was done only to give me a Hint how to behave myself before him; for I have since found, that the Lodgings, and all this fine Appearance which she made, was provided for her by CLARICAN.

At his first coming into the Room, contrary to the usual Custom of those Gentlemen, who take a Pride in appropriating Women to themselves, saluted me very civilly; and turning about with an Air of Vanity, unmixed with Scorn or Sneer, *Madam, says he, I am very glad to see that other People admire you as well as myself, otherwise I should not have half the Tendré for you I have.*

We supped together several Times since, and so far from hindering me to visit his Mistress, that he promoted it, by carrying me often with him: He gave me a fictitious Account of his Mistress, saying, that she was well descended, and had been worth Money, but that Suits of Law had impoverish'd her; Only observe her Discourse, how witty she talks; do but mind her; and I can't deny but I was better pleased with her Discourse than CLARICAN'S: Had he no other Vices about him than what are Effects of Gaiety, there might be some Hopes of recovering him; but since he carries so many ill Qualities about him, I dare speak no more of him, lest you should think I commend myself by blaming him.

Pray, Sir, says ALIDEA, did no troublesome Thoughts of me intrude upon your happier Moments in your Amours? If not, my Tenderness and sincere Love has been but thrown away, and are likely to have very little Effect. — I am sure you were never absent from my Thoughts, and I shared in all your Distresses, tho' I was not with you. SALLITIO was about

about to reply, when FAIRE-FRANC perceiving a rising Blush in the Lady's Cheek, and the pearly Tear just ready to start from her Eye, finding the young Gentleman had gone too far in the Discovery of his wilder Flights, thought it the wiser Way to break off the Discourse before it grew too serious; Come, Ladies, says he jocularly, don't let us waste the Hours in this pleasant Place, by sitting always in one Grotto; let us take a Turn round, and see the different Contrasts we shall here meet with, the Rich and Poor, the Miser and the Prodigal, blended together promiscuously in Conversation; let us observe how the Ladies of the City ape those of the Court, who as constantly drop a Fashion as the others take it up. Let us go into the Blaze of Lights, where the most brilliant Beauties are assembled round the *Orchestre*.

Please to observe that Lady; Would you not take her for a Foreigner? Most certainly, says ALOISA; she has nothing *Thulean* about her, all her Dress is that of the *Gauls*, and by her Air and Appearance, she is but just come over from thence; she is accompanied too by a Gentleman who seems to be of the same Nation; How affectedly he struts about! There is surely something very ridiculous in the Gestures and Behaviour of that Nation; they talk nothing but the *Gaulish* Language neither, for I perceive they *will* be heard in Spite of the Musick; Do they come here without an Interpreter?

FAIRE-FRANC smiled.—You are mistaken, Madam, says he, they are not *Gauls*, nor is that young Gentleman a Lover of the Lady's, tho' every Motion he makes speaks him to be so. You will be surprised when I tell you he is her Son: There is something very particular in her Cast of Temper; she is a *Thulean* born, but cannot bear the Thoughts of any thing belonging to her native Country; she was married very young to one of the Senators of the City of *Cesar'sbourg*, who are always chose from amongst the Tradesmen, as the chief Support of that City, and

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of THULE; or, *The Island of Love.* 161

indeed of the whole Island, is Trade and Commerce. She loved her Husband, but she could not endure his Business, and prevailed on his Affection to such a Degree, that he permitted her to spend the best Part of her Time in *Gaul*, where she indulged herself in all Manner of Gaiety. When this his only Son was born, she was pleased to say, that he should not stay long to be infected with *Tbulean* Air, for she would transport him to the more agreeable Climate of *Gaul*; he was educated there, and has imbibed their Foppery and Manners to such a Degree, that he can't speak a Word of his Mother-Tongue. The Lady was in great Hopes, that, at the Death of her Husband, she should have Liberty to exercise her own Power, and retire to live wholly in *Gaul*; but the *Senator*, tho' he durst not contradict her in his Lifetime, thought, that after his Decease, he should be free from her imperious Temper, to gratify which, he had comply'd with her being so continually there; so that when his Will came to be opened, she found a severe Restriction upon her going there, and her Son likewise; for he had left it in such a Manner, that if she offered to quit *Tbule*, she was noways to be entitled to any Part of his Estate, nor the Son to enjoy his Birthright, unless he kept on the Business that got it. This struck such a Damp upon the good Lady, that she does not know how to behave; she that before had despised the *Tbuleans*, is now despised by them, and forced to practise her Follies in her own Family, of which the Son is Master of the Ceremonies.

You may observe that Couple who walk disdainfully by them, she takes no Notice of them, but rather seems to turn her Head from them; that is a Daughter of hers, who is married to an *Iernian*, and whom, for that Reason she will not converse with, tho' he did not sollicit her Favour to better his Fortune, it being equal to hers; With what Scorn she looks at them because the young Lady condescends to speak her native Language!

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X The Gentleman, whose Father is a Man of Substance in *Iernia*, got acquainted with Miss when he was abroad upon his Travels; they came over in the same Ship together, where he gave her so many Testimonies of his Love, that she vowed inviolable Fidelity to him; he had frequent Opportunities of seeing her afterwards, particularly in the Country, where it was agreed that the next Ball-Day which was held in the City of *Cesar'sbourg*, of which there are several upon publick Occasions, he should dance with her as her Partner, and afterwards carry her off and marry her: This was accordingly effected; the Mother did condescend so far as to grace the Assembly with her Presence, for the first Time after the Death of the Senator; and whilst she was busy in contemplating her own Beauty, the young *Iernian* carried off her Daughter: Every Thing was prepared to receive them at a Place he had provided for that Purpose, and it was some Hours before my Lady miss'd her; when she did, she order'd strict Search to be made after her, but it was to no Purpose till the next Morning.

In the mean Time they were married and bedded: the Mother, more thro' Ambition than any real Love for her Daughter, could not rest all Night; she had, in her own Fancy, formed a Match for her with one of the *Princes of the Blood of Gaul*, and could not bear the Thoughts that a *Rascally Iernian* (as she was pleased to call him) should run away with her. At length she got Intelligence where they were lodged, and going herself in a Sedan, asked for her Daughter by her Maiden Name; the young Gentleman, expecting some such Thing, was ready at the Door to answer her himself; she had some little Knowledge of him, and notwithstanding the Confusion she was in, she would not deviate or recede the least from her Principle, but made use of the *Gaulish* Language when she spoke to him.

Madam, says HERNOTTE, the young *Iernian*, Miss SACERDOTIA is not here, but my Wife is, for now she is so, and if you please you may see her. Madam

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X M^r. James Dunne of Dublin married Miss parsons in Dec^r 1741 her father the Alderman died in March 1741.

was confounded at this Answer, but, upon further Enquiry, finding it to be really true, and that there was no Remedy, she could shew no Resentment further than bidding the young Lady not dare to visit her any more; but what shagreen'd her most of all was, her being obliged to pay the Fortune of 10,000 *Orres* to HERNOTTO.

If the Lady is so fond of foreign Fashions, that she would sacrifice her own Children to them, replies ALOISA, I cannot see that they are in the least to blame in disobeying her. But I think it is high Time for us to be gone; if other People chuse to stay here all Night, for my Part I do not; if therefore it is agreeable to these Gentlemen and the Lady to accompany me to Town, I shall be very glad of it, and Mr. FAIRE-FRANC's too; for, as you brought me here, you are in good Manners obliged to escort me home, and such Entertainment as my poor House affords you are welcome to. They all willingly embraced the Offer, and leaving the Gardens, that odd Medley of Harmony and Folly behind them, went into the *Gondola*.

The Moon was then at the Full, and cast a resplendent Light o'er the Water, on the Waves of which they went triumphant down. This is a fine Night for Lovers, says ALOISA; it occasions a Sort of pleasing Melancholy, which those who are not enamour'd cannot help indulging themselves in. It is not safe tho', Madam, says ALIDEN, and every Maid ought to take Care how she gives Way to such Indulgence, for it often proves very pernicious; by SALLITTIE's Relation of his last Adventure, you may see how hard it is to meet a Man in this Town whose Affections have not been drawn away by some Accident or other.

No more of that, Madam, pray, replies FAIRE-FRANC, Youth will have their Levities, and a Man may run through greater Temptations than a Woman; but to shew you that it is as hard to find a truly virtuous Wife, if it will not offend you, Ladies, I will relate a little Tale to you whilst we are going down by Water,

ter, it will serve to pass the Time, and prevent further Disputes; besides, the excellent Moral arises from it, That *Divine Justice never suffers Treachery and Vice to go unpunished, however secretly transacted.*

ROBERTO MILANES was the Son of a very eminent Merchant in the City of *Naples*; his Mother, unfortunately for him, died soon after being delivered of him, so that he was left exposed to all the Inconveniences that Children are who are deprived of that valuable Parent, wanting her careful Eye to inspect their little Actions: His Father, ANGELO, thought he could no better express the Affection he bore his Spouse in her Lifetime than by taking Care of this the only Pledge of their nuptial Ties; he strove to wear off his Affliction, but her Loss had such Effect on his Remembrance, that no Company or Entertainment could afford him any Comfort; he grew extremely pensive, and seemed not like one of the Inhabitants of the World, and imagining that the Place where he had pass'd his Time with a loving Wife contributed to his Sorrow, he determin'd in himself to quit that Place and cross the Seas.

After he had provided for ROBERTO, by fixing him at his Brother's, a rich Merchant, who was very fond of his little Nephew, and with whom the careful Father left a Competency for his Support in case he should do otherwise than well in his Voyage; he turn'd all his Possessions into Merchandize, he embarked in a stately Ship, which he was Owner of and had fitted out, bound for *Mexico* and *Peru*; he sold his Commodities to a great Advantage, and loading his Ship back again, himself staying behind, he consign'd her to *Sevil*, to his Brother, with whom his Son was.

By his Riches, and the Content which he enjoy'd in those Parts, they despaired of his Return for a long Time, and would in all Probability have ended his Days there, had not Providence changed his Purpose, which proceeded from a certain *Italian* Gentleman called LEONARDO ARGENTINO, of *Naples*, who having prodigally wasted a large Estate, seeing himself almost

almost ruined, and having scarce left his noble Family wherewithal to subsist, he thought proper to take up before all was quite consumed, and, urged by strong Necessity, resolved to make the same Voyage ROBERTO's Father had done, leaving his Wife in the greatest Grief for his Departure, and a beautiful young Daughter, called ISADORA, whose Tears and tender Sighs on that mournful Occasion would have pierced a Heart of Marble, but had no Effect on the resolute LEONARDO; all that the Tears and Entreaties of his Wife could obtain of him was a Promise of returning when seven Years were expired; so that putting half the Remainder of his once plentiful Estate into Stock and Goods, the rest, with his Wife and Daughter, he made over to the Charge and Fidelity of a trusty Servant, who lived with him from a Child, and whom he loved as an adopted Son; he was a *Biscayan* by Birth, and always true and faithful to his Master, which made the comfortless Gentleman rely the more upon his Faith and Honesty.

His good Fortune, or rather ROBERTO's ill Stars, brought him successfully to the End of his intended Voyage, and having made Sale of his few Commodities, was glad to get into some Employment that was suitable to his Ability, and very opportunely for him, he arrived just as DON ANGELO, having lost his Bailiff and Overseer, was looking out for another; they met accidentally, and LEONARDO not being unknown to him, were both glad of the Opportunity of serving each other; having agreed upon Terms on both Sides, LEONARDO found himself treated more like a Friend and Companion than a Servant, and on his Part so carefully discharged his Duty, that, in a short Time DON ANGELO visibly perceived an Increase of the Estate that was under his Hands, and began to give over all Toil and Trouble himself, depending entirely on LEONARDO's Care and Vigilance, by whose Means he lived at perfect Ease and Tranquility.

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ALL this while the Bailiff forgot not the Intent of his Voyage, nor those dear Pledges that expected him home; for what with the Produce of his own Stock, and Don ANGELO's Bounty, he had acquired a good Fortune in Money and Merchandize, multiplying the same yearly by the great and rich Freights which pass'd between *Spain* and the *Indies*; so that before the seven Years were expired, he was esteem'd one of the richest Men in the Country under Don ANGELO. This put him upon Thoughts of returning to his own Country, and taking the Opportunity one Day when they were alone together, he broke the Matter to Don ANGELO; he was very angry at such a Proposal, as having no Design to return home himself, and try'd all he could to dissuade LEONARDO from his Intentions; he did not care to be thought ingrateful for the many Favours he had received, and therefore for some Time acquiesced in Don ANGELO's Opinion, but at length remonstrated his Circumstances so strongly, and urged so many Reasons to support his Arguments, that the other was partly compelled to agree.

ANGELO consented to part with him, and upon Recollection could not forget his own Affairs at home: Every Man has a Desire to see his native Country, let him be never so long absent from it, and this revived in the Merchant's Memory the little Family he had left, and gave him a particular Inclination to see his Son ROBERTO; it awak'd the Affections in his Heart that had long lain dormant, and he resolv'd at last to return with him.

They provided every thing requisite for the Voyage against the Arrival of the next Fleet; and in the mean time had Leisure to convert their Cattle and Merchandize into Money, and Goods fit for *European* Traffick; so that, not long after, with two Ships richly laden, after a prosperous Voyage, they arriv'd at the Port of *Lucca*. ANGELO had sent Intelligence of his Coming, that all his Friends and Relations might be ready to meet him; and, during the Voyage, he had hinted

hinted several Things to the same Purport; but finding he did not rightly understand him, before they enter'd the Port, he called him aside, and expressed himself to him in the following Manner.

"From henceforward, LEONARDO, I shall not look upon you as one who has been in the servile Capacity of my Steward, but as you have discharged that Trust faithfully, and I have known you in better Circumstances, shall esteem you as my Friend. I think I have sufficiently shewn my Love and Affection to you, nor have you been backward in acknowledging yours; to be united therefore more firmly, and that Absence may no ways cool our Affection for each other, I have thought upon a Method that will cement our Families for ever, and the Union descend to our Posterity, by joining it in our Bloods. I therefore propose my Son ROBERTO for your Daughter ISADORA, which, if we agree, may soon take Effect; should Heaven have been pleased to bless these our Pledges with the Life we hope it has. I should be glad, says he, to know your Resolution hereon."

LEONARDO, bursting out with Tears of Joy, embraced ANGELO. "Sir, says he, this is what I most desired, but could not tell how to offer it; all the good Fortune I at present possess is owing to you; your Goodness has been so great to me, that I should be ingrateful not to acknowledge it; I not only readily bestow my Daughter,—a small Recompence for the Favours I have received, but with that, to make her more worthy the Acceptance of your Son, I will give her all the Fortune I have to bestow, great Part of which is the Effect of your Bounty; my Goods, Life and Honour, are at your Service."

They did not stay long in the Port, for ANGELO was quite impatient to see his long-desired home; they soon arrived at *Sewil*, and the first Thing he did was to acquaint his Son ROBERTO with the intended Match, who disposed himself, like a dutiful Son, to obey

obey the Commands of his Father. So soon as they arrived, a Messenger that was sent by LEONARDO met them, and informed him that ISADORA was living; young ROBERTO had Curiosity enough to enquire after his intended Spouse, and was well pleased to hear that her Beauty and Wit excelled most in that Part of the Country; he was so enamoured with the Description of her, that he was all a-fire till he beheld her; the same Messenger brought an Invitation for ROBERTO to LEONARDO's House, which he very gladly accepted of, and set out with all the Joy imaginable; LEONARDO went with him, and in a few Days they came to their Journey's End: Nothing could be more tender than the Meeting of the Husband and Wife after so many Years Absence, the Tears of Sorrow for his Departure were now turned into Tears of Joy at his Return.

LEONARDO could not avoid rejoicing at his prosperous Fortune, and was particularly pleased with the Beauty and Discretion of his Daughter ISADORA. His whole Family were in Health and Content, and his Wife, who was apprised of the Match proposed, readily consented to the ensuing Nuptials.

ROBERTO, during the Absence of his Father, had contracted an intimate Friendship with LERIANO, a young Gentleman much about his own Age, and tho' Love may be predominant in his own Breast, a generous Mind will always find Room for Friendship: It therefore may be justly said, that LERIANO shared ROBERTO's Heart. He took Leave of his Father and his Friend, and set out for *Naples*; they went to a Country House of LEONARDO's, and instead of finding a Mansion that might afford them Joy, it was nothing but an Harbour of Grief, Tears, and confused Sadness. ROBERTO was very much amazed at this, however they endeavour'd to make him as welcome as they could, and soon was informed of the Occasion of their Grief, when he saw the Body of the old Servant, the trusty *Biscayan*, whom LEONARDO had left Steward in his Absence, laid in the Hearse, and struck thro' with

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five cruel Wounds, and was told that it was found that Morning early at the Door, wrapped in a Sheet, and no body could imagine how, or when, he should be thus lamentably butchered, tho' extraordinary Search had been made after the Author. They exalted very largely upon his good Services, how faithful he had been in his Master's Absence, and what Loss and Derriment it would be to be deprived of him. ROBERTO, though he thought his Reception was very odd, yet could not help sympathizing in their Sorrow, when he knew the real Cause, and excused his Welcome, which was somewhat of the coolest, considering what Errand he came upon. Thus, by this Accident, his Marriage was adjourned for two Days, which, to a Man in longing Expectation, were two Years of tedious Prolixity; for when he had once seen *Isabella*, he was more inflamed with ardent Desires, which, incited by so much Beauty, increased in him the more Inclination.

At length the joyful Day came when the happy Pair were joined, and ROBERTO thought himself blessed in his fair Spouse. After their first Transports on the Bridal Night, when he was in a sound Sleep, he was awaked by the Cries and Screams of his Wife, and found the House all in Flames; at which he was so astonish'd, that, quitting the Chamber with his Wife, he consulted the best Way for their Safety, and went to see after her Father and Mother, who, with much Difficulty, escaped from the Midst of the Flames; the *Alarm Bell* was rung out, and the Neighbours coming to their Assistance, soon extinguished the Fire. ROBERTO, who was as active as any body in stopping the dreadful Ravage of so formidable an Enemy, was diverted from his Purpose by the shrill Cries of his Wife, who had fresh Cause of Lamentation; he quickly found her out; she was supported by her Mother, and was in a Swoon by the Side of a deep Well in the Yard; several Servants were got about her, striving to bring her to herself; he tenderly embraced *Isabella*, and found the Cause of her

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Grief

Grief to be for almost the same Thing as the unfortunate *Biscayan*, a handsome, discreet young Wench, a Servant of *ISADORA*'s, and one whom she very much respected, having been bred with her from a Child: It was said, that being too eager to draw Water to quench the Fire, by some Fright, or other Accident, she fell in, and there being no Assistance near, nor any Means to save her, she was drown'd: when her Body was drawn up, the Women's Grief and Tears were renew'd, and *ROBERTO* was incapable of comforting them, standing in as much Need of it himself.

Time and Patience, which gives a Remedy for all Afflictions, cured them; tho' with *ROBERTO* they were always present; for he could not forget the ill Omens that attended his Nuptials; they seem'd prophetically to point out his future Disasters: His Father, *DON ANGELO*, by frequent Letters, hasten'd his Son to depart, wanting to spend the Remainder of his Days near him, and desirous that he might not be absent from him: Accordingly, taking Leave of *ISADORA*'s Friends, they set out for *DON ANGELO*'s Palace. The last Message the Father sent was by *LERIANO*, his Son's particular Friend, thinking that would prevail upon him to make more Haste than if he had sent it by a common Servant; he came to *Toledo* just as they were ready to depart, and soon arrived at *Sevil*, where *ROBERTO* and his Spouse met a hearty Welcome from the Father: *ISADORA* was at first uneasy at parting with her Parents and Friends, but the agreeable Company of her Husband soon deprived her of all Sorrow.

ROBERTO knowing that the Humours of old Men are not at all agreeable to the Temper of young Girls, took a House apart from his Father, still keeping up his Friendship with *LERIANO*; they liv'd very happily for some Time, his whole Soul's Content being center'd in his Wife, so that he could scarce bear her out of his Sight a Minute; but cruel Fortune would not allow him many prosperous Years, and grew envious of their Fondness; his Friend and Wife were the

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the sole Objects of his Thoughts, and LERIANO and ROBERTO strove who should shew the most Good-will to each other; not a Day escaped in which they did not visit one the other; their Affection was so reciprocal, that, had they been Brothers, they could not have been more firmly united.

One Day, when Business of different Kinds had detained them both in such a Manner that they could not be able to see one another, both of them went to visit each other in the Evening; ROBERTO went to LERIANO's, expecting him home every Moment, whilst LERIANO, with the same Impatience was waiting for ROBERTO at his House; ISADORA was gone to Bed very ill, and, knowing the Friendship between her Husband and this Gentleman, admitted LERIANO into her Bed-chamber to entertain her till her Husband came home. ROBERTO staid at his Lodging till it was very late, and finding he staid out, gave over all Hopes of seeing him that Night; returning to his own House, he found the Door shut, a very unusual Thing when he was abroad; he rung several Times before any body came, and being much surpris'd at their Delay in letting him in, began to suspect something extraordinary: He perceived a Light coming down Stairs, and peep'd thro' a Chink of the Door to see whom it might be, but paid dear for his Curiosity; he saw a Maid-servant coming down, and, behind her, a Man whose Face he could not discern, but observ'd that he went out at a Passage that led towards the Garden; this so surpris'd him, that he stood for some Time like a Statue, but, as soon as the Maid had let him in, he rush'd directly into the Garden with his drawn Sword, and, by the Light of the Moon, perceiv'd the Man running from him to hide himself in a Thicket of the Myrtles; but what he sought for a Safe-guard proved the Cause of his Death; for ROBERTO pursuing him, full of Revenge, and he being entangled in the thick Boughs, and unable to stand upon his Guard, ROBERTO gave him three desperate Thrusts, never heeding his calling him by his Name, or crying

out to him to hold, till falling to the Ground, he knew him whom he had so inhumanly laid dead at his Feet to be his best of Friends, LERIANO; no sooner was he assured of it, than, letting his Weapon fall, he fell breathless on the Body of his dying Friend, who, in his last Moments, declared his Innocence: He had just Strength enough to utter these last Words.

“How hath the intricate Hand of Fate order’d it, that your friendly Sword should become the Cause of my Death? In what hath LERIANO offended you, that you should take such a rash Revenge on him? But why should I complain of you? I forgive you my Death, an unnecessary Diligence occasion’d it, nor need you be distrustful of your Wife, whose Faith to you has been as inviolable as mine.”

He would have said more, but the icy Hands of Death would not allow him a Minute longer to explain his intricate Meaning; but, closing his Eyes, he gave up his last Breath in ROBERTO’S Arms, who had certainly followed him, had he been fully satisfied in the jealous Doubts that afflicted him; which, that he might the better understand, he quitted his dead Friend and went directly to his Wife’s Chamber, whom he could neither find there nor any where else, only the Noise and Screams of the Maid encreased his Distraction; all the Information he could get, was, that hearing LERIANO cry out, ISADORA flung herself out of a Window, which being very low, she did not hurt herself, but made her Escape; for, having received the unhappy News of his innocent Death, fearing her own would justly follow from his Indignation, which, tho’ guiltless, she imagined might light upon her.

He examined the Servants strictly as to the Reason of LERIANO’S hiding himself; they satisfied him in every Thing they knew, and told him, that it was at the Instance of his Wife; for, being in Discourse with her, and the Door being shut, tho’ it was owing to the Carelessness of the Servants, fearing lest the
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Strangeness of the Accident, and LERIANO's conversing with her in her Chamber, might occasion some jealous Suspicions in her Husband; when she heard him ring at the Door, it so terrified her, that it drove him to seek Shelter in the Garden, both to preserve the Lady's Honour and his own: Thus always Rashness runs People into inevitable Mischiefs; and 'tis hard to say which most deserves our Pity, ROBERTO, who by a mistaken Jealousy killed his Friend, or LERIANO, who, guided by the Fears of an afflicted Woman, run himself into manifest Danger.

The poor disconsolate Husband was drove to the greatest Extremity of Despair, anxious for the Safety of his Wife, being convinced that she was innocent, and sorry for the Loss of his Friend; all his Enquiries to find her out were in vain, and he was obliged to fly from his House to save his own Life, and prevent his being called to account before a Court of Judicature, which in those Countries, upon such an Occasion, are very strict and severe; he therefore retired into a Convent of *Cartusian* Monks, who being acquainted with his Case, received him very courteously, and allowed him Sanctuary till he could be otherwise provided for: He was visited there, by several of his particular Friends, and as diligently sought after, by his Enemies, who would not give the least Credit to the Accident that led him into so fatal an Error.

After he had been there some Time, he was informed by one of the Fathers, that his Wife had taken Refuge in a Monastery of Nuns; that leaping out of the Window, and not knowing where to go when she was down, enter'd into the first House she saw open, where she was well entertained by the Inhabitants; but finding that a strict Search was made for her by the Officers of Justice, as well as her Husband, who wanted to bring this doubtful Affair to a Discovery, they thought it would be safer for her to be convey'd to a Monastery; but these Misfortunes, added to some foregoing ones, made so deep an Impression upon the Heart of ISADORA, that,

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heighten'd by the Fright she had received in her Fall; flung her into a desperate Illness, tormenting Thoughts continually assaulted her, and the Scandal that she knew would sully her Reputation by the Tongues of the giddy Multitude, who now freely sported with her Character, was what her Spirit could by no means bear.

This encreased her Distemper to such a Degree, that, finding herself in the Pangs of Death, she called for the Abbess, and unburdening her whole Mind to her, delivered a Paper, which she desired might be carried to her Husband where ever he could be found; the old Lady was punctual in conveying it to him, and at the same Time informed him of her Death: He was scarce able to stand this last Shock, but was much more surpris'd when he found the Paper to be to the following Purpose.

ISADORA to ROBERTO.

" The Time is approaching, my dear Spouse, when
 " I must pay that Debt which none can be exempted
 " from; and tho', as mortal, I shudder at the dread-
 " ful Moment, yet He, who governs all Thoughts,
 " knows, that leaving you is what afflicts me most;
 " all Things on Earth besides are to me indifferent;
 " in order therefore to take off all Imputation from
 " my Memory, I take this Opportunity to confirm
 " my Loyalty and Fidelity, which, from the first
 " Hour of our Nuptials, hath been inviolable to you;
 " but it is now no Time to trifle with Heaven, and
 " it is highly necessary to my Salvation that the Truth,
 " and all the Secrets of my Soul should be discovered;
 " you, therefore, the Lord of my Passions and De-
 " sire, and the World, shall be privy to some Facts,
 " which, through Prejudice of Thought, and the
 " Strings of a guilty Conscience, I have too long con-
 " cealed. You will, in these my last Lines, find me
 " guilty of an Offence, if any thing can be thought
 " so to your Honour, which was executed against my
 " Consent, and before I was tied to you in that in-
 " dissoluble

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“ dissoluble Knot, that nothing but Death can relin-
“ quish; pity my unhappy Fate; and when I have
“ related the whole, put the most favourable Con-
“ struction you can upon it; live and be happy, vin-
“ dicate my Honour, and suffer me not to be the Sport
“ of vulgar Tongues.”

“ I presume, my dear ROBERTO, that you have
“ not forgot your unfortunate Welcome to my Fa-
“ ther's House, the sad Fore-runner of our present
“ Troubles; you may also remember what Diligence
“ was used to find out the Murderer of our Steward
“ and Servant, the trusty *Biscayan*, but all in vain,
“ since it could never have been found out, had not
“ my present Danger enforced me to declare myself
“ his Murderers; tho' I heartily repent of the Mil-
“ chief, yet I appeal to Heaven whether his bold and
“ treacherous Attempt will acquit me of the Fact or
“ not; I make known then the whole Fact to you,
“ whom alone upon Earth I am accountable to.”

“ Know then, my dear Husband, that when Ti-
“ dings of the Arrival of my Father, and the Resolu-
“ tion he had taken in Regard to our Nuptials was
“ brought to us, the *Biscayan* was taken suddenly ill
“ of a slow, but violent Fever, my Friends, who
“ greatly respected him, strove to give him all the
“ Assistance in their Power, but it was to no Purpose,
“ for no Physician could find out a Remedy to ease
“ him: They all agreed that his Sickness was occa-
“ sioned by Melancholy, and that it encreased more
“ and more till the Night before your Arrival; he
“ broke his Mind to me, and, to my Cost, made
“ known the Cause of his Infirmary.”

“ About Midnight, as I was composing myself to
“ Rest, I heard somebody softly treading in my
“ Chamber; I looked up to see who it was, and was
“ surprised when I perceived it was the sick Man: I
“ was not much frighten'd, however, at seeing him,
“ as never once mistrusting his foul Intent; in plain
“ Simplicity of Heart I only chid him for taking no
“ more

" more Care of his Health; to which, with an inward
 " Groan, and furious Aspect, fastning his Eyes upon
 " mine, he thus replied:
 " "Lovely ISADORA, all the Art of Physick is in
 " vain lavish'd upon me: it is from your fair Self that
 " the Remedy must come; my Life is center'd in
 " you; consider the Obligations you have to me for
 " preserving you and your Fortune in the Absence of
 " your Father: Do not you then prove ungrateful, as
 " he has done, who I could not have thought would
 " have dealt by me so cruelly. Could I have ima-
 " gined that he would have recompensed me thus un-
 " thankfully for the Pains I have taken in thy Educa-
 " tion, and honestly managing his Family in his Ab-
 " sence? I have undergone all this Fatigue, because
 " I hoped my Recompence would be the Possession of
 " thy lovely Person, which unjustly, my ISADORA,
 " he deprives me of: This is my Torment, and the
 " Occasion of the Sickness that afflicts me, which, the
 " longer it lasts, the more it will encrease, and the
 " more as the Time now approaches very near when
 " you will be in another's Power; I come therefore
 " with a full Resolution not to quit this Room till
 " you have restored my Health, by giving up your-
 " self to my Embraces; tho' it should cost me my
 " Life, if I lose it, in your Presence I shall account
 " myself happy; thou only canst be my Physician,
 " and administer Balm to my Love-sick Mind; thy
 " Husband I must be, since Heaven certainly de-
 " sign'd me alone for thee; thy fair Hand, frankly
 " given to me, must be my Answer; defer not then
 " my Blessing, for I expect no Refusal, since in my
 " own Breast lies the Satisfaction of my Desire, and I
 " shall not hesitate to kill thee with this Pontard if
 " you in the least contradict me; for I had rather see
 " you dead than in the Arms of another. At these
 " Words he drew a short Dagger, and held it to my
 " Breast; this very much amazed me, and I could
 " scarce give Credit to what I saw before me; and I
 " was some Time before I could utter a Syllable: I was

“ alarmed on one Side with the Danger my Honour
“ was exposed to, and on the other with a Female
“ Cowardise, which prompted me to the Preservation
“ of my own Life, and I began to think of some
“ Sleight whereby I might save my Life and preserve
“ my Chastity: I thought in a gentle Manner to dis-
“ suade him from his villainous Purpose, not daring
“ to accuse him; but, with a thousand Promises and
“ feigned Vows, made him believe that I would be
“ his Wife, and, as a Shift to content him, gave him
“ my Hand, which he had no sooner got, than clasp-
“ ing me in his Arms, after much Struggling, want-
“ ing Breath and Power to defend myself, he had his
“ Will, making me subject to his Lust; but just
“ Heaven, to whom my Complaints, utter'd from the
“ Bottom of my Heart, had ascended, would not per-
“ mit the just Punishment for so base a Fact to be long
“ deferr'd, but gave me an Opportunity of being the
“ Avenger of my own Disgrace, and, with his own
“ Dagger, to execute my Design; for no sooner had
“ downy Rest prevail'd over his lascivious Fury, than,
“ assuming a masculine Courage, strengthen'd by the
“ Thoughts of my Dishonour, and the Grief it would
“ occasion in my Parents, I snatch'd up the Dagger,
“ which before had been the Means of frightening me
“ to Compliance, and drove it to his perfidious Heart,
“ besides wounding it in several other Places, and
“ dragging his wretched Body, weltering in its Blood,
“ as well as I could without being perceiv'd, wrapped
“ it in a Sheet, and convey'd it to the Door: My
“ Horror ended not here, for I had certainly sacrific-
“ ed my own Life but for the Dread I conceived of
“ a future State.

“ I communicated my melancholy Thoughts to a
“ Maid of mine, who had been my Companion from
“ my Infancy, and who, by the Consolation she gave
“ me, diverted me from the abominable Course I had
“ resolv'd to pursue; I kept from her the Truth of this
“ Affair, tho' I told her some of the Circumstances;
“ but she being desirous to know all, entreated me to
“ declare

“ declare what it was that so very much disturbed me,
 “ and promising me to be faithful, assured me that
 “ she would inviolably keep any Secret I should com-
 “ mit to her Charge; I was diffident of trusting her
 “ notwithstanding, and telling her that I had been
 “ deflower’d, but not once mentioning or attributing
 “ the Cause of it to the *Biscayan*, with earnest En-
 “ treaties prevailed on her to comply with my Re-
 “ quest, which was privately to supply my Place the
 “ first Night, as I was conscious of the Defect that I
 “ labour’d under; she scrupled it very much at first,
 “ but, at length, overcome with Threats and Pro-
 “ mises of future Favour, she consented, and my
 “ Plot had the desired Effect; for having placed Ju-
 “ LIA behind the Curtains, and feigning Modesty, she
 “ very dexterously performed what I desired; and,
 “ putting out the Light, the Deceit was not known,
 “ neither did you perceive the Exchange.

“ She fell asleep, contrary to the Orders I had
 “ given her, and I was in such Anxiety, divided be-
 “ tween Jealousy and Fear, that I could not tell which
 “ was most predominant, and the Difficulty of awa-
 “ king her without being discovered by you, made
 “ me take as desperate a Course as I had done with
 “ the *Biscayan*; for, without Delay, I stole into the
 “ next Room, and, taking a Candle which I found
 “ lighted there, I set Fire to the Tapistry, hoping
 “ that the Noise would awake my Father and you,
 “ and in the Uproar she might make her Escape: I re-
 “ turned, and, embracing you closely, cried out Fire,
 “ so loud that you awaked, and without perceiving
 “ who was near you, ran out of your Chamber, and
 “ leaving me with JULIA, I was so divided between
 “ Hope and Despair that I was going to run her thro’
 “ with your Sword; but she, luckily for her, awaked
 “ at that very Instant; however, I was determin’d
 “ to dispatch her in some Manner or other, and taking
 “ her down into the Yard with me, where the Servants
 “ were drawing Water, and bidding her assist them,
 “ I took the Opportunity, whilst they were busy a-
 “ bove

bove Stairs, to move her into the deep Well, and letting her lie a while to struggle with her last Pangs, when I supposed her to be quite dead, resembling my Ingratitude, my Tears and Cries made JULIA'S Misfortune to be thought casual, and my own Sorrow true.

This horrid Action, and all the Dishonour due to it, now lights upon my own Head, tho' I have ever loved and obeyed you as a just and loyal Wife ought to do, as Heaven is my Witness, therefore live and be happy, take my last Farewel, and be assured that your Honour was never blemished by Me in Mind, tho' my unfortunate Deeds have proved contrary to my Intentions.

ROBERTA having received this Paper, immediately made Interit to be enter'd in the Convent where he had taken Sanctuary, and dragged out the Remains of a Life wait'd in Sorrow and Discontent.

Soon after FAIRE-FRANC had ended his Narration, the *Gondola* arriv'd at the Place they design'd to land at, and waiting on ALOISA to her House, they found upon the Table a Book, which, whilst the rest of the Company were busied in Talk, FAIRE-FRANC taking up to look at, found it to be the famous Romance of CLELIA; this gave him Occasion to inveigh against Romances in general, and several of the most distinguish'd Ones, and best received in particular.

It is owing to these pernicious Incentives, says he, that most of the Morals of the *Toulean* Youth are corrupted, since the Fair Sex are most particularly fond of them, and the Men are apt to be influenced by them in every Thing; therefore Gods and Demigods, Satyrs, Nymphs and Fawns, will never be out of Fashion, and OVID'S Fictions are more esteemed by them than Proof of holy Writ, I would propose to you an Antidote against that and all other Things of the same Kind, a little Burlesque Piece, called, *The BANQUET off the Gods*, wrote by an ingenious Friend of mine in a foreign Tongue, which I have taken the

Liberty of translating, adding such Notes and Remarks as seem to me necessary for the Perusal and Entertainment of the virtuous and lovely ALOISA after we are gone.—She smiled, thanking him for the Favour; but she thought a *Romance* might be very entertaining now and then.—Ay, Madam, says he, those of them which encourage Virtue; but you will find this to be more immediately calculated for taking off the Prejudices fixed in young Minds, by suffering them to imbibe too early those delusive Principles of the Heathen Mythology; for, tho' the *Metamorphosis* be nothing but an Extravagance, yet who is there that must dare to find Fault with it. Were we to say, that such or such a Lover was chang'd into an Hour-glass, the Transposition would be pertinent enough, because he should have no more Rest after his Death than he had before; but to make a Man be changed into any Kind of Tree, which his Case bears no Analogy to, is something below Contempt.

After Supper, when the Company was retired, ALOISA withdrew to her Closet, and, taking the Book into her Hand, left with her by FAIRE-FRANC, she read from it what follows.



THE
name in a foreign Tongue, which I have taken the
you an Antithese against that and all other Things of
the same Kind a little Babelian Piece called The Babel
by them than Proof of any Wit. I would propose to
of Fashion, and Over the Nations are more esteemed
Gods, Sages, Tyrants, and Kings, will never be out
them in every Language, and in every Country, and
of them, and in every Language, and in every Country,
tragedy, and in every Language, and in every Country,
that most of the World, and in every Language, and in every Country,
It is owing to the same Cause, and in every Language, and in every Country,
English Odes, and in every Language, and in every Country,
Romances in general, and several of the most distinguished
of Orléans; this gave him Occasion to investigate the
king up to look at, and to be the famous Romance
Company were built in Paris, FAIRE-FRANC TO
upon the Table a Book, which

THE
BANQUET of the GODS.

AURORA had already given the Signal to the Night to draw her Curtains, and truss up her Baggage to be gone, when the Earth received a Morning's Draught of pleasant Dew, which gave Occasion to those who saw it, to imagine, that the Gods were rinsing their Bowls, or that it was the Remainder of some Nectar, after a great Feast, or that, perhaps the beautiful Fore-runner of the Sun had wash'd her Hands at her Up-rising, or went out to pick a Rose. But tho' it might have happen'd to be any of these, according to the Seasons, as Men know well by the different Dews which fall from Heaven, yet was it not either of them fell out then; for, indeed, it was nothing else but the Horses that drew the Chariot of that Goddess, who began to shew herself, took their Mains at their starting out of the Sea †. The Sun being

* The Author hath been something particular in his Relation, which I suppose is to shew, that he hath done these imaginary Deities no Injury, nor said any Thing of them but what some Author of Antiquity hath before hinted at, and perhaps beautifully described: The Whole carries a manifest Design to expose any Writer who shall hereafter invoke these blindfold Divinities, and inform him that he shall from thenceforward forfeit his Title to Wit. There are some indeed who substitute another Meaning, and will have it to imply something mysterious in State-Affairs and amongst great Personages, but let such mistaken Persons apply it at their own Peril.

† He has summ'd together all the Reasons assign'd by the Poets for the Dew, tho' they chiefly had but one, and

being obliged to follow her, had, by this Time, put off his Night-cap, and put on his Cassock of fine Gold, and incircled his Head with glorious Rays. The *Minutes*, who are his Pages, help'd to make him ready, while the *Horses* having dress'd his *Horses*, and given them their Oats, were putting them into the Chariot *. It was easy for Men hence to judge, that it would not be long before he would appear in the Celestial Vault; but they slighted his Brightness, and having just broke off a Debauch that had lasted for twenty-four Hours, they turned Day into Night, and went for the most Part to Bed: Nay, just then, when the Gods were ready to go about their ordinary Employments, Mortals seem'd to upbraid their Supinities; their greatest Business was to banish all Care, nor could they now prostrate themselves at any Altars, but those of *Bacchus* and *Sleep*. *Jupiter*, who formerly used to receive the early Addresses of such

as that was, that it consisted of the Tears of *Aurora*; yet they can't tell why this poor Girl should cry so every Day: But, say they, it was for the Death of her Son *Memnon*. How full of Pity this poor Creature is, to weep ever since the War of *Troy*, in which *Memnon* was killed! This last Invention is better than any, where he says, the *Horses*, &c.

* Why may not the Sun be said to want a Night-cap, since the Romancers lull him as often to Sleep, and call him up as many Mornings, as ever the *Hoflers* did a Country Carrer: 'Tis besides plain, that his Beams were made to take on and off, by his lending them to his Son *Phaeton*. *Imposuitque Coma Radios*, says *Ovip*, lib. 2. As for the Business of his Attendants, we have Authority for it:

*Jungere Equos Titan, Velocibus imperat Horis,
Jussa Deo Celeres peragunt, Ignemque vomentes;
Ambrosia succo Saturnis, præcepibus, Altiis,
Quadrupedes ducunt adduntque Sonantia.*

of THULE; or, The Island of LBYE. 183

as ador'd him in his Temples*, was very much surpris'd at this Alteration, and not thinking proper it should be said, that while Mortals rioted in all Sorts of forbidden Pleasures, the Gods should be subject to infinite Toil (as for Example, the *Jen*, who perfect'd his Course with that Diligence, that he had not the Leisure to wipe off the Sweat by the Way) he resolv'd to treat his Companions at a solemn Banquet.

He communicated his Design to *Juno*, who was then in Bed with him; but she, being of a very high-gardly Temper, was not willing that he should put himself to so large an Expence; and, to persuade him from this Resolution, she told him, she had not Nymphs enough to entertain such a Number, and that it was a long Time since *Pallas* had made Her any Cloth †.

Now you are to note by the Way, that this Linnen of the Gods is made of the Thread of Mortals Lives, which is still wound up in Heaven, when the *Destinies* have finish'd it: That which belonged to virtuous and illustrious Persons, is made into Shirts, Smocks, Handkerchiefs and Table-cloths: But of that which comes from Rusticks, and those of grosser Education,

* For this Passage see *Lucan*, that when he had a Mind to hear the Petitions of Mortals, he open'd certain Port-holes to listen, and, when he was weary, shut them again.

† *Juno's Avarice and ill Nature have always render'd her remarkable, and Pallas is famous for more Arts than Spinning. The noxious Spider might have been a Goddess, had not Arachne, when a Girl at School, contended with her old Mistress, who could then see to work without Spectacles, she gives her this advice:*

*Tibi Fama perarot,
Inter Mortales faciendæ maxime Telo,
Cedæ Dæ.*

is made into Kitchen Linen and Dish-cloths; so that there is nothing in this World lost; and commonly when it rains, it is *Juno* who is washing: But, notwithstanding all she could remonstrate to her Husband, as to the Trouble she should have in getting her Linen washed after this great Banquet, he called *Mercury* with a loud Voice, and commanded him to invite all the Gods and Goddeses of the Universe to sup with him in his Palace, which *Vulcan* had built upon the Top of Mount *Olympus*. *Mercury*, the Child of Obedience, immediately put on his flying Shoes, and his wing'd Hat, took his *Caduceus*, perused the Catalogue of the Gods whom he was to invite to the general Assembly, and took his first Flight to the seventh Sphere, where, finding *Fate*, *Nature*, *Fortune*, *Prometheus*, *Janus*, *Terminus*, and certain other Gods, with *Saturn* in his own Palace, he discharged himself of his Duty and Message to them. From thence he passed thro' the fourth Heaven, where, finding the *Sun* newly entered his Career, he spoke to him at the Side of his Chariot, without giving him any Occasion of Stay. This God promised him he would drive his Steeds somewhat faster than usual, and that he would make as much Haste as if he took fresh Horses at every Sign, in order to be at the Place appointed in Time. *Mercury* having left him, comes down to the Earth, because neither *Mars*, nor *Venus*, nor the *Moon*, were yet possess'd of their several Heavens. He went first to the *Isle of Lemnos* to *Vulcan*, whom he found very busy in making of *Thunder-bolts* to furnish *Jupiter's Magazine*, because the Iniquities of Men were become so great, that there was need of an infinite Number to punish them all. He desired him to leave his Work for a while, telling him that *Jupiter* was to make a Banquet, to which he was order'd to invite him, and that he had the same Message to his Wife and Son. *Vulcan*, who was not used to Compliments, answered him with a frowning Countenance, that he did not understand what Rules of Civility obliged him to let

let him go into his Wife's Chamber while she was yet in Bed; that, as for his Son, he might freely go to him. Whereupon *Mercury* went out of the Forge into a Chamber, and there found *Cupid* playing with his little Trinkets, as Children usually do. Having asked him what he was about, he answered, that he was going to wash his *Head-band*, which had lain dirty ever since he had worn it; and that, if he had consumed the Hearts of so many Lovers, and made them shed so many Tears, it was for no other End than to get Water and Ashes enough to make the Lye. The Embassador of the King of the Gods laughing at this excellent Invention, told him the Occasion of his Visit, and desired him to acquaint his Mother therewith, then took Leave of him, as also of *Vulcan*, cursing him for a jealous Coxcomb, that had a Wife so handsome and would leave her so early in the Morning, only because he would be before-hand with other Workmen; nay, I have heard say, he was then making the very Net in which he afterwards caught *Mars* and his Wife, and made others Judges of her Beauty as well as himself. *Pullan*, who knew *Mercury* to be a light-finger'd Chap, had his Eyes on his Tools when he went away, but seeing he had not meddled with any Thing, dismissed him peaceably. He having Occasion to cross the Sea, gave Notice to *Neptune* and all his Maritime Court; so that he soon acquitted himself of his Embassage to them; from thence he went to *Æolus*, and did the same. That done, in one continued Flight he got into *Thrace*, and having found *Mars* burning his Armour under a Tent, he invited him with the same Ceremony, as he had done the others. Having by this Time traversed the whole Earth, he forgot not in his Way, *Ceres*, *Bacchus*, *Priapus*, *Pan*, the *Muses*, and an Infinity of other Gods and Nymphs, both of the Forests and Fountains, and having learn'd the Place

* Says *Neptune* to *Æolus*,

Non illi Imperium Pelagi Sævumque Tridentem,
Sed *Mibi* Sortè datum

Place where the *Sun's* Sister was gone, he went and spoke to her. But, besides all this, there yet remain'd behind that Part of his Embassage, which was to the *Duties of Hell*. He descends into those Profundities, and in his Way meeting certain Shades, who only staid for his Company to pass the *Acheron*, he drove them before him with his Rod as a Shepherd drives his Sheep. Tho' he might have easily flown over the River, yet he went into the Ferry-boat for the Sake of the Ferry-man, whom he ever profess'd a Friendship for, there being some Relation between their several Charges. The Fare for each Shade being paid, they placed themselves in the Boat, and *Charon* took his Oars in Hand, while *Mercury* address'd him to this Effect; Have not I employ'd my Time well, since I have enter'd an Association with you? And is there not Reason thou shouldst be oblig'd to make me some annual Present, seeing I am so diligent in stirring up all those that are born under my Planet to a profess'd Study of Cheats and Rogueries, whence there happens so many violent Deaths that they must needs swell thy Bags much? Besides which, when I observed the *Shears* wherewith one of the *Destinies* cuts off the *Threads* of Men's Lives were all rusty, and not able to cut but by Halves, whence it happen'd that there were many hurt, and few kill'd outright, I took them and caus'd them to be ground at my own Charge; so that at this present Time they cut so well, that Men die with the least Touch without any Languishing. And to the End we might the sooner grow rich, I have found the Means to corrupt those three *Spinsters*, and have gain'd them to our Side; they have promis'd me they will make their *Thread* so small, that it shall break ever and anon, and that when it breaks, they will gain at least an Inch of the Length that *Fate* hath allotted them.

Alas!

* *Mercury*, who was the Patron of Thieves and Cheats, was certainly fitter to go there than either Ulysses, Aeneas, or Telemachus.

Alas! how unprofitable are our Designs, replies *Charon*: For when we have reckon'd up all the Advantage we can, 'tis but to haften a Gain, which; at one Time or other we are certain of. Yet, were it a good Enterprize, what signifies our making so much Expedition to deliver Men from Earth, when they cheat us by being enroled among the Gods? for there are so many deified, that my Profit is much the less for it. If this Custom is continued, I must present a Petition to *Jupiter* and *Pluto*, to beg of the one that he will not deprive me of my *Dues*; and of the other, that he will abate of the *Rent* of this *Boat*, for which I pay him an excessive Rate: And if I receive not Justice, I will go into the World again, and keep a Boat somewhere on the River of *Thule*; for there are so many Diversions on those Banks, that I shall be of Service to *Pluto* in preparing Sinnenets to people his Dominions, and at the same Time get more than I do here; but whether I thought I should thrive better there or not, yet I think I must keep to that Resolution: For, my Friend *Mercury*, here is a World of News stirring. Among the *Low-Hunters* and *Projectors* thou brought'st me a while since, there is one of them the most mischievous that ever was: He is become our King's *Ear-wig*, and feeds him with damnable Projects: He hath propos'd building a *Bridge* over the River, and hath endeavour'd to make it appear to him, that it will be more commodious than my *Boat*, because then the *Shades* may at any Time pass over in Troops, without staying at all on the Shore, as now they do. Besides all this, it is taken into Consideration, that the *Souls of Brags*, which come hither to stay a while, and return into other *Bodies*, might get over thick and three fold: And, which is more than all, there are many proud Spirits of *Sagub's*, *Captains*, and rich *Blamens*, which would enter *Hell*, home in *Sedans*, some on *Horseback*, and some in *Coaches*, all which might be easily provided for. *Pluto* would gain much by this Design; for where now they give the Corps but a *Shroud*, Men would

would not then dismiss it without some rich Robe, and they would bury it with its richest Treasures, seeing the dead Party permitted to carry them into Hell. Now, I do not suffer in my Boat either Bag or Baggage, for fear of being overladen †; and if any one has ever so little, he leaves it behind on the Shore, where I lay it up, and have always contrived to turn it to my own Profit *. Our King has been informed of it, and being desirous to appropriate all to himself, he will very shortly cause the Water Sledges of his Bridge to be planted: I know not whether I shall receive the Toll of those that pass over; but if I should, yet will my Gains be much diminished.

Charon having so said, Mercury promised him his best Endeavours to do something for him with Pluto; and thereupon being come to the Shore, he entered Hell, and went to look for the King of the Shades. Having found him in his Chamber discoursing with Proserpine of his ancient Loves, he invited them both to Jupiter's Banquet; and recovering the Earth again, he remembered that he was yet to speak to Peace, Honour, Victory, Virtue and Fame, which he was somewhat stroubled at, for he knew not where to find all these Deities †. At last bethinking himself that they must needs reside in good Houses, he went to a certain King's Palace, and having put on the Form of a Page, he asked the first Courtier he met, whether he knew where Virtue was? He shewed him up a narrow Pair of Stairs, telling him he would find her there. Mercury went up to the very Top; and then into divers Chambers, where he found a great many People diversly employed; some were at Dice, and, at every Cast, they threw out

Blas-

phemy.

† ———— Genuit sub pondere Cymba

has Sutilis, & multam accepit rimosa Paludem.

VIRO

† Porritor ille Charon.

† They having left the Earth, when Aстреa had quitted it.

Blasphemies, as though their Imprecations had been Words of Conjurati^on to make them win. There were others discoursing of certain publick Affairs, wherein they regarded nothing but their own private Interests; and there were many others whose Employment was to sing, dance, drink, and gallant the Ladies: There were likewise Poets and Orators, who maintained that all their Actions were virtuous; but Mercury would not be deceived by them, and discovered at the End of a Gallery, Fraud, Flattery, and Ambition, debating the Fortune of a Favourite; and asking them where Virtue was, these lewd Goddesses laughed, and said, they had no Acquaintance with her, she is too rough and unmanly, and does not understand how to behave with common Civility, and keep up a Correspondence with the World; and that he would never find her but among rustick and simple People. He vanished immediately, and fled into a very rural Place, entered into a little retired Cottage, found a poor Country Fellow just expiring, and asking him some Tidings of Virtue, the poor sick Man told him, that while he lived, his Endeavour had always been to have her in his Company, and that she had just left him, having recommended him to his good Genius to conduct him to the Elysian Fields; but that he did not believe his Children had retained her, tho' it was always his Desire that she should be entertained by them. Mercury being troubled at this, bethought him that it was most likely Virtue was among those who taught her Precepts to others, and so he went into an University among the Philosophers: he there found nobody but Vociferation, Pride, Doubt, and Vanity. He walked up and down; at length entering the Library, he perceived the Goddess he was in Search after seated among the Books. Having asked her what she did there? she told him, that she had no other Abode; and that, tho' many came there to seek her, yet they never carried her away with them, being better pleased to leave her where they had found her. Mer-

cury

cury told her, that he came to invite her to Supper in the Palace of *Olympus*, whereat she was very joyful, for she had long since wished to quit the *Earth*, as well as *Justice*. He thereupon asked her where he might find the other *Deities* he looked for, and whether *Fame* and *Honour* ever came into her Company? No, says she, go seek those who drink lustily, and those who are great Gamblers, or that are excessively expensive, there you will find them. As for *Peace*, she is only to be found among those that have nothing, and *Victory* among those who are most treacherous. Mercury having got this Intelligence, went presently to seek for those *Deities*, who all promised him to come to the Banquet, except *Fame*; she excused herself by saying, that *Ambrosia* was not made for her, and that she fed on nothing but *Wind*. Mercury observing that she had an hundred Mouths, bethought him it was well done of her not to come to *Jupiter's* Palace, seeing she must have brought *Famine* along with her, and that *Juno* would not have bidden her very welcome, taking her rather for a Monster than a Goddess*. After that, the Ambassador found *Aurora* in a Wood, where she sought a *Huntsman*, whom she was in love with. Having delivered his Message to her, he returned to the Palace of Mount *Olympus*, to see what they were about there. As for the Gods, who were Fellow Commoners at his Father's Table, he invited them not; the Ceremony to them was needless. He found them all employ'd in the Preparations for the Ban-

* This Reason corresponds exactly with Virgil's Description; and if Sir Hudibras is right, she might have created an unsavoury Smell at the Table:

Monstrum horrendum ingens, cui quot sunt Corpore Plumæ,

Tot vigiles Oculi—

Tot Linguae, totidem Ora sonant, tot subrigit Aures—

—Tam ficti pravique tenax, quam nuntia Veri.

Banquet, and divers others who were obliged to give Attendance on their great King were already come.

Vulcan, who is accustomed to be near the Fire, had the Charge of *Head Cook*, and was assisted by the *Cyclops*, whom he had brought with him; he was a pleasant Spectacle in his green *Waistcoat*, his white *Apron*, and black *Nightcap* coming down over his Ears. The first Meats they prepared was *Ambrosia*, which they disguised many Ways, because that Food, which was very common with the Gods, was not of any Delicacy when dressed after the usual Manner. *Vulcan* made some into *Broth*, stewed some, fried some, some he dressed *Hotchpotch* ways, and some he disposed like *Oat-Cakes*: But all this being not sufficient, he represented to *Jupiter*, that seeing he was resolved to make a solemn Banquet, there must be other Meats provided. *Jupiter* giving him a Commission to provide what he thought proper, he ordered *Plato* to be called, and some other *Philosophers*, whom he had purposely sent for out of the *Elysian Fields*. He commanded them to assist him, and make it appear they were not altogether unprofitable in the World, as had been often alledged against them. *Plato* was ordered to make ready the *Ideas*, which must needs be very delicate Food for divine Palates; and another *Philosopher*, whose Tenet had ever been, that *Souls* were corporeal, received Orders to take the *Souls* of such *Beasts* as died, and especially of those which were sacrificed, and roast them on proper *Spits*, or make minced *Pies* of 'em. This is the most solid Nourishment of the Gods, and they are obliged to *Vulcan*, whose Invention was the Cause of their not being lost: Yet *Pythagoras*, who was employed in making the *Sauces*, came all in a Fume to *Vulcan*, and told him, in Maintenance of his own Doctrine, that he was to blame, and that those poor *Souls* he caused to be massacred, had once lodged in human Bodies, that they ought to return thither again, and that the Gods did not desire to make their Food of the *Souls* of Men: But it was to little Purpose, for the other *Philosophers* rushing in

into the Kitchen, said, that tho' they were the *Souls of Men* they made ready, yet they should think themselves very happy to become the Nourishment of the *Body of the Gods*, and to be made a Part thereof. Notwithstanding all this, when he saw the *Neck of a Pullet* struck off, he cried out as loud as tho' his own Throat had been cut: Besides, he very much disturb'd the *Cooks*, being desirous to beat his *Numbers* into their *Heads*. He taught them, that there ought to be *ten Pieces* in every *fried Mess*, that it might not be without *Harmony*, and that it might have all its *Conveniences* and *Proportions*: And if they dress'd any *Ambrosia*, he instructed them to dispose it into *three Messes*, affirming, that that Number was the *Measure of all Things*, and that the Gods delighted in an *uneven Number*. *Vulcan*, who understood nothing of this *Philosophy*, took a *Ladle* out of one of the *Kettles*, and striking him therewith with as much Fury and Good-will as if it had been a Dog that had eaten a *Shoulder of Mutton*, bid him not interrupt him any more, but go and make use of his *Arithmetick* in the *Hall*, and see if there were the Number of *Trenchers* and *Chairs* that were wanting. What anger'd this *Master-Cook* the more was, that, in making towards him, he had, with his *crooked Leg*, overturned a *Mess* of *Ambrosia*, which had been set on the *Hearth* to keep warm; so that he repented he had not made *minc'd Meat* of that *Philosopher*, as he had done of the *Souls of Beasts* *. When his Anger was a little over, considering, that what was prepared would not be sufficient for so great an Assembly of the Gods, he found Means to dress them another most exquisite *Dish*, but was oblig'd first to propose it to *Jupiter*, without whose Permission he could do nothing. He

waited

* *Vulcan was the fittest for the Kitchen, as being always nearest the Fire, as Pythagoras was for the Sauces, because he was best acquainted with Herbs and Fruits; tho' this sufficiently exposes the ridiculous Tenets of several other famous Philosophers.*

waited on him, and told him, that, among the *Celestial Bodies*, there were many living Creatures which were wholly useless there, and that there would never happen a better Opportunity to eat them than the present. *Jupiter* would not give his Consent, so that *Vulcan* was obliged to speak to this Effect; May it please your Majesty, it is a long Time since you have made an Entertainment, and they say, that no Feast is like that of a *Miser's*; it is not to your Credit to be at the Expence of a small Matter. Mortals will not shew you the Reverence they do, if it should come to their Knowledge that you keep no better Cheer than they. Do not you observe how they kill the *Beasts* they have on *Earth* for their Nourishment? Why will not you do the like by those you have in the *Sky*?

Jupiter, overcome by the Reasons of his *Son*, bid him send his *Cyclops* to take down all the *Signs* that were good Provisions. The Business was as soon done as spoken; so *Brontus*, *Pyragmon*, and some others of the *Scullions*, brought away the *Hare*, the *Swan*, the *Dolphin*, the *Whale*, the *Ram*, the *Bull*, the *Crab*, and the *Fishes*; all which they made ready in divers Shapes: Nay, they did not spare the *Lion*, the *Bear*, the *Scorpion*, nor the *Wolf*, and some other Beast, whose Flesh was thought somewhat hard and indigestible, which was thought to be the *Dog*; for *Vulcan* affirmed they were already half baked, because they had been so long fasten'd to the *Stars*.

In the mean time the Meat was thus making ready, *Juno* and *Iris* made it their Business to accommodate those within Doors. The Palace was built of petrified Clouds, and the Walls were enamelled with such a Diversity of Colours, that they desy'd all Tapisstry. There wanted nothing but the Sweeping of the Floor, wherein those Goddesses were somewhat at a Loss for

* Unde Fames Homini vetitorum tanta Ciborum est?
Audetis vesci Genus, O Mortales?

OVID. MET.

a Broom. In their Trouble, in comes *Aeolus*, with a great Bunch of Keys at his Girdle. He had lock'd up all the Winds within their Caves, except the Zephyr, which, as his Minion, went always with him, and brought up his Train. He perceiving the Trouble the Queen of the Goddesses was in, swell'd up his Cheeks, and blew such a Blast about the Hall, that he presently drove all the Dust before him. His Mistress, *Flora*, who could not forsake him, came presently after with several other Nymphs, who strewed Flowers all about. *Hercules*, *Mercury*, *Castor*, *Pollux*, and others of the Household, set the Tables right, laid the Cloths, and placed the Chairs. These Moveables were made of the Trees, into which Men had been formerly metamorphos'd.

Jupiter and *Juno* having put on their best Cloaths, came in to entertain the Company, and presently after enter'd *Ceres*, who caused to be brought in as good Bread as ever was baked; and, after her, *Bacchus* and *Ran*, with the *Satyrs*, who were laden with Bottles, which they discharged themselves of near the Side-Table. *Silenus*, who followed them, was the Butler, and was already so drunk, that it was thought by all that he could not drink any more; he stumbled so often, as though his Legs had been made of Tough, that they gave him a Chair, which came in good Time for him to rest his Paunch in, which was swollen like the Sail of a Ship in a full Wind. While *Ceres*, *Bacchus*, and all the Gods of the Fields were paying their Compliments, *Pluto* came in with his Wife, who, since her going to Hell, was grown so sottish, that she had forgotten all manner of Civility and Compliment, having there learned to drink Gin, and other strong Waters: She made a Courtesy to the Company, and, with a rustick Simplicity came and spoke to *Jupiter* to this Effect: We must confess, indeed, Father, you do us a great Favour to invite us to Supper here; we were sad enough at home: when we were got into our Chariot to come out of Hell, our Dog came and leaped upon me, and did so lick and

kiss

kiss my Cheeks, with his three Tongues, that I could hardly part with him. I thought once to have brought him with me; he would have done you some Service in turning the Spit; and then you cannot think what a pretty Cur he is! he dances on his hind Feet, and fetches any thing you cast from you. You have done much better to leave him behind you, Daughter, replied *Jupiter*; for besides that, he not being a Dog to be carried in one's Sleeve, we have others here whom he might have bitten with his six Ranks of Fawns. Do not you know well that we have here a Dog among the Stars? 'Tis he that picks the Bones of the Celestial Fowls which are sometimes eaten at our Table; and as for your's, he should only pick the Bones of dead Men. But how comes it you have not brought my Son *Minos* with you? If we should have brought him, answered *Pluto*, assuming the Discourse, the two other Judges and the Destinies, the Furies and *Charon*, would have come likewise, and in the meantime you know they cannot quit their Employments for a Moment, without a Design of destroying all Mankind.

As *Pluto* ended this Remonstrance, the Arrival of *Mars* dazzled the Assembly with the glittering of his Armour. His Mustachos were turned like the Guard of a Poignard, that so it might seem his very Face was armed, and his Eyes were fiery as those of a Lion in a Fury; yet was there nothing but what was honourable in his Salutations to *Jupiter* and the rest; and *Venus* then entering the Hall, he who spoke of nothing but vanquishing others, confessed himself overcome. She was attended by her Son and the three Graces, who had spent the whole Day in dressing her. After her came in *Pallas*, who, in the Midst of her Gravity, had some Features which render'd her amiable. And then came the Moon, and her Brother the Sun, who having retained some of his Beams about his Head, sufficiently enlightened the Place. He was so complimentary as to salute the Ladies one after the other; but as he approached *Juno*, she started back, feeling

feeling the *Heat* of his *Mustachos*, which began to burn her *Cheek*. *Jupiter* perceiving it, told him he was to blame that he had not *batb'd* his *Chin* in *cold Water* when he laid aside his *Fire*. You do not consider that I was in such *Haste* to come hither, replies *Phæbus*, that I had not *Leisure* to cast myself into the *Sea*, where my fair Hostess *Amphitrite* every Night prepares me a *Barb*; she entertains me there at mine Host's Table: I am afraid she will make me pay for To-day, tho' I sup not with her.

While he said this, *Neptune*, *Amphitrite*, *Palemon*, and many other *Sea-Divinities* arrived, who told him, that he was not so rigorously dealt with as he would make his Brother Gods believe, and that he had his Lodging very cheap. Their Dispute was not heard, because *Saturn*, *Janus*, and the other ancient Gods came in at the same Time, whom they were busy on all Sides to receive. There was only *Juno* who was displeased at their Coming: When she saw *Janus* with his *two Faces*, she cried out to her Husband, Did I not tell you that you would ruin yourself? You counted but *one* Person in Attendance to your Father, and behold there are *two*. This Glutton *Janus* hath *two great Faces*, and *two huge Mouths*, which can each of them devour as much Meat as *four*: I am resolved he shall not be entertained here; he shall not sit at *our Table*, for he will starve all the rest. Let him go to the *Gate*, it is his ordinary Charge to keep it. Alas! what do you trouble yourself for? says *Jupiter*: What will my Father say, when he hears you will not have him bring along with him one whom he makes so much of? Consider, that tho' *Janus* hath *two Mouths*, yet he hath but *one Belly* and *two Hands*, so that he can eat no more than any of the rest, and his *Body* can contain no more than what is reasonable: The *Mouth* which he hath behind, serves him for no other Purpose than to draw in the *Breath* which comes that Way: And I must tell you besides, that he may be of great Use at the Table, seeing that, out of Respect to *Saturn*, he must be admitted; for,
now

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now I think on it, he must be placed towards the *Side-Table*, that with his *binder Eyes* he may look to the *Wine*, which this doting *Silenus* will not husband so well, and so hinder these drunken *Satyrs*, who are to wait, from *drinking it all*. As for the Office of *Porter*, do not you trouble yourself, for I have given it the *Sagitary* of the *Zodiack*.

While *Jupiter* was giving his Wife these Consolations, the Gods were making Sport with *Janus*, who, to make it appear to them that there was nothing to be found fault with as to his Person, went and kissed *Venus* with the *Mouth behind*, and with his *Hands* drawing to him one of the *Graces*, kiss'd her with the *Mouth before*. There's a Wag, says *Phæbus*, he should have *two Wives*; he hath this Advantage over us, that he can kiss *two at once*: But you may say as well; says the subtle *Prometheus*, that he may at the same Time receive *four Boxes on the Ear*.

In the Midst of this Jestings, *Aurora*, the *Muses*, and some others arrived, so that there was a great Noise of *Chariots*, and Neighing of *Horses* at the *Paddock Gate*. *Jupiter* seeing all the Guests were come, gave Orders that the Banquet should be served up. The *Sun* and his *Sister* had Light enough about them to chase away the Obscurity of the Hall; however, to observe Order and Decency, they fastened to the Walls certain *Plates of Gold*, which, instead of *Torches*, had *Arms of Silver*, and at the *Hands* thereof there were so many *Stars* nailed.

Hereupon *Mercury*, who was the *Clerk of the Kitchen*, enters with the *Fawns* and the *Satyrs* who brought up the *Messes*, and which he disposed on the Table. *Jupiter*, *Saturn*, *Pluto*, *Neptune*, *Juno*, *Venus*, and the rest of the Company, having washed their Hands in the Water of *Eridanus*, sate them down without any Dispute, every one according to their *Quality*. The King of the Gods, according to the Custom of all great Princes, had his *Physician* on the one Side, and

his *Jester* on the other; and those were *Æsculapius* and *Momus*; the one whereof was there to oversee what Meats were proper to be eaten, and the other to carp at the Actions and Words of the Presence. The first Attack *Momus* made was at his Master, telling him, that he knew not the Reason why he had not invited *Discord* to his Banquet, no more than he had done to the Marriage of *Thetis*, and therefore he must expect she would come and sow some Dissention, which would very much incommode the Feast; and that there is not now on Mount *Ida* any Shepherd capable of deciding the Differences of the *Divinities*.

Jupiter answered *Momus*, That he had well considered what he said, and that he had already given Orders that their Enjoyments should not be interrupted; and, if he had not invited *Discord*, nor the *Furies*, *Famine*, *Envy*, *Sadnefs*, and *Poverty*, whose Company is very unpleasant, he would send them each their Mess, that they might not grumble.

While this pass'd, the greatest Part of the Gods took Bread: *Saturn* cut it with his *Scythe*, *Bacchus* with his *Pruning Hook*, *Mars* with his *Scymeter*, and divers of the rest with *Ceres's Sickle*, which she lent them: And as for Meat, *Neptune* dipp'd for it, like an honest Tar, with his *Trident*, *Pluto* with his *Sceptre*, which is made in the Fashion of a Fork, *Venus* with the Point of her Son's Dart, and the Daughter of *Latona* would needs be doing with the Point of her *Javelin*, and *Pallas* with the Top of her *Lance*; For the Gods are never without their Arms, no not even when they are at Table, because if they had them not about them, they could not be distinguished. As for Example, if you see a Picture or Statue of *Mercury*, how will you know it is he, if he has not his *Caduceus*, his flying Hat and Shoes? It behoved them to have about them the Marks of their Divinity.

* The Gods have Need of Physicians as well as Mortals, if, as Homer affirms, they may be either hurt or sick.

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as *Jupiter*, who had his *Thunderbolt*, which his *Eagle* held in his Beak close by him; yet he thought it not so genteel to let the Gods cut *Bread* with their Arms; for *Saturn*, in using his *great Scythe*, had already saluted his Gossip *Janus* in the *Jaw-bone* with the *Handle* of it, and had made his Mouth bloody. *Mercury* was much blamed for not having given Orders for *Knives* and *Forks* at the Table, so that he was obliged to go directly and ask for some of *Vulcan's* Men, (who were left at Work) they had enough, so he returned immediately and furnished all the Company.

Momus, whose greatest Desire was to see the Gods quarrel, re-assum'd his Discourse, and said to *Prometheus*, Thou art now very proud to eat at the Table of the Gods; whereas Time was when thy own Liver was the Food of Birds. Do not renew my ancient Miseries, replies *Prometheus*, it sufficeth that *Jupiter* hath pardoned me, knowing my Offence was not so great as he thought it: He imagined, that having formed the Body of a Man, I impudently came even to *Heaven* to steal *Fire* to animate it: But I made appear to him my more modest Carriage; I only had the Invention of the *Burning-glass*, which, when I exposed to the *Sun*, I drew his *Fire* to me without stirring from the *Earth*. I am glad of this Occasion to tell thee so much, before so many Gods, who knew it not before.

It is a very commendable Thing, says *Saturn*, interrupting their Discourse, to forget old Quarrels: Should I suffer any Thing to be related of what hath happened to *Prometheus*, I see it would be my Turn at length to be made the Table Talk. In the mean time let there be no Stories made of my Fortune; I am no other than what I would be. It is true, Time hath been when I sat on the same Throne whereon *Jupiter* now sits; but it was no longer than *Innocency* dwelt among Men, and now that they are become mischievous I would not be obliged to govern them. While I reigned they cared not for *Riches*; and if the Age was called the *Golden Age*, it was because their Souls were of Gold, and not their Plate. Can it be

imagined that I, who caus'd others to live with so little *Ambition* and *Avarice*, am troubled at the Loss of my Kingdom? And may it not easily be discovered, that it became me to shake Hands with the Affairs of the World, for to enjoy that Tranquillity which others had enjoyed thro' my Means?

While *Saturn* spoke thus, *Momus*, who knew he *contemn'd* not the Royalty but because he could not obtain it, went and made a thousand wry Faces behind him, and had a great Inclination to answer him, but was hindered by a great Shout of Laughter which happened at the lower End of the Table. *Jupiter*, desirous to know the Occasion thereof, was told, that the God *Terminus*, who had no Arms at all, had bow'd down his Head into a *Platter* to eat some *Ambrosia*, dress'd with the *Nectar Sauce*, and that the Mess was so hot that it had *burnt off his Nose and Lips*. What Pity it is, alas! poor God! says *Momus* with a *Scogan's* Gesture, I know not who hath maim'd him in that Manner; he hath neither *Legs* nor *Thighs*, yet had he but *Arms and Hands*, he might go on his *Ass* like a *Wasb-Bowl*, whereas now he must be always carried in a *Chair* like a sick Person to an *Hospital*. You who make a Laughing-stock of him, says *Jupiter*, my Will is that you go and feed him. With all my Heart, said *Momus*; and thereupon going behind him, he took some Meat on a Trencher, and having given him a *little Bit*, he ate up the *rest* himself. *Jupiter* seeing his Knavery, bid him come away from him since he fed him after that Manner, and bid *Destiny*, who sat next him, take Care of him. After that, observing there were divers others who complained that the Messes were *too hot*, he commanded *Zephyrus* to take some Course with them; so this God getting up on his Chair, did so *shake* his *Wings* and *blow* with his *Mouth*, that they were all presently *cooled*.

But this was not all, for at the other End of the Table there was the God of *Silence*, who was much troubled

troubled because he could not eat, and thought it was to no Purpose to invite him to the Banquet, if he had not the Power to do as others did. Time hath been that he was contented with only putting his *Finger* on his *Mouth* to hinder him from *speaking*, but of late he had found out a more assured Course, and that was by *locking* his two *Lips* together with a *Padlock*; yet this Invention brought its Inconvenience with it, especially at this Time, he not being able, by reason thereof, to put *one Bit* into his *Mouth*. He made Signs to those whom he conceived his Friends to take Compassion on him, but there every one was for himself; and *Fate*, who kept the *Key* of this *Padlock*, had forgot to bring it with him. There was no other Way than to apply to *Vulcan*, who was the Maker thereof. He understanding well the Pain that poor God was in, out of Charity sent one of his *Cyclops*, who, with one *Stroke* of his *Hammer*, broke it open; but it put the God of *Silence* to the Danger of losing *half his Teeth*, for the Blow fell on his *Chin*, and was like to have broke his *under Jaw*. He afterwards ate, but not without great Difficulty and much Pain, for it was a long Time since his *Teeth* had been any ways employed. The Action of his Eating was so ill favoured, that he made Sport for all at the Table, yet it was soon over, and all were quiet and well pleased, except *Venus*, who complained that *Priapus*, who sat next her, lay so heavy upon her, that he had well nigh *overbeated* her. She had on a Robe so thin and transparent, that one could not be well certain whether she was *clad* or *naked*; so that good Companion, blowing like a Horse that scents his Oats, clapp'd his *Hands* every now and then on her *Thigh*, and was much amazed that he felt nothing but Silk *. *Jupiter* fearing some *Scandal* might arise through his In-

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* Nothing can be more proper than seating *Priapus* and *Venus* together, since we very seldom find them asunder.

continence, caused him to be placed next to *Minerva*, who, being armed, admits not such easy Embraces, and is a terrible Mistress. Whereupon *Venus* swore by *Styx*, that from that Time forward she would never be clad so thin, neither should the *Graces* or her Son. Whereat *Momus* jeeringly said to her, Do you think to be *Venus*, and not go stark-naked? How will the Gods know you? And your Son, when he is once cloath'd, will he be taken for what he is? What hath he to do with *Cloathing*, since he never feels any Cold? But, I pray, how would you cloath him? Shall he put on *Breeches*? or shall he still wear a *Bib*? I see what the Matter is, you would tempt *Fortune*; it will not cost you much to cloath him; for he is so little he may be put in one's Pocket; and besides, the *Suit* you shall make him will last a long Time, for he grows not at all. But tell me, I pray, hath he given over crying in the Night? Doth the little Knave keep his Bed clean? Doth he not cacca in his Quiver for want of a Chamber-pot? Can he feed himself? How many Teeth hath he? If you are troubled with him, your best Way would be to bestow him on some Princess on Earth; she might haply be very tender of him, and would play with him as tho' he were some little Dwarf?

This divine Jester directed all these Encounters to *Cupid*; who, to be revenged of him, began to make ready his Bow; but *Venus* told him, that the green and yellow Capucbin which *Momus* wore was Proof against his Darts. In the mean time *Momus*, by Order of *Jupiter*, commanded the *Tritons*, who stood by all this Time, to play on their Cornets, and appointed some *Fawns* to play on their Flutes, that, by the Sound of their Instruments, they might not suffer the Jaw-Bones of the Gods to be idle: He himself play'd his Part with them on the Bells he had at his Knees, with which he made an agreeable Sound in dancing. He had also a Stick and two Swines Bladders, with Pease in them, fastened to the Ends, where-with he kept Time with the rest upon the swollen Cheeks

Chords of the loud *Musick*, which must needs yield an excellent *Harmony*.

The second Course being set on the Table, the Gods were extremely amazed at the new Sort of Meats that were served up to them. The *Ideas* they found most excellent; yet *Esculapius* said to *Jupiter*, Let your Majesty recommend this to others; this Kind of Meat is not proper for you, it is too windy; *Saturn* and *Fate* hearing this, took all to themselves; which was no more to them than a *Strawberry* to a *Swine*; though the Doctor told them also, that he knew well their Constitution; that these *Ideas* would prove purgative to them, and that he saw they would have a great Effect on them. As for the *Souls* that were fried, he permitted *Jupiter* to feed of them; assuring him they were extremely nutritive. Hence grew an Occasion of drinking a great Quantity of *Wine* and *Nectar*, for *Vulcan* had seasoned the Sauces a little too much. *Ganimede* gave *Jupiter* to drink, *Hebe* to *Jano*, and the *Satyrs* to all the other Gods. Now the good *Janus*, who had been charged to take Care that these brave *Cup-bearers* did not drink, had, at the Beginning, well discharged himself of his Duty, and had railed at two *Satyrs* who had *top'd off* a *Bottle*; but at length his Faithfulness was corrupted. They promised him, that if he would be quiet, they would give him as much as any *six others*. He having accepted their Proposal, while one gave him a *Glass* before, the other gave him one behind. In the mean time the *Satyrs* drank by Turns at the Side-Table, without any Fear of *Silenus*, who by this Time was fallen asleep in his Chair, and snored so loud, that he made almost as much Noise as the *Musick*. Altho' *Janus* had two Faces, yet he had but one Head; so that the *Wine* and *Nectar*, which he had liberally taken of, began to fume in his Brain, and very much troubled him: Being now arrived to a Loss of all Modesty and Temperance, he drank a Health to *Bacchus*, desiring he would pledge him. *Bacchus* asked for *Wine*, but the *Waiters* being

busy about somewhat else, did not hear him. He perceiving himself so carelessly attended, took his *Knife* and knocked several Times on the *Table* as hard as he could in order to make them hear: Which Action was very ill taken; for it seemed he thought that he was in some Tavern: Yet *Jupiter* pass'd it over, knowing the good Humour of the Companion, and being desirous to give *Janus* and him *their Loads*: Holo! there, says he; fill them their *Wine*. Sing, my Boys: Begin, *Janus*, thou art the Challenger in this Combat. What will your Majesty have me sing? replies *Janus*: Shall I say something of this Liquor that elevates the Heart? Sing what you will, says *Jupiter*. Whereupon *Janus* sung what he knew, and that so admirably, that never was any Thing to compare with it; for the *Mouth before* was the *Base*, and that *behind* the *Treble*; so that he alone made an excellent Musick of two Parts, except that every now and then it was interrupted by a certain *Hyccough*, which discovered the Generosity of his Heart, that still thrust back every Thing distasteful to it. *Bacchus* having taken his full Bowl, sung,

Great Alexander so loved Wine, &c.

making, withal, an harmonious Clattering with *two Trenchers* one against the other; he burden'd his Song with turning of his Eyes, and such waggish Postures that made the Company very merry. This egg'd every one to promote a *Debauchment*, and it came so home, that the very Goddesses were at their *Rubies on their Nails* *.

Upon this, *Mercury* usher'd in the third Course, which consisted altogether of Celestial living Creatures: There was both *Flesh* and *Fish*; so that there was no small Amazement at this Diversity of Meats.

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* The Drunkenness of the Gods is to be imputed to those Authors who have made them guilty of all other Vices, and we find that their Representatives here on Earth are often besotted.

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Jupiter said, he would have the Pleasure of the Company's guessing where such different Services could be found; and that, after Supper, he would tell them the Truth. The most of them sed without being desirous of being informed what it was they sed on, and there remained not a fourth Part that were anxious to be satisfied therein.

As to the last Course, it was very sumptuous; for *Pomona* had brought of all Sorts of *Fruits*, and the *Cooks* made *bak'd Devices*. *Proserpine* ate very heartily of *Tarts* and *Biskets*, and put some into her Pocket, saying, they were for her Darling *Alceſo*. This was not thought well of; and it was easily perceived that the good Lady thought herself at some *Country Wedding*: But they had not Time to take Notice of it, because there were heard such loud Cryings at the Entrance of the Hall, that every one enquired into the Cause thereof. *Mercury* came and told them, that it was only the *Pedees* of *Mars* were at *Fisticuffs* with the *Pages* of the *Sun*, for the *Leg* and the *Soul* of a *Turkey Hen*, which they had snatched from some who had taken it away. *Jupiter* commanded *Pythagoras* to be sent to them, to recommend them to be silent; as for *Harpocrates*, who was the God of *Silence*, he could not now hold his *Peace* himself, his *Mouth* being opened, and therefore was so much the more incapable of causing others to hold theirs: Besides, it was now but requisite that he should enjoy the present Satisfaction which he took in speaking while he had the Means and Liberty. It must be supposed the Pleasure he took in it was so much the greater, by how much it was more than ordinary with him: Not to mention that the good Chear he had partaken of had so possessed his Brain, that he had quite forgot his Quality.

This Tumult being appeased, they looked towards *Fanus*, who being quite drunk, was grown very insolent. When Supper began, he had put on his *Serpent* that bites its own Tail, like a Scarf; but now he had taken it off, to bestow it about the Ears of those

who were near him ; and he would needs go play the Tumbler, and make *Hay-passes*, as if it had been thro' a Hoop, had they not hindered him. Being disappointed of this Diversion, he beset himself to prattle with both his Tongues together. His two Mouths abused one the other, contradicted and belied each other ; and presently becoming Friends again, desired one the other to drink. If the one laugh'd, the other cried ; and if he had promised any thing with the Mouth before, he performed never the more for that, for that behind recalled it, saying, it had not consented thereto. Besides, the Face he had backward was the more ancient, and, to seem knowing, it would never be of the same Opinion with the other, which was its younger Brother.

Jupiter seeing Juno did nothing but lowr at all this, caused the good Janus to retire and be disposed on some Bed. Then the Table was removed, and the nine Muses tuned their Instruments. While they were singing three or four new Airs, Mercury, Vulcan, Momus, the Cyclops, the Tritons, the Satyrs, and the rest who had waited, had Leisure to sup. As soon as they had done, the Tritons were sent for to give the Company a Dance by the Noise of their Cornets. Having open'd the Ball, Jupiter took Juno ; Mars, Venus ; the Sun his Sister ; and so every one his Mate ; Among the rest, Fate took Fortune, and it was a pleasant Sight to see him dance in his Night-gown with that light Goddess, who ever being accustomed to go on a Bowl or a Wheel, tripp'd it strangely on a firm Floor. She shak'd him so vigorously, that one of his Slippers dropp'd off from his Foot, his Night-cap fell from his Head, and his Spectacles fell down, which he had put on to see if he observed his Paces right. Vulcan, Momus, Mercury, and some others, were not in the Dance ; they had an Itch to play some knavish Pranks, in order to make the Company merry,

Authors don't agree what Bath Janus had been dippl'd in, but he was certainly very much metamorphos'd.

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merry, and that was to act a *Comedy*. *Vulcan*, who was not much acquainted with Affairs of this Nature, said, there needed no more than to take a certain Piece of a *Greek Poet's*, wherein the Author had made them all speak in such a Manner as they could easily find what they had to say. That would be too rustick, says *Mercury*; we must do something that is new. We have here in the House the *Muses*, who are more knowing than the *Poets*, by reason they inspire them: Yea, to tell you the Truth, they will not shew us any thing that is proper for us, such is their Pretence to Chastity and Preservation; and I do not see how those who make Love Verses can imagine they assist them therein, when they never make any themselves. However, I must tell you, that we will not want for *Poetry*, if we please, tho' we have neither *Homer* nor *Hesiod*; for we have *Pythagoras* and *Plato*, who talk as strange Things as the *Poets*. *Vulcan* approving of this, called these Philosophers; and *Pythagoras* being acquainted with the Design of these Gods, said to them, As to the *Subject* and *Discourses* of your *Comedy*, seek out another Author; but if you will disguise yourselves, and entertain the Company with a *Mummery*, I promise you my best Assistance. I understand the Business of Lots as well as any body, and particularly that of the *Dye*; I can make you *cast* *Passage* at every *Cast*. I can tell a little how to *cheat* too, says *Mercury*: Come, let us do that, there needs not much Preparation. That said, they resolved to represent the divers Qualities of Mortals, which was a Custom they constantly observed, merely to be revenged on Men, who always in their Comedies represented the Gods.

While they were looking for *Cloaths* and *Vizards* to disguise themselves, the other Gods broke off their Revelling; and having seared themselves in proper Manner, began to talk merrily of their ancient Love. There was only *Saturn* that would not bear a Part these Enjoyments; he went to hold *Janus's* El who was disgorging into his *twice double-lined* Ben

Being returned, he made the whole Presence laugh; for he began Discourses so simple and fond, as soon discovered he was so old that he had renewed his Infancy. In the mean time *Venus*, desirous of some other Diverſion, jeer'd *Jupiter* for having forced him so often to change his Shape. The best Thing she said to him was, that he had not practis'd his Transformations seasonably; and that it was not for *Europa* that he should have changed himself into the Shape of a Bull, but for *Io*, whom himself had changed into a Cow; because if they had both assumed the Bodies of the same Animals, they had done better together, and they might have generated a Number of little Calves, which might have been deified, and might have grazed very decently in Heaven. *Jupiter*, desirous to prove, in the first Place, that the most chaste Deities have been sometimes overcome by Love as well as himself, brought into Play the Sun's Sister, who was near him, and shew'd, that she had been in Love with *Endymion* and *Hyppolitus*: But she alledged for her Defence, That as she never saw the one but when he was asleep, she could not receive any Love-Enjoyment from him: And that, as for the other, she loved him for no other Reason but because he had spued himself chaste; and that if he had yielded at her first Assault, she should have despised him. *Venus*, in the mean time, told *Neptune* in his Ear, She had some Reason, indeed, to slight my Son's Torch; for it was to little Purpose for her to be burnt with it, when it should burn nobody for her: I never fear'd her being the fourth among those that should strive for the Golden Apple; she's the most ugly here, and her Face is as round as a Tabor. If her Face be withal big, replies *Neptune*, she is by so much the more proper to be loved, for many may kiss her at once. But you consider not, said *Venus*, that when her Lovers expected a whole Face, should find but half a one. Do you not know he changes every Quarter of a Month, and that sometimes she increases and sometimes decreases. *Venus* having spoke thus of the Moon, summ'd up what

what Deviations she could of the other Goddesses, thinking by that Means to advance her own Beauty. She had her Belly-full of Jeering at the ugly Visage of *Proserpine* and her Cloaths, which were not in Fashion, and of her Dressing, which was so awkward, that it was easily perceived the *Infernal Furies* were her ordinary *Tire-women*. She must needs also take Occasion to laugh at the extravagant Dressing of old *Cybele*, who had *Cities* and *Castles* on her Head; but *Aurora*, who was somewhat near her, came and said to her, Do not jeer at her fair *Cypris*; it would somewhat puzzle you to find out a more commodious Fashion for an ancient and modest Goddess, as she is: I speak what I know; for ever since the Beginning of the World, I have been her *Tire-woman*, and every Morning I give her a *Gown* according to the Seasons, sometimes *embroidered with Pearls and Flowers*, and laced with *green*, and sometimes set out with *Golden Harvests* or *Silver Snows*.

While *Aurora* and *Venus* were thus engaged in Tattle, *Jupiter*, speaking of the Loves of the rest, as well as his own, said, That seeing they had all taken the Pleasure not to have abated one lascivious Prank they could have play'd, he was only amazed at one Thing, which was, that the fair *Cytherea*, Queen of *Uncastity*, after so many *Adulteries* and *Incests*, had not committed that of lying with her own Son; and that never any such Thing entered the *Brain* of the *Poets*. This Proposition was censured as abominable: So that *Jupiter* being obliged to change his Discourse, spake thus to the Assembly: I would not till now discover unto you what Meat you fed on in the last Course, but will keep you in no longer Doubt about it: They were the *Celestial* living Creatures that you were presented with. *Venus* told me but now, that I was to blame for not having transformed myself into a *Bull*, to enjoy *Io* when she was a *Cow*, whence might arise a Generation of little *Calves* to people the *Heavens*: But I should have been sorry to have had such Children; for when I should no more endure

endure *Beasts* in so brave a Country, I must have been obliged to kill *them* with the rest.

Jupiter had no sooner declared this than the whole Assembly murmured against him, and especially those who were any ways concerned in the Business. *Bacchus* was angry for having lost his *Ram*, *Hercules* his *Hydra*; and every one complain'd, that the Creatures which were dedicated to them were taken out of a Place where they did them so much Honour. The *Sun* cry'd out above all the rest, saying, he cared not whether ever he walked any more through the *Heavens*, now his former Landlords were not in the *ravelow Inns* where he used to lodge. In short it was generally concluded, that *Jupiter* was to blame for putting to death a Sort of Beasts which did him no Hurt, and which besides belong'd not to him; and that he should rather have kill'd his own *Eagle*, or his Wife's *Pheasant*, and not entertain his Guests at their own Charges. You are angry at a Trifle, says *Jupiter*; Is there any Reason there should remain *Beasts* in *Heaven*, when we send so many generous *Captains* and learned *Philosophers* to *Heaven*? What Service had we from so many Creatures, unless it were to make Pastime for the petty Gods, as *Ganimede* and *Cupid*, who made it their Employment to lead them up and down in a *String*? Moreover, if we had *he* and *she* of every Sort, you might say that some Profit might be made of *tem*, and that they might bring forth Young; but I can't tell what could induce *Astrologers* to call the Signs by the Names of *Beasts*, which they have not the least Resemblance of; but that a Set of Madmen should build their Fables on them, and so fill the *Heavens* with *Adulteries* and other Crimes, is monstrous. A certain Poet, who by his Admirers is called divine, would fain change them into a sacred Story, saying the *Lion* belongs to *Samson*, the *Ship* to *Noah's Ark*, *Taurus* to *St. Luke*, and *Virgo* and *Via Lactea* to the *Virgin Mary*; yet these monstrous Impieties are held in Esteem by Numbers of the stricter Sort of *Crosselans*.

they were all disproportionable, and if they had been any thing *hor*, I leave you to consider *what Kind* of Monsters they would have produced; as, if the *Bull* and the *Hydra* had gone together, or the *Ram* and the *Bear*. What's more than all, there would not have been any would have produced *Milk* fit to make *Cheese* with; and I suppose there is none will avow, that it had been any great Revenue to go and milk them every Day for nothing: But if haply it be said, they had some *Feathers* or *Furs* which would have served us to some Purpose, I have done well to kill them that we might have them. And to the End there should be no Partiality used as to the other *Signs* of *Heaven*, both *animate* and *inanimate*, I have caused them all to be taken away, leaving nothing but the *Stars* to give their ordinary Light. As for the *Demi-Gods* and *Demi-Goddesses*, as the *Centaurus* and *Andromedes*, I have also caused them to be removed, to wait on me in my Palace: And as for whatever was insensible, I have disposed to those Uses for which they were most fit, as the *Crows* to put on *Juno's* Head, and the *Bowl* for myself to drink out of. As for the *River Eridanus*, I do not apprehend we shall have any Occasion for it; for it runs so slow, that it was like unto a *dead Water*, which is neither good to *drink*, nor to *wash withal*, and we had much ado to get *clean Water* enough to wash our Hands before Meat, which we were obliged to strain through a Cloth to make it look a little clearer: Therefore I have caused certain *Holes* to be made in that Part of *Heaven* where this River is; so that it still glides down upon the Earth; and I believe Men are somewhat amazed to perceive it rain so plentifully. Now it is partly for their Sakes that I have caused all these *Signs* to be taken out of *Heaven*; it is to punish them for the Contempt which, some Time since, they were guilty of towards me: They shall not have the Pleasure henceforth to see the *Heavens* diversified with so many *Figures*, whence they easily foresaw many Things to come.

And this was the Remonstrance *Jupiter* made to the
rest

rest of the Gods; and, to say Truth, he had entertained such a Jealousy against *Bacchus*, *Love*, *Sleep*, and some others, who many Times were adored in his Stead, that he was big with a Design to bring some Mischief on the Gods and Men together: Yet was there not one in the Company durst discover his Resentment, bethinking themselves, that if he was truly angry, he was powerful enough to ruin them. The fair *Phœbus* well remembered the Day when he had banished him out of Heaven, and reduced him to a Posture of begging on the Earth, till at last he was recommended to some petty King to be his Cow-berd. There was not one who could not call to mind some such Token of his Indignation; but as they were ruminating on this Subject, *Comus* enters the Hall with a Torch in his Hand; *Momus* followed him, cloathed like a King, and *Vulcan* dress'd like a Queen; but he would have been so much the more disguised, if he could have forbore limping. The other Maskers were clad, some like Soldiers, others like Philosophers, and many like Tradesmen. *Pythagoras*, dress'd like a Fool, was going to repeat the Moral of the Mask, when there entered of a sudden a Sort of People that nobody knew. *Jupiter* thought they had Relation to the former Maskers; but *Vulcan* and his Brother-Actors had not introduced them. The first of the Troop, who had a flaxen, curled Head of Hair, and a Crown of *Lawrel* on his Head, advanced as far as the Middle of the Hall, and playing on a *Harp* he had in his Hand, sung these Words, O great *Jupiter*, who art obliged to render Justice to all the World, how long wilt thou suffer there should be Gods and Goddesses intermeddle with the Charges of others, and are not contented with their own? Behold, here we are a Company of Divinities, deprived of all Wealth and Honours, who come to demand your Assistance. I will tell thee one Thing that never enter'd the Thoughts of the Gods; There are in this Place a Sort of Affronters, who, besides the Charge that hath been given them, have encroached upon ours,

ours, and have given it out that we are not in the World, whence it hath happen'd that we were not invited to your Banquet. That young Gallant who stands by you, and pretends to so much Beauty with his *Golden Mustachos*, should he not be content with the conducting of the *Chariot* which brings the Day with it, but that he must likewise be the Conductor of the *Muses*? It is I that am he; I am the true *Apollo*, the Son of *Jupiter* and *Latona*, and the God of *Prophecy*, *Poetry*, and *Musick*, and he is no more than the Son of *Tytan*, and some obscure Divinity. Here is likewise my Sister *Diana* comes after me, complains of the *Moon* there, who entrenches on her Quality.

This *Apollo* would have sung more, but his Sister coming forward so soon as he had spoken of her, said to *Luna*, What Impostor is this! Thou mak'st the World believe that thou and I am but one: There are many such Testimonies of thy *Lewdness*, for thou would'st often persuade Men that thou governe'st in *Heaven*, in the *Forests*, and in *Hell*. How canst thou satisfy so many Professions? It is well known, that when thou shinest in *Heaven*, I am seen hunting in the *Woods*. I believe thou art so impudent as to say, thou mayest be in several Places, and that, when there appears but one *Half* of thee in *Heaven*, thy other *Half* is on the *Earth*: But all this granted, can'st thou be *Proserpine* too, who is the Daughter of *Ceres*? Whereas it is well known thou art the Daughter of *Latona*. Thou sayest thou art chaste, yet *Proserpine* is married to *Pluto*: But would'st thou not be called *Lucina* too, interposing thyself in *Juno's* Affairs? Dost thou not betray thy Want of Discretion, in desiring that Women in *Child-bed* should invoke thee for *Midwife*? Canst thou, who art a *Maid*, know any thing of that *Business*?

Thus *Diana*, having proceeded so far in her Harangue, was interrupted by some other Divinities who had the like Complaint to make. There was the

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the God of *Time*, who opposed *Saturn*; *Minerva*; *Pallas*; insomuch that there was not one in *Jupiter's* Assembly who was not challenged for somewhat, and he himself not being exempted, knew not well what to say. The Confusion was so great, that they could not hear one another speak; so that the Maskers finding their Design disappointed, put off their Vizard, in order to speak Face to Face to those who gave 'em Offence. Every one strove to give the most ancient Records he could of the Power then in Debate, and he that gave the best Account of his Genealogy carried it. The greatest Part of them referred the Difference wholly to the Judgment of *Plato* and *Pythagoras*; but they excused themselves, professing their *Incapacity* in that Point. *Jupiter*, *Saturn* and *Fate*, were of Opinion the Business should be referred to *Homer*, *Hesiod*, *Orpheus*, and such other Poets as had treated at large of their *Original* and *Power*: But there was not one of them had the Patience to stay till they were sent for from the *Elysian Fields*; besides, it was considered they could give but little Satisfaction, because it was their Ignorance and Carelessness that had caused all the Disorder, instead of preserving the Glory of the Gods, and had every now and then ranked among them infamous Princes, being so little thirsty of *Divinity*, that they attributed it to a *Trope* woman scorned at the Corner of a Street, if it happened that she was their Mistress.

The Gods being now ignorant whom to address themselves to for the deciding of this Difference, disputed the Matter with such Earnestness, that there began a serious Quarrel among them: *Bacchus* cut off the *Noses* and *Ears* of all that came in his Way, with his *Pruning Hook*; and *Ceres* did the same with her *Sickle*: *Apollo*, *Diana*, and *Cupid*, sent forth a great Quantity of *Arrows*: The *Muses* broke their *Harp*s and their *Timbrels* on the *Heads* of those who said any thing to them: *Venus* paid *Proserpine* about the *Ears* with one of her *Ratins*, and thrust *Piss* into her

Breech:

OF TRUCE; OR, THE ISLAND OF LOVE. 215

Brach: Saturn cut the *Hams* of all he met, with his *Scytha*. But, above all, *Mars* and *Minerva* were the most terrible, the one with his *Sword*, and the other with her *Launce*. Those who had no Arms, cast *Stools*, at one another's *Heads*: And there was not any one who was not in the *Charge*, except the God *Terminus*; he had all the Time kept his *Ass* warm on a *Cushion*, where he sat most majestically, believing all ought to give him Place, and that he was thought so redoubted, that they durst not assault him: But he was much deceived; they scorned to strike such a simple *Wretch*, whom they thought not able to hurt any body, nor had any other Faculty than that of *resisting*.

Jupiter mistrusted now that *Discord* had raised this Sedition, because she was not taken Notice of in a proper Manner: She had not her Mess. sent her soon enough; and *Sleep*, who had received Orders to keep her in *Bed*, lest she should come and disturb their Enjoyments, was fallen asleep himself, having gotten drunk in the Kitchen among the *Turn-spits*, of which he was one: She therefore waking, and being desirous of Revenge, made it her Business to stir up the modern Gods against the ancient. *Jupiter* perceiving the Disorder was very great, knew that the final Ruin of so many different *Divinities* was near at hand; and not caring any one but himself should have the Honour to end this Difference, he hurl'd his *Thunder-bolt* among the Combatants, not caring to destroy himself with them. This Blow had such an Effect, that it turned his Palace into Ashes, and since that Time there has not been any *Post* could give us an Account of those wars in it: But the more knowing Sort of Men, who I expect should give me some Credit, will from hence easily infer, that those false Gods are not now in the World; and if these cannot any more be seen in the Heavens, those living Creatures they had placed there, it is to be supposed they were all eaten up at the Banquet, as I have informed you, and that there remained nothing but *Seas*: And if Men

Men cannot observe the *Sun* and *Moon* in *Chariots* drawn by *Horses*, it is because those great Luminaries have their Dependence on an infinite Power who causes them to go alone, without having Occasion to be drawn along by those excellent Waggoners which the Folly of *Poets* had bestowed on them. Whoever therefore hereafter shall mention these *powerless Divinities*, let him be assured he shall be taken for one, who, esteeming nothing but what the *Ancients* have left us, imagines it a Matter of great Reputation to be a *Fool* with *Antiquity*.

If you think it strange what I have related, know I received it from *Pythagoras*, who, at the Beginning of the *Fray of the Gods*, went out of the Palace, and finding at the Gate the *Bow of Iris*, which is the *Ladder of Heaven*, slid down to the *Earth*, where having a long Time wandered up and down, a Fancy took him to turn *Jack-daw*, as he had once been a *Cock*: I bought him of a Bird-seller, and brought him so tame that he would come and feed out of my Hand. One Day he jump'd on the Table, where there was an Alphabet in a large Character. After he had divers Times pointed to several Letters with his Bill, I sat me down and observed him, imagining there might be some Design in it, as indeed there was; for not being able to speak, he acquainted me with his Fortune by that Invention. I should have spent many Days to put together the *Letters* he touch'd, and form them into *Words*, and besides I mistook sometimes, and misobserved the Characters; so that my *Daw* berhought him to take Ink in his Bill and write down his Intentions, to spare me that Trouble. By which Means I got from him one Part; and for the other, he told it me with his Tongue, which by little and little began to be untied, and so gave me a full Relation of the *Banquet of the Gods*. I think this *learned Bird* was unwilling I should have any more from him; for, as soon as the last Word of the Discourse I received from him was utter'd, he flew out at the

the Window, which I had left open, not thinking he would ever have forsaken me*.

Whilst ALOISA was diverting herself with this Piece of Burlesque, and comparing it with some of the most esteem'd Passages of the ancient Poets and modern Authors of Romances, her Friends, in going home, met with a fresh Rencontre. The nearest Way to their several Apartments lay by a Place much frequented by the *Beau-monde*, and consequently by Sharpers, Madona's, and Ladies of Pleasure, their constant Attendants; the worst and best Company often meet together, and the *Sagubi* and the Robber often sit Cheek by Jole. The Avenues to this Prado consist of stately Edifices, which are chiefly inhabited by Trades conducive to Luxury; the whole was formed on a very grand Design by an eminent Architect of the last Century, but Avarice, and the Niggardliness of the Possessors of this Ground, prevented his Plan from taking Effect.

When you have passed these Streets, and come to the Prado itself, you will find it to be a square Place divided into two Sections; in one, little Store-houses are built, like the *Indian Mankenatto's*, in some of which POMONA, at the dearest Prices, unloads her Apron of the choicest Fruits at all Seasons of the Year; and in the others, the Goddess CULINARIA presides in vociferous State three Times every Week: The other Section is formed into artificial Walks, and is the grand Place of Assignations for all whose Amours are not tainted with Ambition; here likewise the

Game-

* There is not a single Passage in this Banquet that bath not some latent Grace, it contains the whole Story of all the ancient Fables, digested into a natural Order. Lucian, in his Dialogues, has something of this Humour, but is very imperfect; that was design'd to deny eternal Providence, which is not here taken away with the Loss of those Names he quarrels with.

L

Convent Garden.

Gamesters meet, and contrive what Dupe they shall fleece next; one who has made *Ruin a Science*, and reduced *Chicanery* to *Rules*, is justly esteemed Chief of the Order: He is grown hoary in the Art, and, after having triumph'd over the Ignorance of Mankind for upwards of forty Years, at length, seized with Compunction at the many Enormities he had committed, threw his Knowledge into the World to be scrambled for by those who were mad or foolish enough to be deceived thereby. This experienced Officer allots them their Stations, and fixes their Posts, with as much Decorum as a Serjeant sets and relieves the Centinels.

There is indeed a Temple on the South-side of the Square, which is dedicated to the tutelar Saint of the *Crosselan Gentiles*, but it is of no other Use than by its Bell to awake the young *Rovers* of *Tbule* from Sleep after their nightly Debauches, and send them home to Bed at the same Time that it rouses the Mechanicks up to Work. There are several Places contiguous where they resort to Worship, and, like the *Flamens* and *Vestals* in other Countries, chiefly offer up their Sacrifices and Oraisons at Midnight; these may be called *Conventicles*, of which each hath its different Sectaries and Devotees; in some the *Orgies* of *BACCHUS* are celebrated, in others *VENUS* is worshipped as at *Paphos*, *Cyprus*, &c. and several of the choicest Beauties of different Complexions dance naked at her Altars, or, in various Postures, express the Rising of the Sea-born Goddess from the frothy Waves, whilst their Paramours join in the Chorus, and express their Approbation by loud Cries, and echo to the *Ompba* the most lascivious Expressions; near it, as common Sewers to catch all the Filth that runs, stand two large Buildings, designed for the Exhibition of Theatrical Entertainments; the discerning Directors of which, finding Sense and good Language over-burdensome to the Generality of their Customers, have contrived several pompous Shews
and

and Monkey Tricks in Scenes alternately blended together, by which they delight the Eye, and create Laughter, without ever perplexing the Spectators with the Trouble and Fatigue of Thinking, or pestering them with Instruction or Improvement; when this Diversion is over, no Youth in the City of *Cesar'sbourg* is reckoned polite by his Companions, or will be allowed to have regularly taken his Degrees, unless he visits a certain Female *Coptic's* on the East-side of the Square; this Priestess is held in great Repute by all her Votaries, both Men and Women, who repair here nightly to offer up Libations to pale-faced *HECATE* as she labours through her cloudy Sphere, and seldom depart till, after the Manner of the *Persians*, they have offered up their Morning Salutations to the rising Sun, whose Beams oftentimes so blind them, that they are incapable to find their Ways home; and altho' they boast Inspiration, they are led along by some feminine Conductor, like the Prophet *TIRESIAS*, who had experienced the *Pleasure and Folly of both Sexes.*

Tradition delivers down to us an odd Story of this very Spot of Ground: The *Romans*, who had once the Dominion of the whole known World, likewise subdued the Island of *Tbule*; and when their Legions were once upon a March, they found here some Lasses who had been just gathering an Orchard; the Veterans, tempted by the delicious Fruit, and the more lovely Countenances of the Wenches, broke in, and rising them, fell to Disputes amongst themselves which should have the largest Share of both; the Centurion finding them in this Confusion, severely reprimanded them, and called it *Hortus Turbae*. Whether this be true, or only a fictitious Legend, I leave to the worthy *Caledonian*, who has taken such Pains to discredit the Reverend *Geoffery ap Monmouth*, and destroy the Authority of the two *Cornish* Giants, to determine; however, this is certain, that it bears some Analogy to the present State of this famous Place, for the chief Heroes that domineer here, generally an-

pear in Habits of a Brick-dust Colour, and the prettiest *Belles* that are to be found about the *Purlieus* thereof are most commonly *Fruiterers*; nay, what is still a nearer Resemblance, the *Syndic*, who more particularly takes this District under his Care, amidst all the Toils he meets with in his Civil Capacity, more particularly exerts himself in the Military, and, dropping the Title he might assume as an *Impartial Distributer of Justice*, rather chuses the *Warrior's*, as more eligible, and better becoming the Mouth, symbolically implying thereby, that the *Gown* without the *Sword* is nothing; and that a *brown Musket* is absolutely necessary to enforce the *Laws*.

The artificial Walks (which are composed of Trees, Shrubs, &c. placed there by the *Adamites* for Sale, at the proper Seasons of the Year) appear rich in Flowers and Greens, which shine with all the variegated Hues of Nature and ever-springing Verdure, yet they are not odoriferous enough to repel the noxious Vapours which arise from the sulphurous Cells of Iniquity that abound thereabouts: The fair Out-sides of the Houses may be not improperly compared to the fine Fruit that grows upon the Lake *Asphaltis*, where once the ancient *Sodom* stood, the tempting Pomes hang beautiful to the Eye; but once opened, the Pulp proves fatal to the Person who is so audacious as to touch it, or crumbles to Ashes, to remind them of the Fire that formerly consumed that flourishing City.

FAIRE-FRANC and the young Gentlemen in Company with ALIDEA were obliged to walk home, not being able to meet with a Coach, and went this Way as being nearest to the great Metropolis: Tho' Disorders frequently happen there, yet modest People, by keeping on the Out-side of the Prado; seldom meet with any Molestation, all the Outrages and Extravagancies being generally confined within the Rails which go round the Square: But this Night a very extraordinary Affair happened, which had embroiled SALLITTIO and the lovely ALIDEA in fresh Uneasiness, had not the Conduct of FAIRE-FRANC, by a steady

steady and inflexible Resolution, extricated them therefrom.

'Tis proper to be known, that, in the *Faux-bourgs* of *Cesar'sbourg*, the *Syndics* and all their Officers are venal; 'tis not who is abused, or who has the most Right to be relieved, that is consulted; but he that is best apparell'd and has the longest Purse, is sure to gain Favour: Those Out-skirt Dispencers of Law keep a publick Mart for Justice, and hacking her to Pieces, like inhuman Butchers, sell her out at their publick Shops by Ounces and Pounds, but are very sparing of their larger Weights.

It happened on that very Night, that some of 'em finding Trade grow very dull, had issued out *Inquisitory Rescripts* to search all the Cabarers and Cells about the *Hortus Turba* for disorderly Persons; these Rescripts were of so extraordinary a Nature, that the *Spabis* who had them were directed to apprehend whatever Persons they should find out after such an Hour. Few People could imagine what it was that occasioned this unaccountable Order, it being customary for the Inhabitants to pass and repass all Hours of the Night without Interruption, provided they made no Disturbance nor affronted any Body: But some who inspect into Affairs more closely than others, don't scruple to affirm, that it was done without any Regard to the publick Good, only out of a Principle of Retaliation from the *Syndics* to the *Spabis* and inferior Officers; the *bigb Spabi*, and other Officers of the District of the *West Temple*, the better to get into their Honours Favour, had, a few Days before, swell'd their Paunches with a grand Repast, every Thing that was rich and luxurious was sought for to please their Appetites; the conscientious Gentlemen thought it would be too hard to let them be at the whole Expence and make them no Return, therefore propos'd this Method for them to reimburse themselves: It happened that the very same Night, for which these Rescripts were ordered, the young Prince *de TORT-TERRE* had made a Party with some of his

young Favourites to pay his Devoirs to the *Coptic's* Shrine. He went, as he thought, in Disguise, but every one there knew him from, the Black Servitor who assisted at the Altar, even to the very Priestess herself. As they were in the Height of their Libations, the Female Graduates being stript to perform the Mysteries of the lascivious Goddess, the *Spabis* rush'd into their Offertory; and whilst some of them convey'd away their Robes as lawful Plunder, the others seized their poor defenceless Bodies: The

X Companions of the Prince *de TORT-TERRE* found out a Back-Door for him to escape at, which he very gallantly did with several more, and left the Priestess and their Attendants to shift for themselves; but some of the Devotees, who could not get away Time enough, were seized by the *Spabis*, and the others pursued. These conscientious Officers, who pretended whatever they did was for the publick Good, were so flush'd with this Success, that they resolved indiscriminately to lay hold on all they could find, and the Prince *de TORT-TERRE* being overtaken, had certainly been seized with the rest, had not one of them known him, and persuaded the others to desist. They perceiving that there were several *Sagubis* and Men of Fashion abroad, let them escape, and contented themselves with catching only the small Game; several poor innocent Creatures, especially of the Female Sex, were hurried along with the most guilty into a dismal Dungeon, where they were crowded in such Numbers, that, notwithstanding their piteous Cries and Complaints, the obdurate and merciless Keeper suffered three of them to perish that Night, suffocated with Heat and filthy Stench; but this is most commonly the Case in *Tbule*, the guilty *Great* escape, and the *low Innocent* are punished. The execrable Perpetrator of this horrid Action, instead of meeting with the Vengeance due to so atrocious a Crime, was only banish'd from his own Country, and left at his Option to chuse what Part of the World he liked best to live in.

X *William Duke of Cumberland*

In

In the Midst of this Uproar, FAIRE-FRANC and his Company were passing by, and were stopt by the *Spabis*, who, without hearing any thing, were for hurrying them away directly; but FAIRE-FRANC, with an Air of Resolution which struck a Terror into their dastardly Hearts, demanded to be carried before the *Syndic*, which they at last reluctantly complied with: When they came there, they were informed that his Worship was at Supper, and could not be spoke with as yet. Tell him, says FAIRE-FRANC, we are not to wait his Leisure; he is to be Conservator of Peace as well as a Dispenser of Justice, and the same Laws bind *him* as another Subject. The *Syndic* being told of his high Speeches, as he called them, came out to speak to them, and judging by his Appearance and intrepid Air, that FAIRE-FRANC was a Man of more Consequence than he imagined at first, thought proper to dismiss them, severely reprimanding the *Spabis* for their Mistake; but what heightened the Scene was, that they had the Pleasure to see the wicked STILETTO confined in Company with a common Night-walker, and obliged to wait some Time to know his Worship's Will—Observe by this how much plain Honesty will prevail over stately Arrogance; it strikes an Awe into the Bloodhounds of Power, and its bright Beams are too dazzling for those Moles of Authority.

ALIDEA was very much frightened at this Adventure; but, when it was happily over, STILETTO's awkward Confinement not only gave her great Satisfaction, but afforded her Matter of much Diversion. FAIRE-FRANC having waited on them home, retired to his own Apartment, full of Reflections on the Prostitution of Justice, and the Encouragement given to Vice by those very Officers whose Business it is to suppress it, and determined within himself to probe the Wound to the Bottom, and cauterize it for the Good of the Publick the next Opportunity that should offer.

He

He went to ALOISA's in the Morning, and their Misfortune the Night before served her to rally him upon it very heartily for some Time. What a shameful Thing would it have been, said she, for so near an Attendant upon the *Arch-Flamen*, as I am informed Mr. FAIRE-FRANC is, to have been committed a Prisoner for a Night-walker; you have emboldened me, Sir, by your Freedom in Conversation, to be the same to you: If it is no Offence then, Sir, permit me to enquire how you can be so long absent from so good a Man, who must certainly be delighted in your Company; and as you value yourself upon speaking your Mind freely, I should think he would chuse never to be without you. He seldom or never chuses that I should be from him, Madam, says FAIRE-FRANC, but he is constrained to quit me sometimes, especially at this Conjunction; whenever he is obliged to go to the Palace, he is forced to leave me behind, for *Plain Dealing* has absolutely no Business there, and that is the Reason that I have this Recess for a Fortnight, during which Time he is to attend the *Grand Podestate*, to give his Opinion in his Councils; and, was I to be with my Master, the Slaves and Sycophants of the Court would be apt to imagine I brought a Writ of Enquiry against their Actions. Can *Freedom of Speech* subsist where every Person acts in Disguise? to be what you seem, is to take away the very Essence of a Courtier; and the Man who appears really what he is, is fit only to mingle with the common Herd, who are not polite enough to be versed in the Arts of Deceit.

I hope, Sir, says ALOISA, that you are free from any such Thing, at least, if you do deceive me, 'tis in so refined and distant a Manner, that you make me accessory to it myself; for I must own to you, I repose such a Confidence in you, that, under your Protection, I durst venture myself any where. I am informed to-Day is to be a grand Day at St. Jacques, when the *Grand Podestate* is to undergo the Ceremony of a formal Reconciliation with his Son, between

whom
 * the Prince of Wales waited upon the King
 at St. James' 17. Feb. 1742.

whom there never was any actual Quarrel, any more than that the Father would have kept him at Distance as a Natural, and allowed him any Diversions that might have favour'd his Ignorance, and the Son would, in mere Spite, keep Company with Men of Sense and Letters.

I wish it may prove so, replies FAIRE-FRANC, and that they in their Turn may not grow tired of him: His Favourites, I hear, are likewise to take Place with him; so that this Day must afford us a plentiful Crop of Persons of the two different Denominations that generally compose the World. You seem inclinable, Madam, to pay them a Visit; there is something in the very Air that is offensive to me; but, to oblige you, Madam, I will not heed it; the whole Company will be divided into two Parties, so that our going now will not make us appear so singular as at another Time we should. In short, I believe we may be suffered to converse by ourselves in the publick Company undisturbed, which is a Thing very unusual there.

I must confess, Sir, said ALOISA, you have guess'd my Design, and if you will waste the Morning with me, should be glad of your Company; I believe I may admit you to my Toilette without Scandal. 'Tis customary, Madam, replies FAIRE-FRANC, for the Ladies of *Thule*, in these modern Days, to have Valers, who attend in their Dressing-rooms in the same Manner as Maids in the Time of their Great Grand-mothers; but I promise you, Madam, to intrude on you no longer than while your Head is dressing, which, as it is ordered by the Female Parliament, and according to the *Belle's* Statute, now in Force, I may, by a moderate Computation, set at three Hours and a half.

I thank you, Sir, for your Compliment, replied ALOISA; but if I am detained there so long, it must be your Company that will induce me to it: You observe that now the Union of the Imperial Family is going to be re-established, the People run more into Parties about it than ever; I every Minute expect a

x young Lady to visit me, who is so lavish in the Praises of the Prince *de CHARMANTE*, that she can scarce spare an Interval to speak of any thing else; she has a tolerable Share of Sense, but makes every one a Saint, or a Fiend, as she conceives an Approbation or Dislike to them; she has a competent Fortune, but having the Misfortune of not being agreeable enough to engage many Suitors, she has nothing else to do than to enquire into the Amours of her Visitors, and can give an Account of the Passions of most Women of Quality with whom she is conversant, as likewise the Foibles of some of our most eminent Smarts; she may be called a living *Sylph*, and imperceptibly penetrates into Secrets which otherwise the World would have been unacquainted with: She was brought up in the Palace from her Youth, where the Defects of Nature kept her virtuous in Spite of her Inclination, and thus having been always disengaged from any Pursuit of her own, she hath had the more Leisure to reflect on the Misconduct of others.

Whilst ALOISA was thus describing her, CONCERRA, who was the Lady she had been speaking of, enter'd the Room; it was easy to perceive that she was in a high Flow of Spirits, and not regarding FAIRE-FRANC, or suffering ALOISA to ask the Occasion of her Joy, she broke out in Raptures; O! my Dear, said she, I don't believe there is the Fellow of
 x the Prince *de CHARMANTE* in the World, so good, so noble, so generous, and so virtuous, that when it shall please the Gods to raise him to the Imperial Dignity, he will be both the Example and Delight of
 x Mankind: O! my Dear, he has done a more glorious Action than e'er a TITUS or SCIPIO of them all: I see you are impatient to hear what it is, therefore give me Leave and I will relate it as precisely as I just now heard it; you will say that it adds so much Lustre to the amiable Character of my dear Prince, that it ought not to be buried in Oblivion, and you must of Course wonder how a Father could be incensed at any
 Action,

x *Frederick prince of Wales.*

Action of a Son endued with so much Virtue. — Well, says *ALOISA*, I know you want to be ask'd and entreated to tell us a Thing that you would burst if you were not to do; so for once I'll gratify your Humour, and desire that, without any further Preface, you give us your Narration.

CONCERNA proceeded without any more Hesitation. — Old *Madam LARON* was the Widow of a Gentleman, who, having served his Country many Years in the Quality of an Officer, and having proved himself a brave and experienced one, retired in his old Age from all publick Employments, and lived very comfortably the Remainder of his Days on his small Fortune and the Pension allotted him for his good Services; having no Child of his own, and his Brother's Family being fallen to Decay, he took their only Daughter *CERELIA*, in her Infancy, and brought her up as his own. The only Disputes that ever happened between him and his Wife were occasioned by their Difference in Religion; he was of a moderate Persuasion, and adhered to the Worship of the establish'd Temples of *Thule*; she was a fierce and bigotted *Crosselan*, and believed that the heavenly *Cerberus*, with his Triple Crown, was infallible, and could open the Gate for her, or shut it against her, whenever he pleased. She would often use her utmost Endeavours to bring him to the same Way of Thinking as herself, but they were all in vain, for the old Soldier continued firm to his Resolutions, and sent young *CERELIA*, who was grown the Darling of his Age, into the Country, to be instructed and confirmed in the same Religion which he himself had always profess'd. Finding that his End approached, he sent for her to Town, and recommending her to the Care of his Wife, begg'd of her to provide handsomely for her, and made it his last dying Request that she would not in the least attempt to change her Principles. The pious deceitful Lady promised him faithfully that she would not, having received a Dispensation for that Purpose from the Governor of her Conscience, a Set of

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Cattle that are continually hanging upon the Female Devotees of the *Pagan Crosselan* Persuasion, and who play at Hide and Seek with their Mother Church as is most conducive to their Interest. This crafty Wretch, who had the Ascendancy over Madam LARON, ordered her to comply with whatever her Husband should request at his Death, that she might get all his Wealth into her Power, assuring her, that if she bestow'd a small Matter upon the *Pagan Temple*, he would set aside whatever Promises she should make him that she should afterwards desire. Filled with this horrid Doctrine, she readily agreed to all the Commands he laid upon her, yet with a secret Resolution never to perform one of them. The old Gentleman, highly satisfied with his Wife's Condescension, left all his Effects to her Disposal, and contenting himself with only desiring her to dispose of CERELIA as if she was his Daughter, departed this Life.

The Breath was scarce out of his Body when this perfidious Woman began to exercise her Cruelty on the wretched CERELIA; she had certainly turned her out of Doors destitute and forlorn, because the young Maid would not comply with her, and change from the Religion in which she had been educated. She was just enter'd into her fifteenth Year, and her Beauty at that Juncture saved her from Misery and Distress. The Priests of the *Pagan Crosselans* are obliged to go disguised in the Island of *Tbule*, that is, instead of shewing the Cowl and the Beads, the chief Things in which their Religion consists, they appear like common Gentlemen. Don SALVINI,

X the Confessor to old Madam LARON, came in one Day when she was severely chastising CERELIA for her Obstinacy, as she called it. He was not averse to soft Desires, and thought he saw something in the Maid, even amidst her Grief and Tears, that inspired him with Love; he took her Aunt roundly to Task for using her in that Manner, and telling her that was never the Way to gain Proselytes to the Temple, desired

Father *Salvin* - *He is a Roman Catholic family of that name in the County of Durham*

fired she might be committed to his Care, and he would undertake to convert her. The old Lady was overjoyed at his kind Offer, and from that Moment she became Pupil to Don SALVINI. He used her with the greatest Tenderness and Respect, and Madam LARON entirely confiding in the Conduct of her Father-Confessor, suffered him to take what Liberties he pleased. CERELIA'S Constraint was entirely taken off, and, besides the Gaiety of Dress, which, by his Persuasions, her Aunt indulged her in, she was permitted to go with him to all publick Places and Diversions, the crafty Priest insinuating to her that Lenity was the only Method to induce her to turn a good *Crosselan*. Thus his lascivious Inclinations proved the Means of CERELIA'S tasting more Freedom than otherwise she would have done; he appeared with her where-ever she went as a Guardian, and she, without suspecting any Design, paid him the Obedience due to a Father; her youthful Heart was much delighted with the many Diversions he took Care to entertain her with, and her Beauty was then in the Bloom.

It was at one of these Assemblies that the Prince de CHARMANTE had an Opportunity of seeing her; he was extremely pleased at her innocent, modest Behaviour; he express'd his Inclination for her to his Attendants about him; and as People of his Rank are never without Sycophants, who are always ready to gratify their looser Inclinations, there was one who, thinking to court his Master's Favour, undertook to find out who she was, and where she lived. Accordingly, when the Entertainment was over, he followed CERELIA and her Guardian, and by conversing with some of the Servants at a Cabaret, found out all the Secrets of the Family. He was there informed, that CERELIA never visited any body alone, unless it was a young Lady with whom she had been intimate many Years, and whose Parents having left her in narrow Circumstances, was obliged to maintain herself by her Needle; here CERELIA would some Days

Days be for several Hours together. The trusty Messenger having got his Errand, flew to give the Prince *de CHARMANTE* Intelligence thereof; it was before he enter'd into the Nuptial State, and Gallantry you know is allowable to Persons of his Rank: This officious Slave to his Master's Pleasures, undertook, by Presents and fair Promises, to induce this young Lady, who was an Acquaintance of *CERELIA's*, to forward their Designs. He accordingly applied to her the next Day, and telling her that a young Nobleman, the Count *de CLAIR* (which was the fictitious Name the Prince ordered himself to be called by) was lately come to *Cesar'sbourg* to settle, and would have Occasion for several Things in her Way; that this Gentleman, having heard a good Character of the young Lady, had recommended her to the Count; he therefore advised her to get some of her best Goods ready to shew him, and he would bring him the next Day to look at them. The young Gentlewoman was very well pleased at having so good a Customer as she imagined the Count would be, and took especial Care to have every Thing suitable to receive him. The pretended Count paid her a Visit the next Day, and giving Orders for several Things to be made, seemed to be so very nice in every Thing, that she begg'd the Favour of him to come and inspect them often, lest she should do wrong, for that she would not by any Means offend him if she could possibly avoid it. He readily accepted the Invitation, as it was what he most desired, in Hopes of seeing *CERELIA*: He prolonged the Time then as much as possible, but she did not happen to be there that Day; he went likewise the next Day, but to no Purpose. These Disappointments, instead of palling, augmented his Desire; however, the third Day he had the pleasure of seeing her there: His Generosity and artful Address so won upon her Heart, that a thousand secret Wishes created in her Breast an amorous Flame: She artlessly made her Complaints to the young Semptress, and told her all the Difficulties she labored under, both
from

from Madam LARON'S importunate Representations to her to turn *Pagan Croffelan*, and SALVINI, to accept him as a Lover. The Count de CLAIR listen'd attentively to her Complaint, and encouraging her in the Resolution of not deviating from the Principles she had been instructed in, to mix with those who make a Pageantry of Religion; and, Madam, says he, I am, by my Post which I enjoy under the *Grand Podeslare*, particularly attach'd to the true Religion of the *Croffelans*, and should be very glad to use the utmost of my Power to extricate any young Lady from such Difficulties as the Compulsion of Relations in those Circumstances must needs occasion: Be resolute, Madam, and plainly tell them you never will comply; they dare not use you ill, Madam, the Laws of the Land will not permit them; if they should threaten it, take Care to acquaint the Lady who keeps this Shop with it, and I will apply to proper Persons to have you righted, for I think a young Lady of such Perfections as you are Mistress of, seems design'd by the Gods to have the Freedom of her own Choice; of this, Madam, be assured, that I must profess myself a Slave to your Charms, whilst I would be the most strenuous Defender of your Virtue. CERELIA received his Assurances with the greatest Acknowledgments, and, at the same Time, by a Crimson Blush, discovered that the Person who made them was no way disagreeable to her.

The Count de CLAIR, who never cared to let such a Business as this sleep, desired that he might see her at the same Place as often as she conveniently could. The poor innocent Maid burst into Tears. I hope, says she, Heaven will raise me some Friend, and speedily, or I am certainly undone; for I overheard my Aunt and the sly, deceitful SALVINI last Night in close Discourse, and SALVINI finding he could by no Means bring me to comply with his brutal Desires, which he at last too plainly made me acquainted with, is now turned my inveterate Enemy, and is persuading the old Gentlewoman to send me to a Nunnery.

To a Nunnery, Madam? cries the Count de CLAIR in a great Emotion; no, that must never be, *Thule* must not lose so charming a Lady as you are: Please to let me see you here To-morrow, Madam; if they persist in their Obstinacy, my whole Fortune shall be employed to render you happy. They parted for that Time, and CERELIA fixing her Eyes attentively on the pretended Count de CLAIR, whilst he was taking his Leave, thought she recollected something in his Features that she had before observed in some Grandee in high Life, but she could not call to Mind who he was, nor where she had seen him. She went home a little more chearful than usual, which not a little surprised her Aunt and the seemingly pious SALVINI, who had gained such an Ascendancy over the old Lady, that she had allotted him an Apartment in the House. The lustful Doatard seem'd very well pleased to see her so merry: He told her, that true Religion and Chearfulness are not the least inconsistent; and pretending the Inspiration of some Legendary Saint or other, persuaded the old Lady, that if she would permit him to sit and pray by her that Night, about Twelve the *Santa Columba* would overshadow her, and she would become a true Daughter of the Temple. Doctor, says Madam LARON, squeezing him by the Hand in all the Raptures of *Enthusiasm*, I consent with all my Heart; bring her but within the holy Pale, and I shall esteem her as my own Child: But there is one Thing troubles me very much; my poor Husband and I dragg'd on the Marriage-Life with much Indifference on both Sides for near twenty Years; now, as he had *Purgatory* enough upon Earth, methinks I would not have him suffer more now he is dead: I am dubious whether I should not order some Masses to be said for him notwithstanding he died a Heretick. O! doubtless, Madam, replies SALVINI, the holy *Crosselan* Temple should never be deprived of its Dues; half an hundred Masses may possibly reverse his Doom, and make him pass for a *Crosselan* when he has undergone his

Pur-

of THULE; or, *The Island of Love* 233.

Purgation. Dear Sir, cries the old Lady in an Extasy of Devotion, if that be the Case, pray accept of these two hundred *Orrs*, for which let there be twenty special Masses, and when they are expired, acquaint me; and I will renew it for as many more. You need not doubt, Madam, of future Happiness, replies the canting Saint, your Goodness to the Temple alone entitles you to it, and I will execute your Commands punctually and with all Faithfulness. — They passed away the Time in this Discourse, which growing tedious to CERELIA, she was retiring to Bed: The Priest industriously offered his Service to pray by her for her Conversion; she did not relish this at all, but knowing it was in vain to contend, and thinking he would only trouble her an Hour or two and then withdraw, she complied, and he followed her up Stairs, and pretending to purify the Room that no evil Spirit might enter, he fasten'd the Door, and waited above an Hour in an unintelligible Jargon, which he called a Prayer, thinking by that Means to make Religion the Bawd to his lascivious Intentions. He was not long before he pull'd off the Mask of Sanctity, and appeared the Devil in his proper Colours: From Prayer, he pretended to fall into an Enthusiastick Trance, in which he committed such Indecencies as would be shameful to repeat; and then, seizing the trembling Maid, who stood amazed at his Impudence, declared his horrid Purpose in Terms too plain to admit of the least Doubt. Throwing off all the Solemnity of the Priest, he address'd her in Terms that in him were abominable, tho' they might become the Mouth of an Inamorato. My charming Angel, says he, you cannot imagine that I could be insensible to such Beauty as you possess: I could almost curse the Rules of our Temple that forbid us the Pleasures of Matrimony; how happy could I be else with so lovely a Wife! but since that is denied me, I must take Possession of your Person in Pursuance of the Indulgence allowed us by our holy Father. See what a Sacrifice I make you; I not only offer up myself to
your

your Disposal, but, as I know that Female Minds are taken with gaudy Drefs and Equipage, I give you these two hundred Ors which your Aunt's Piety has just now endowed me with, to lay out in what you please to deck and adorn your Person; you must, you shall consent.—And then he proceeded in such a Manner as shew'd he was resolv'd to obtain the last Favour. CERELIA struggled and screamed so loud that the whole Family was alarmed; and Indignation giving her more than ordinary Strength, she burst from him, and getting open the Door, as she was running down Stairs, met her Aunt half-way coming up; she flung herself at her Feet, and acquainted her with SALVINI's brutal Attempt to ravish her, begging her Protection, and that she might no more be expos'd to such Insults. Madam LARON would not believe one Word she said, nor give Ear to any thing she could remonstrate against the pious good Man; as she stiled her Confessor. She went up Stairs to him, and by artful Insinuations he so prepossessed her in his Favour, and urg'd such heavy Complaints against CERELIA, that Madam LARON flew down Stairs more like a Fury than a Woman, and finding her Niece in the Parlour almost drowned in Tears, after railing her severely, vowed that she would never more own her, and taking her by the Arm, led her to the Door; notwithstanding the Lateness of the Night, her Undress, and the Inclemency of the Weather, she turned her out, and shut the Door against her. The poor hapless Maid knew not what to do in this Dilemma, but seeing the nightly Watch at some Distance, she begg'd their Protection, and that they would see her safe to HILLARIA's, the young Lady's where she used to visit. The Watch, who knew her very well, were surpris'd at this uncommon Request, but being informed what occasioned it, muttering a thousand Curses against the old Woman and the Priest, they conducted her along. HILLARIA was gone to Bed; but being informed who was at the Door, got up to receive her, and endeavour'd to

to alleviate her Affliction by fond Careffes and Promises of an inviolable Friendship. When they were retired to their Apartment, HILLARIA ask'd her if she knew who the Gentleman was that had promised her such Assistance the Day before; I have an imperfect Idea of him, replied CERELIA, but cannot call to Mind where I have seen him; however, he seems to be a Gentleman, and if he has those generous Sentiments he expresses, his Power and good Services may screen me from the Fury of my Aunt, who I know will stick at nothing to cause my Undoing. He has it in his Power, I assure you, to assist you, replies HILLARIA, but I am afraid he will exact more in Return than you will care to grant. The pretended Count de CLAIR is no less than the Prince de CHARMANTE; I was acquainted with it last Night accidentally, by one who saw him come in here, and knew him notwithstanding his Disguise.—Then, my dear HILLARIA, I am ruined; for, to confess the Truth to you, I find that he has already made such Advances in my Affections, that I shall find it hard to remove him. Well, be upon your Guard, says HILLARIA, and he may be of singular Service to you as your Affairs now stand.

The Count de CLAIR came the next Day to HILLARIA's with two of his Intimates, one of which, upon these Occasions, is by the Vulgar not improperly called his *Setting Dog*, boasting that he has sprung more Game for him than the best Pointer he has ever did *Covies of Partridges*. After some Conversation about indifferent Matters, he enquired after CERELIA, and being informed of her unhappy Circumstances, and that she was sitting disconsolate and overwhelmed with Grief above Stairs, he insisted upon being conducted to her. HILLARIA readily complied, and he was about to make her Overtures of a Settlement for obtaining her Love, but was put aside from his Purpose whenever his Eyes encountered her's suffus'd with Tears. He grasp'd her Hand, and the Violence of his Affection

fection almost took from him the Sense of knowing what he did; at last fixing his Eyes stedfastly on her, and gazing with uncommon Delight; My dear CERELIA, says he, quit this unavailing Grief, behold at your Feet a Lover who has always been unused to kneel; the Count *de CLAIR* gives up his Person and Fortune to your Acceptance: Cruel Fate, and the strict Injunctions laid on me by my Ancestors, forbid my marrying you, but consent to make me happy, and I shall esteem you as much my Wife as if it was confirmed by the sacred *Flamen* in the Temple: Your State and Equipage shall be agreeable to that Character; and I will set you so high above Scandal, that the most squeamish Prude shall not dare to censure your Conduct. Consent, my Fair, the choicest Gifts of *Thyle* shall be employed to gild your Hours with Delight, and no body shall dare to disturb your precious Moments.

CERELIA bursting afresh into Tears, raised him up, and throwing herself at his Feet with interrupted Sighs, expressed herself as follows: This humble Posture becomes not you, my Lord, but is much more suitable to me who am your Slave and Vassal; aim not to deceive me, my Lord, it is beneath your noble Birth and high Station in Life; know that it is impossible for the fictitious Count *de CLAIR* to hide the real Prince *de CHARMANTE*.—Nay, don't start, Sir; Can you shudder at little Arts and Gallantries you make use of when your true Dignity is known, which you securely practise in a thin Disguise? I am now at your Mercy, beset with Misfortunes, and destitute of a Shelter for my wretched Head, but what this friendly House affords me: Nay more, I must confess, with Confusion I speak it, I could wish your Rank had been adequate to mine; Happiness might then—but I have said too much; pity a Maiden's Blushes, and leave me to the Obscurity I was born to.

No, Madam, replies the enamoured Prince, that must not be, since you have thus generously confess'd

your

your Affection, Time may increase it, perhaps; I will not trouble you with fruitless Solicitations till I read a kind Consent in your Eyes, in the mean time banish all melancholy Reflections from your Heart, and esteem me for your Friend; all Scenes of Want and Misery shall be banished from you, and a new Round of smiling Days begin; all I beg in Return is, that you would allow me to visit you sometimes.

Alas! my Lord, says she, what is it you desire? Such an Intercourse carried on between us must demean your Honour; and though I am drove to the worst Distresses in Life, I am resolved never to sacrifice mine to my Misfortunes. — Madam, replies CHARMANTE, the Favour I ask is so small, that I hoped you would the more readily grant it, and be assured I will not be guilty of the least Breach of good Manners. — Well, my Lord, said she, I can't deny you that, provided you will no more mention a Passion that would prove fatal to me if I suffer myself to think of it.

The greatest Part of the Afternoon was wasted in such Conversation, when the Prince withdrew, being obliged to pay his Devoirs to the *Grand Podesgate*; he left CERELIA much easier in Mind than she had been before this Visit, and calling HILLARIA into the Parlour, lest a handsome Present with her for her distressed Friend, and which he would not offer to CERELIA herself for fear of shocking her tender Soul.

He visited her several Times afterwards, but was always honourable enough to keep strictly to his Promise; at length the Season of the Year inviting him into the Country, he took his Leave of CERELIA in the most tender and affectionate Manner, she could not help shedding Tears at his Departure, and her boding Heart foretold that something dreadful would befall her.

Whilst CERELIA was, as she imagined, thus happy at her Friend's, and, as she thought, concealed from all the World, the busy Priest, instigated by Malice and Re-

Revenge, dispersed his Agents every where to find her out; one more officious and better versed in Cunning than the rest, discovering her sitting in the Shop with HILLARIA, ran instantly to acquaint SALVINI and Madam LAROO with it. The Priest very justly imagining that she would relate his foul Practices, and make him a Jest and Ridicule to the World, had wrought so upon the old Lady's Dorage, that she resolved to take a most desperate Course to silence her and bring her to their Lure, which, as Executrix to her Husband, was to arrest CERELIA in an Action of Debt for her Board, Lodging and Education from the Time of her Father's Death, until her Aunt turned her out of Doors, which would amount to such a Sum, that they concluded she would be unable to pay; pursuant to this vile Purpose, the *Bloodbonds* of the Law were ordered out after her; not suspecting any such thing, the unhappy Maid was too careless of herself, to escape the Snare; and one fatal Day, as she was sitting in the Shop, they enter'd and fixed their rude Grasp upon her; the sudden Shock frighten'd her into a Swoon, and HILLARIA, who was equally surprized with her, had much ado to recover her Senses: The merciless impatient Wretches had no Remorse, but hurried her into a Coach, and confined her in one of their own Houses, CERELIA having some Money, whilst that lasted, they indulged her in all the Favour they could, as they told her; which Favour was Hardship and Cruelty to one of her tender Mould: When that was exhausted, and HILLARIA, who had render'd her several good Offices during her Confinement, could do no more, she was, notwithstanding all her Cries and Lamentations, which would have pierced a Heart of Stone, removed to a dismal Dungeon belonging to the District of the *West Temple*; she had no Friends to send to, and in this Dilemma knew not what to do; she at last resolved to try her Aunt, she got HILLARIA to intercede with her, but her Terms were too high, nothing less than turning *Pagan-Crossellan*, and con-

senting

senting to take SALVINI for a Gallant; for this Infu-
nuator had so work'd upon old *Madam LARON*, that
she thought it would almost merit Heaven to make
her Neice comply with his Desires.

CERELIA could by no Means agree to these harsh
Proposals, and after two Months Confinement in that
horrid Place, Penury and Grief having almost de-
stroy'd her beauteous Form, she was informed that
the *Prince de CHARMANTE* was come to Town, and
sending for HILLARIA, she begg'd of her to con-
vey a Letter to him, the Purport of which (after ac-
quainting him with the Baseness of her Aunt, the
Villany of the Priest, and the Misfortunes she had
suffered) was, that tho' she had refused him, when
her Person was more worthy his Acceptance, yet
now she was entirely at his Disposal, and in the most
pathetick Manner pressed him to deliver her from
that Dungeon.

HILLARIA took Care to deliver the Letter at a
proper Time, and observed that CHARMANTE, upon
reading the Letter, changed Countenance, but whis-
pering one of his Attendants, and giving him a Let-
ter, turned to HILLARIA, and bade her not be unea-
sy, for her Friend should be safe; HILLARIA went
into the City of *Cesar'sbourg*, about some Business of
her own, and at her Return found her Friend CERE-
LIA at Home before her, with the Attendant that the
Prince had given the Letter to; when HILLARIA
came in, Madam, says he, I deliver CERELIA to
you safe, but so alter'd, that I should scarce have
known her; pray take Care of her; I think a little
Country Air will not be amiss, and as it must neces-
sarily be attended with Expences, I will intrude up-
on *Prince de CHARMANTE's* Generosity, and make
her a Present of this little Bill; he took his Leave
without waiting for a Reply, and CERELIA now be-
gan to promise herself some happy Days; but, alas!
in vain, for a fatal Consumption had seized her, and
seem'd hurrying her to Death without Intermission;
she went into the Country, but it did not avail any
thing

thing, all their Efforts to recover her proving ineffectual; the Air indeed brought her a little to her Colour; she thought herself better, and even long'd to pay her Acknowledgments to the *Prince de CHARMANTE*; she wish'd, yet fear'd to see him; her Imprisonment was Death to her, and the Thoughts of losing that Virtue which she had so long maintained under so many and so great Difficulties, flung her into a profound Melancholy, *HILLARIA* persuaded her to go up to Town, thinking the Diversions there might alleviate her Grief; she accordingly went to *Cesar'sbourg*, and was visited several Times by the Prince; he express'd a great deal of Concern at the Hardship she had undergone, and without offering any thing relating to his Passion, provided a handsome Lodging for her privately, with Servants to attend her; he went to visit her one Day, and observing her more than ordinary pensive, pressed her very close to know the Meaning,——after a Pause, with her Eyes fixt disconsolate on the Ground; My Lord, says she, I am so divided in my Mind, that I know not what to do; my Duty to the Gods forbids me to be guilty of a base Action, and Gratitude tells me I ought to refuse you nothing; how then shall I reconcile these jarring Qualities I must resign to your Pleasure? All that I humbly intreat of you is, that you would indulge me with a little Time to reconcile myself to the partaking of a Crime which I cannot possibly avoid:—Madam, replies the generous Prince, you shall find that I proceed upon no base Motives, and since I may flatter myself that I shall be happy at last, take what Time you please, I will from henceforward press you no further, till you are willing to consent yourself; in the mean Time live happily, and endeavour to make yourself easy, resume your former Vigour, and recall the banish'd Roses to your Cheeks——Alas! my Lord, replies the sorrowful Maid, that I must never expect; I fear my Course of Life is already run, a little Time will discover whether it is or not, and all the Regret I shall have in
leaving

leaving this World is, that I cannot find any Method to compensate your Goodness, without injuring the dearest Part of me, my Reputation, and the future Safety of my immortal Soul; — Prithee, dear Girl, replies the Prince, leave off these mortifying Thoughts, I will send HILLARIA to you, her chearful Temper will divert you; so leaving a Bill upon her Toilet, he saluted her, and took his Leave, little thinking that he should never see her more.

Business of State obliged him to be absent from her above a Fortnight; in which Time she gave herself so entirely up to Melancholy that it seized her vital Spirits, and was so deeply rooted in her Heart, that it baffled all the Medicinal Art to remove it. After a lingering Decay, which had been visibly coming upon her for some Time, she resigned herself to Heaven, and breathed her last in the Arms of her dear HILLARIA. After lying the usual Time, she was decently interr'd; and, a few Days after, the Court having order'd a Ball, or private Carnival, HILLARIA dressing herself like a Nun in the Order of *Les Filles repenties*, went there, thinking she should see the Prince de CHARMANTE, which accordingly happen'd: After waiting some Time, she found an Opportunity of speaking to him alone, and informing him of the Catastrophe of the unhappy CERELIA; Sir, concludes she, 'tis your Goodness that supported Life in her so long, and your last Bounty paid the Charges of her Funeral; she committed this Ring to my Care in her last Moments, saying, as it was the first Token of your Favour, she reserved it thro' all her Misfortunes to render it back to the dear Hand that gave it her. — They were interrupted by other Company coming up, upon which HILLARIA withdrew, and the Prince de CHARMANTE was observed to leave the Assembly very abruptly.

The crafty Priest SALVINI carried it with so high a Hand over the Ignorance of Madam LARON, that, depriving her of all her Fortune, under one specious Pretence or another, he left her, and went to Gaul,

and she being reduced to the lowest Extremity, ended her Life in Misery and Beggary.

Thus fell the unhappy CERELIA a Victim to the Caprice of her Relations; and those who should have most defended and protected her Virtue, were the first to expose it to the Ravages and Outrages of the World: The Generosity of the *Prince de CHARWANTE* can never be sufficiently admired, and will raise eternal Trophies to his Memory, in every Breast that retains the least Spark of Honour.

CONCERRA ended her Relation, and ALOISA could not help observing, that all Ties of Relation seemed to be broke asunder, for that it was now grown a general indisputable Maxim, that any Person under Affliction, would meet with more Respect and Assistance from Strangers, than from those who were nearest them in Blood and Alliance. I must own, replied FAIRE-FRANC, that the World is very much degenerated; but there is amongst those whose Souls are of a generous Disposition, such an indelible Force in Consanguinity, that it is never to be overcome; it will prevail even amongst Princes, tho' Courts are the only Places to abolish all social Ties whatsoever: If ALOISA will indulge me with her Leave, whilst she is dressing, I will relate a little Novel, which, tho' the Story is foreign, may in some Circumstances be applicable to Persons who are not at so great a Distance from us; it will prove to us, that there is a hidden parental Fondness and Sympathy, and a filial Duty, which at the last Extremity will discover itself: It therefore very justly bears the Title of,

THE FORCE OF NATURAL AFFECTION.

THE Kingdom of *Betbulia* had been for several Ages tore to pieces by contrary Factions, and oppress'd by tyrannical Governments; at length, after many Revolutions, the general Consent of the People fixed the Crown upon the Head of *Woldemar*,

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man, the justest, best, and most virtuous Prince that had ever enjoy'd the Throne before. He devor'd his Youth with Success to Arms, and before it was known that he was destined to rule over so great an Empire, he had acquired a glorious Name by his military Actions; he put on the regal Purple in a Time of the most profound Tranquility, and settled himself in the most famous City of *Africk*.

'Twas there, in a Palace, the Magnificence of which surpasses the Imagination, lived under Laws a little too severe, some of the greatest Beauties on Earth, destined never to behold any Persons, but some Eunuchs, an old Governor of them, and a few young Slaves; who were scarce past their Infancy.

Seviana was the most powerful of all the Mistresses of *Woldemar*, and assumed more Liberties than his lawful Queen; she lorded it in this Manner over the Emperor, because she perceived his Fondness for her upon the Account of her bringing him a Son; yet, notwithstanding she had, to all Appearance, the greatest Authority, *Amoretta* possess'd the dearest Place in the King's Heart, which was infinitely more valuable to her than all the other Advantages *Seviana* claimed above her.

Amongst all the Slaves of the King and the Prince his Son, who had the Liberty to enter into the Apartments of the Women, there was only one that had attained to his twentieth Year; he was scarce six Years of Age when he was first presented to *Woldemar*; his youthful Prattle was very entertaining, but Time having made known, that for the Agreeableness of his Person, and the Sweetness of his Temper, there were few that equall'd him, *Woldemar* found he had a more tender Regard for him than usual, and always made a great Distinction between him and the other Slaves; he gave him as a peculiar Mark of his Favour the Name of *Grizon*, celebrated throughout the Kingdom of *Betbulia*, as having been the Name of several of their Kings; his Slavery was mark'd no otherwise than by a Chain

of Diamonds, and tho' he wore the Livery of *Woldemar*, it was hid under so great a Quantity of Jewels, that it could scarce be distinguish'd.

In short, for a Captive, there was none in the World could be more happy; he was beloved by every body that knew him; there were not any, even amongst the most Noble, who did not take Pleasure in his Friendship, nor any thing which he could wish for in his Condition which he had not: But notwithstanding all these Reasons for Content, he fell into a profound Melancholy, which quickly appear'd to all his Friends, but particularly to *Arristan*, Chief of the Eunuchs to *Woldemar*, who had the Care of him from his Infancy, and from whom he had gained an advantageous Education, and the Knowledge of all the Sciences which are necessary to perfect the Mind of a great Man: *Arristan*, who loved him in the most affectionate Manner, was so concerned at the Sadness which he perceived in him, that finding him alone one Night in his Chamber, he was determin'd to probe his Wound to the Bottom, if possible, by that Means to give Ease to his troubled Breast.——
Grizon, says he, have I ever been so undeserving of your Esteem, that you should make a Mystery to me of your Misfortunes? I perceive you languish without being able to imagine the Cause, and after having devoted all my Care to cherish your Infancy, and all my Tenderness to encourage your Deserts, I have the Grief to see you endeavour to hide from me even your Sighs; your Interests are too dear to me, not to chide you for this Reserve; speak then, *Grizon*, if you do not think me unworthy of your Confidence; and you ought to believe, that if I did not love you so well as not to regard exposing my Life on all Occasions to serve you, I should not be so pressing to know what it is that disturbs your Repose; nor would I hesitate to do my utmost to re-establish you in it.

Grizon paused awhile, being at a Loss what to answer; but, at last, looking tenderly on the Eunuch;

nuch; *Arristan*, says he, I should be unworthy of your Bounty, were I so ungrateful as to hide from you aught that regards my Fortune; I can never suspect a Virtue which is so well known, and has been so beneficial to me; and if I strove to conceal from you an Uneasiness which was only so to me, it was because I would not involve the Repose of one, to whom I owe a thousand Times more than my Life, in a secret Misfortune which ought not to disturb any but me alone—Ha! replied *Arristan*, interrupting him, do you believe that I can be easy, whilst I behold you languish? That I can hear your Sighs, and every Moment of my Life perceive your troubled Looks, without Emotion? Speak, *Grizon*, open all your Grievs to me; you will afflict me less in speaking, than in being silent; there is no Evil so bad but will admit of some Relief, and if Prayers and Intreaties can prevail with you, I conjure you by all the Friendship I ever bore you to reveal it.

Well, then, replied the Slave, sighing, since you must be satisfied, know, that I *love*; 'tis Love, *Arristan*, that is the Occasion of all my Pain, and the only Mystery I would have kept from you, as being attended with cruel Circumstances—It does not suffice that you tell me you love, answered the Eunuch, you must also make me acquainted with the Object—Ah! my dear *Arristan*, cry'd out the amorous Captive, if you have ever observed me when near the lovely *Grizonette*, I need not tell you who is the Object of my Passion.—*Grizonette*! interrupted *Arristan*, in an extraordinary Surprise, the Slave of *Saviana*?—Yes, continued *Grizon*, her invincible Charms have made me more than adore her.—Alas! replies the Eunuch, do not you know that she is destined to an endless Servitude? Consider therefore in Time; before your Passion rises too high, endeavour to forget her, Change and Variety may work a Cure; turn your Heart therefore on some other Object.

My dear *Arrifan*, says *Grizon*, the sad Misfortune of *Grizonette* makes you forget mine; does the Richness of my Habit hide the Livery of *Waldemar*? Or does this Chain, because it is of Diamonds, alter my Condition? Perhaps it is the Equality of our Fortunes which unites our Inclinations; for, *Arrifan*, my Sorrows are not occasioned by the rigorous Treatment of *Grizonette*, both being nourished in this Palace with a free Liberty to see and know each other, we have kindled mutual Fires, which are become more ardent by the Fears and Difficulties we have undergone; the Embers of which will glow eternally, were I from a Slave to become the Master of the World. Nor think, *Arrifan*, that my Heart is the only one which renders Justice to the incomparable Beauty of *Grizonette*; the Prince *Curio*, Son to the King and the haughty *Saviana*, is her Lover as well as *Grizon*; 'tis this Rival which makes me unfortunate; it is he, who, envious of the Advantage that Love has given me over the Heart of *Grizonette*, by a cruel Jealousy troubles the Repose of two Persons whom Heaven has ordained for each other; your Change of Countenance makes me perceive the Interest you take in my Adventures; but to give you more Occasion to commiserate my Misfortunes, I will relate to you the History of my Love in Order: The Eunuch turned his Eyes towards Heaven in Surprize, incapable of uttering his real Sentiments as yet, whilst *Grizon* continued his Story.

The History of GRIZON and GRIZONETTE.

IT is not necessary that I should give you a Description of *Grizonette*; she is too well known to you, and your Eyes have too just a Discernment not to own, that she is as compleat a Beauty as you have ever seen; but, *Arrifan*, tho' you may know all that is amiable in her Person, yet it is probable you are ignorant of the Greatness of her Soul; there is not

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a more solid Virtue in the World than hers; she has a Generosity without Example, Sentiments so noble, a Discernment so delicate, and a Turn of Wit so very extraordinary, that I may boldly say her greatest Beauties are unknown to those who have not had a familiar Conversation with her, in which they might speak freely: I was so young, and she so innocent, when she was first taken into *Saviana's* Service, that all our Pleasures consisted in Play; I was never wanting to give myself that Happiness when I was permitted, and Love then intermixt with our Diversions in Proportion to our Age; I endeavour'd to introduce myself where-ever *Grizonette* was, and a few Years made known to me, that the innocent Complaisance and Endearments of our Infancy were the Forerunners of a violent Passion; I wanted nothing to confirm me in that Thought; I was always pensive when I was from *Grizonette*; I was in Despair when *Waldemar* was sometimes too long before he sent me to *Saviana*, and I confess, that I have even murmured at you, when you have given me long Lessons, from which, if I gained any thing, it was by Chance, since my Thoughts were employ'd wholly upon her; my whole Study was to do what was agreeable to her; she could no sooner wish for any thing, than I as readily executed it; and when she had learnt from her own Heart, and my Eyes, rather than my Mouth, a Part of my Sentiments, she has often blush'd in receiving the Services which I have rendered her.

The Prince *Curio* goes too often to visit *Saviana* not to see her; he could not see her without loving her; I had too much Interest in this Amour not to perceive it; and the Birth and Advantages that Prince had over me, making me foresee a thousand Misfortunes which might happen in this Case, threw me into a violent Grief; he was not under so much Restraint as I was; he spoke of his Love to *Grizonette* in a very tender Manner; he did the same before me without Precaution, never once imagining that one of his Father's Slaves would dare to place his Affections

where he address'd his. The young Slave answer'd him with so much Discretion, that she charmed me, and conjuring the Prince to forbear, made him understand, that if she had hearken'd to him, the Obligation was owing to his Rank, and the humble Condition of *Grizonette*; he left her some Moments after, and I remained alone with her, impatient to know the Reason of a profound Musing into which she fell soon after the Departure of *Curio*; her disturbed Countenance, her disordered Looks, and the more than ordinary Agitation of her Breath, made me imagine that her Heart had great Share in this Emotion; Gods! my Incertainty and Torment were at that Time almost insupportable; I fixt my Eyes on her for a long Time without being able to speak; but at last resolving in myself to explain that which I never durst make known; you muse, *Grizonette*, says I, and seem confounded at the Discourse of *Curio*——The Discourse of *Curio*, replies she, does nothing but afflict me; and whether what he has said to me be feign'd or real, I account myself evermore unfortunate to be obliged to hear him;——*Curio* is so great a Prince, answered I, that he believes he has Power to say any thing without the least Precaution, but were it possible for him to become a Slave, as *Grizon* is, he would be more cautious, lest he should displease the lovely *Grizonette*——*Curio*, says she, can never become a Slave without a Miracle; but tho' he is the Son of so great a King, his Love is no more agreeable to me, than if he were a Slave, or a Person in a middling Station of Life; for my Part, added she, I have, besides the Misfortune of being of an unknown Birth, likewise that of being a Captive; but, *Grizon*—— I know my Heart; and every thing that inspires me is so noble, that, notwithstanding the State in which I perceive myself, a natural Grandeur, which makes me look upon every Thing that has a mean Appearance with Abhorrence, persuades me, that I am not inferior to *Sævianna*. I am not so happy, continued I, to have a Correspondence

dence with a Heart whose Dispositions are so noble; but, *Grizonette*, although I judg'd only by Appearance, I have been a long Time persuaded of what you say, and have regarded you as a Person, who, for your Virtue, deserves to be preferred to all the Queens in the World; in a Word, *Grizonette*, you are worthy to reign over the Universe, and *Curio* does you Justice in the Devoirs he pays you?—*Grizon*, interrupted she, with a Kind of Disturbance, which seem'd to me disadvantageous to *Curio*, put me not in Mind of what he has said, I conjure you; I hate the Love of which he speaks, and without Doubt shall hate his Person, if he persists in his Suit to me:—Then, replied I, very much disturb'd, one merits your Hate in loving you, and even the Son of *Woldemar*—Are you his Agent, interrupted *Grizonette*, looking stedfastly at me? And is it in his Favour that you would employ the Privilege which your Captivity gives you?—Alas! *Grizonette*, replied I, with an Emotion which she might easily discern, I am not his Agent, but his Rival; I am a Lover more rash, and infinitely more amorous, than he, who hopes a great deal, but can promise himself nothing:—I could not believe, said *Grizonette*, with much Coldness, that *Curio* and *Grizon* should make amorous Declarations to me at the same Time; and I hoped that you would have assisted in comforting me under the Grief which his Words have occasioned me, without imagining that you would give me a more sensible Affliction; I will not quite banish you from my Respect, tho' you deserve it; the Regard I have for you does not permit it, and I promise yet to hold you in Esteem, notwithstanding what you have said to me, provided you don't repeat it a second Time, and that by your Silence it may appear you repent for having given me Trouble; several Ladies, who came to *Saviana*, interrupting us, I was obliged to retire, and reflecting with myself at the Proceeding of *Grizonette*, upon the Discovery of my Love, I flattered myself with the Thought, that she seem'd more concerned

than displeased at it; from this soothing, tho' small Hope, I was confident enough to persuade myself that I was more happy than *Curio*; and that she would not have injoin'd me to be silent, but because she found herself too much inclined to hear me, and even to answer me favourably; I passed that Night with some Content, and going the next Day with *Woldemar* to *Saviana*, I revisited *Grizonette*, who seem'd neither cold nor disdainful to me; and if her Eyes, which appeared more languishing than fierce, strove to avoid mine, it was easy to judge, that it arose only from a Confusion, which cannot be subdued when we would hide that which is the reigning Passion of the Heart, and prevents it from being Master of the Eyes.

Amoretta being some Days afterwards at *Saviana's* Apartment, said so many fine Things of the Beauty of the Day, that it tempted her to take a Walk in the Gardens, *Grizonette* took up the Train of her Gown, that it might not offend her in walking, and *Amoretta*, who always shewed a great Esteem for me, seeing me in the Chamber, and having observed by my constant Assiduity to *Grizonette*, that her Presence was dear to me, she bade me carry an Umbrella over them, that I might have the Pleasure to be near to her; there was no Occasion for it, only in going over a *Parterre*, and when we came into the shady Walks, *Saviana* bade *Grizonette* let go her Train; we walked at some Distance behind, under a Shew of Respect, and I had an Opportunity of continuing my Discourse to her without Interruption.

Grizonette, says I, the Persons who interrupted us at *Saviana's*, hindered me from answering you on the Silence which you would enjoin me to, and to tell you, that 'tis impossible for a Soul, so passionately in Love as mine, to be silent — You would not then, replied she, have me esteem you, since that Esteem is only to be purchased at the Price of your Silence, seeing you relapse into a Fault which I would have forgot; I would have replied, but *Grizonette* prevented me — You abuse my Indulgence, continued

rued she, I have carried myself too mildly; but if you knew how dangerous an Enemy you may make me, you would, perhaps, take more Care how you disoblige me——It was impossible to resist the Impulse that made me speak, replied I, and I am persuaded you would pardon me, if you knew the Force of it; but, *Grizonette*, am I such a Criminal for loving you? Or is it a great Offence, are not you more guilty than I? My Eyes, could they be excused if they looked on you without Admiration? That Admiration, could it be answerable to your Merit, if it were not accompanied by the Passion which I express for you? No, *Grizonette*, one cannot behold you with such undisturbed Sentiments, which, for my Part, I could call no other than Indifference and Insensibility; and, I declare, I shall always be a Criminal in your Sight, if there is no other Way of being Innocent, but in ceasing to admire you——I should be very sorry, replied she, not to reckon you in the Number of my Friends; and, to give you a Testimony that it is neither Hatred nor even Indifference I have for you, I protest, *Grizon*, I could wish that you were my Brother——That is as much as to wish me dead, replied I, and if the enamoured *Grizon* were the Brother of *Grizonette*, he could never survive that fatal Advantage; judge then, by these tender Sentiments, if it is easy, or rather if it be possible for me to be silent: Well, interrupted she, since you cannot determine with yourself to forbear addressing me on this Subject, see me no more, than all Occasions of coming to those Places where I am; and, on my Side, I shall take Care to avoid those where I may chance to meet with you.

O cruel fair one! Says I, tho' you are so unjust as to begin to execute your dread Design, you will find a great deal of Difficulty to accomplish it; and it will be to no Purpose to attempt hiding yourself from those Eyes which search for nothing but your lovely Person——What, then, you are obstinate, replied she, and I shall have a deal of Trouble to con-

quer

quer you:—Never hope for a Conquest of that Kind, continued I, since it will be equally as easy for me to die, as to forbear to adore you, or cease to tell you of it.—I must hearken to you then, answered she, blushing in a Manner which served only to augment her Charms, since I have much more Regard for your Life than the Task I would impose on you.

There remained nothing more to make me sensible of my Happiness; the lovely *Grizonette* no longer refused to give Ear to what I said to her, and I tasted all the Joys which the Pleasure of being beloved by so fair an Object could inspire me with.

Time convinced me so strongly of her Affection, that I had no room to doubt it; I endeavoured by all the Acknowledgments in my Power to equal the Goodness of *Grizonette*, and I neglected no Means of making her sensible of it. *Curio* had too much Love himself not to perceive mine, and even the Tenderness of *Grizonette* to me; he reproach'd her in haughty Terms, and dropp'd such Threats against me, as made her tremble, and obliged her to lay her Commands on me to put a greater Restraint on my Actions for the Safety of my Life.

The Prince, from that Time, began to treat me with so much Contempt, that no Consideration whatsoever could have made me bear it, if *Grizonette* had not laid her Commands upon me, which I shall ever submit to; he no longer made Choice of me to carry his Letters to *Saviana*; and if, at any Time, the King would have sent me to her, and *Curio* was in the Presence, he would take the Commission, and throw me into deep Despair, by depriving me of the Execution of it; but, in Spite of all his Arts, I still found some favourable Moments to see and entertain the lovely *Grizonette*, which Bliss alone was sufficient to render me happy.

Having been one Day in her Company, without any Body to interrupt us, for a considerable Time, and charmed with the Assurances which she had given me against the Terrors that alarmed me, too much Joy shone in my Eyes; *Curio* enter'd and perceived it, and that

that Pleasure, which it was impossible for me to conceal, threw him into so violent a Passion that he forgot the Respect due to the Sex of *Grizonette*, which no State or Grandeur can excuse in a Man of Honour. I was touch'd at it in such a Manner, that it had certainly drove me to some fatal Extremity, if the Regard I had for *Grizonette* had not restrained me.

Retire, said *Curio*, in a scornful Tone; avoid with Care, not only to speak to this Slave, but even to see her; consider the Consequence that will attend your Disobedience, and know, that it is not for any Merit of yours that I have thus long stifled my Resentment. — At these Words he went into his Mother's Closet; *Grizonette* commanded me to obey him; her Tears, and the moving Words with which she spoke, obliged me to sacrifice all my Resentments to her Ease. My Grief incensed her more against *Curio* than all he had said, nor was I but just departed when he returned: At length, said he, I find you have a Heart whose Sentiments are answerable to your Condition; and at the same Time that you disdain a Prince, who is destined to so great an Empire, you hearken favourably to a Slave, merely because he is a Slave as you are.

I have no Reason to give you an Account of the Secrets of my Heart, replied she fiercely; and it would give me much more Pleasure if you would not make me acquainted with yours: Do not expose yourself to the Disgrace of loving a Slave, who has not a Soul great enough to set the Value which she ought on having conquer'd you; leave me and my Baseness to the Liberty of never hearing you again, and carry to some Place more sublime those Vows which I do not merit, and which I have never wished for. — *Saviana*, who entered at that Instant, hindered her from proceeding, and *Curio* retired so enraged, that the Glances which flew from his Eyes made *Grizonette* tremble; she dreaded the fatal Consequences that would follow his desperate Fury, but it has luckily never broke forth; and the Prince, all jealous as he is,

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is endued with so much Virtue, that he has made no Attempts either against my Life or Fortune: But, *Arrifan*, what has he not attempted against my Love? How many Times has he torn me, in the utmost Sorrow and Reluctancy, from all that's dear to me, and obliged me to leave him with *Grizonette* to supply my Place? What Stratagems have I not been forced to invent to see her, notwithstanding the Difficulties which his Jealousy occasioned me? In short, he is a great Obstacle to my Desires; that tho' I am so well assured of the Heart of *Grizonette* as I am, the Torment not to see her, but by obscure Means, nor without the Observation of *Curio*, has thrown me into the State of Uneasiness in which you see me.

Here *Grizon* finished his Relation, and perceiving that *Arrifan* stood astonished and fix'd at what he had heard, without making him any Reply.---Will you not speak to me? says he to him; Is it in this Manner that you promised to comfort me and soften my Misfortunes?—Alas! *Grizon*, replied the faithful Eunuch, you are insensible of some great Things that nearly concern you; and notwithstanding the Firmness of Soul which you may be Master of, you will tremble at hearing the Secret which your present Circumstances oblige me to declare to you.——Oh! what Love is this that inspires you? Could Fate, amongst so many Beauties which adorn this Court, find out no other Fair for an Object of your Passion but *Grizonette*? A Passion which cannot now be continued but with the utmost Horror and Repentance.——How! answered *Grizon*, with an Emotion not to be expressed; What Horror, what Repentance must accompany the Sentiments which I have for the most amiable and beautiful Maid upon Earth?——I am sensible, replied the Eunuch, that her Beauty, Merit, Wit and Virtue, were sufficient to excuse you for the Error in which you have been so long involved. But, *Grizon*, since there is no Possibility of now hiding from you a Secret which has been so long concealed, know,

know, that *Grizonette* is your Sister, and the same Blood animates both your Veins.

Good Gods! my Sister! cried out *Grizon*, in the utmost Despair: Ah! *Arrifan*, hasten not my Death, by making me believe so dreadful a Sentence; deceive me not, nor keep me longer in Suspence, lest I die.——Talk not of dying, replied the Eunuch, though there is nothing in the World truer than what I have now unfolded to you; neither, continued he, can *Curio* be more happy, seeing that he shares the same Fortune as you; for know, that he is also the Brother of *Grizonette*:——Yes, *Grizon*, ye are the Children of *Woldemar*, as well as he; both you and *Grizonette* are the Son and Daughter of that Prince and the generous *Amoretta*. The King is ignorant of this, and *Amoretta* likewise, and 'tis in my Breast alone that this important Secret is lodg'd; but that Blood has not ceased to act by a private Impulse of Nature, for 'tis that makes you so dear to *Woldemar*, 'tis that which occasioned the secret Sympathy that *Amoretta* has for you, and it is without Doubt that which has been the Means to hinder *Curio* from carrying his Resentment to such a Height that otherwise he would have done: *Grizon* was, in his Turn, immoveable, nor was there a Grief comparable to his; he abandoned himself to the Cruelty of his Fate, and continued in the most sensible and touching Sorrow, whilst *Arrifan* continued, in the following Manner, to make him acquainted with the Mystery of his Birth.

The Birth of GRIZON and GRIZONETTE.

IT was scarce two Years after the Birth of *Curio* had filled with Joy all the People of *Bethulia*, and fortified the Power of the imperious *Saviana*, when *Pbenix*, who had the Command of all the Naval Forces of this Kingdom, considerable to the Emperor, not only for his great Poits, but for the important Services

vices which he had rendered him, unhappily perished by the Hands of an infinite Number of Pyrates who had combined together to destroy him, knowing him to be a Terror to all the *Levant* Seas: He was of a very illustrious Birth, being descended from the Family of some of the first Princes of the Empire: His Death ruined his Fortune, which, notwithstanding his high Employments had never been over favourable to him; he left his Wife and Family, consisting of two Daughters and a Son, almost without Effects, and, as a common Consequence, entirely without Succour; his Widow was severely afflicted at his Loss, and finding herself not in a Capacity to give her Son an Education, nor Employments worthy of him, she came to the Palace, followed by her three Children, to lay her Grievs at the Feet of *Woldemar*, and to beg his Protection for the Remains of a Man who had been so faithful to his Service: The tender Objects which accompany'd the sorrowful Relict of *Phœnix* were too moving not to obtain Compassion; her Son was not above twelve Years of Age, the Daughter which followed him was about Thirteen, and *Amoretta*, who was the eldest, and just then enter'd into her sixteenth Year: You will find no Difficulty in believing, that no Woman could appear more beautiful than she at that Time; her mourning Habit added still more Advantage to the natural Charms of her Countenance, and the King saw something so moving and delightful in her Eyes, swimming in Tears, that besides bestowing on the young Prince *Phœnix* all the Posts and Dignities belonging to his deceased Father, he made *Amoretta* a Present of a greater, and infinitely more precious, by yielding to her that Heart in which *Saviana* alone had reigned till that Time; he was too much in Love to guard against the jealous Rage of *Saviana*; he espoused *Amoretta* a few Days afterwards, and *Saviana* had not only the Mortification of seeing her a Rival, but also a Rival adored; her Mind, tho' it is imperious to the last Degree, yet is deeply fraught with Dissimulation; she thought the
most

most political Course she could take was not to seem displeased, but to disguise her Resentment with a covert Address.

She often visited *Amoretta*, who in a short Time was found to be with Child; and, as her Pregnancy encreased, so did the Visits of *Saviana*, who was scarce ever from her; and concealing the Design she had formed for her Destruction, under a feigned Complaisance, she deceived both the King and *Amoretta*; 'twas I alone that suspected her real Intentions, and dreaded the fatal Consequences of this dissembled Friendship; the Forwardness of *Saviana* to serve her, appeared always suspicious to me, because I was perfectly acquainted with her natural Temper; but, notwithstanding all my Care, I could not prevent an Adventure which almost proved fatal to her: The King loved *Amoretta* passionately, but feared *Saviana*, and durst not be wanting in his Complaisance to her; he was therefore pleased to see such Harmony subsist between them, and, to continue it, sought all the Means he could invent to procure them every Day a thousand new Pleasures.

As the Indisposition of *Amoretta* took from her all Appetite for Meats, she complained of it one Day to *Saviana*, who ordered some Baskets of fine Fruits to be set before her, of which she ate with a great deal of Pleasure; but had no sooner retired to her Chamber, than she was taken ill in so violent a Manner that her Life was despaired of: I found her in the Arms of her Slaves without Colour, and almost without Motion: The King ran to her Apartment in the utmost Agony; *Saviana* was one of the first that came, and seemed the most forward to help her; but I observed in her Actions a Sort of malicious Joy; and examining the Circumstances of *Amoretta's* Illness, I immediately concluded that she had been poisoned: As I have some Knowledge in Simples, and had made Experiments of several which were Antidotes to Poison, I gave *Amoretta* a Remedy, which helped to confirm me in the Suspicion I had entertained: Heaven blest the Effect, and the Youth

Youth of the Princess seconded the Force of the Remedy; for, having vomited up both the Fruits and the Venom they had been infected with, she remained without Danger as to her Life, but was very much weakened and fatigued by the Pains she had endured.

She was no sooner able to go abroad, but she went, without any Suspicion, to visit *Saviana* with the same Kindness and Freedom as before; but fearing, by that which had already happened, what might still come to pass, I resolved to make her acquainted with my Suspicion: My Fidelity was well known to her, as had been testified on several Occasions, and her Surprise was so great at my Discovery, that it would be impossible for me to express it. I protest to you, replied she, that, not suspecting *Saviana* of the least Disimulation, I should have run inconsiderately into those Snares which she has laid for me.—It is necessary, Madam, that you dissemble as well as she, replied I; but whilst you distrust her, caress the King, who loves you passionately; I have already made him sensible of what I have told you (for, my Lord, I had unfolded my Suspicion to *Woldemar* before) and have secured your Life and the Child you bear: *Saviana's* Hatred to you arises not only from her Jealousy, but likewise her Ambition; she envies you, because she plainly sees you possess a larger Share of the King's Affections than she, and fearing lest you should bring forth a Son, who might, one Day, be a Competitor with *Curio* for the Crown: As there is no Crime so heinous but she would be guilty of for her Interest, she will leave no Means unattempted to hinder what she dreads from the Advantage you have over her.

Amoretta conceived my Reasons to be just, and readily gave into them; and the King coming in, we concerted our Measures at the same Time, and those which seemed most practicable to us was, to conceal the Lying-in of *Amoretta*, and, in short, to feign your Death. This Design succeeded happily; you came into the World, and I conveyed you out of the Palace
into

into the Hands of Persons who I had won to our Party, and who are very faithful to me. *Amoretta*, when it was discovered that she had been brought to Bed, confirmed your Death by her Tears, which settled in Repose the Mind of *Saviana*.

It was but a Year after this that we were in the same Trouble; *Amoretta* being a second Time with Child, put us again into a worse Perplexity than the former, but at last we overcame that Difficulty also. The Person of *Amoretta* is large and majestick, yet her Shape is perfectly easy, so that not only the cruel *Saviana* was ignorant that she was with Child, but likewise all who were in the Palace, except the King, two Slaves and myself: *Grizonette* was born with the same Precautions which we had observed for you; I took her from the Palace also, notwithstanding it was a Girl, that we might run no Hazard. I had before entrusted you to a Fisherman of my Acquaintance, and the young Princess, being of a tenderer Constitution, and requiring more Nursing to rear her Infancy, I committed her to the Care of a Shepherd who was born in the same Part of the Country as I was, and whose Wife had then lately been brought to Bed.

Nevertheless, my Lord, *Amoretta*, like a tender Mother, was not long without soliciſing me to have you brought before the Senate and acknowledged as her Son. I thought I should be highly to blame in yielding to her Request, and imagined it would be better for her to suffer some Grief, than to put your Life and *Grizonette's* too to a manifest Hazard; I therefore so confidently affirmed that you had been dead a long Time, and that the young Princess did not survive you above a few Months, that she at last believed it. She lamented for you both a great while. I told the same Story to the King, for fear he should reveal all to *Amoretta* to comfort her. Six Years past away in this Manner; after which, I thought there would be no Danger in bringing you to Court. A supposed Merchant gave you to *Woldemar* as a Slave, who no sooner beheld you, than he was pleased with you,

you, and the great Gifts he bestowed on the Trader who presented you to him sufficiently testified it. He committed you to my Charge for the Care of your Education, and you may imagine whether or no I was rejoiced at such an Order.

In about two Years after, I found Means to have the little Princess (whom I had caused to be named *Grizonette*, since you had that of *Grizon*) presented to *Saviana*, with this View, that being continually near her, she might be engaged to love her: She was mightily pleased with her, and took a great deal of Care of her, and *Grizonette* rendered herself so worthy of the Friendship of every body, that *Saviana* could not chuse but love her also.

And now, my dear Prince, you know the whole of this important Secret, of which your Interest has compelled me to be the sole Confident: You find the cogent Reasons I have had to conceal it; yet I have been secret too long.——But how could I foresee this unhappy Engagement which troubles your Repose?

Ah! cruel *Arristan*! cried out *Grizon*, perceiving that he had ended his Discourse; why did you not leave me to the Fury of *Saviana*? You see that Heaven is offended at your Pity, and has not at all countenanced your cherishing me, since I am fallen into the Misfortune of loving my own Sister.——My Sister! added he a Moment after.——O Gods! *Grizonette*, is it possible for me to pronounce that without dying: Ah! too compassionate Friend, why have you disappointed *Saviana* of a Victim which her Repose required for the Safety of the Reign of *Curio*? What a Multiplicity of Misfortunes would you have saved me from, and what Sorrows would you have prevented yourself! Oh! what a miserable Life must mine be hereafter! What Repose can I hope for, being linked to a Passion which I am sensible the Name of *Brother* will never let me overcome? *Arristan* having a long Time vainly endeavoured, by all he could say, to moderate the Prince's Grief, found that his Soul was so overwhelmed with Anguish, that it would not permit him

him to hearken to any Advice: He conjured *Grizon* not to discover the Secret, and took the Charge upon him to acquaint *Grizonette* with all that he had told him.

What a dismal Night did this miserable Prince undergo! he feigned himself indisposed that he might not go out of his Chamber; and *Arristan* having found an Opportunity of conversing with *Grizonette*, related the same to her as he had before done to *Grizon*. She was more moderate than the Prince her Brother, tho' she was not less touched at it than he; and if she did not show her Sorrow so openly before *Arristan* as he had done, she would, when alone, express her Grievs with equally the same Transport.

Arristan exhorted her to be silent till such a Time as Fate should present a fit Opportunity for him to make this surprising News publick, and left her, to all Appearance, as much overwhelmed with Trouble as *Grizon*: The Prince was three Days before he left his Chamber, and *Grizonette* kept her Bed as long, to conceal a Disorder which she could not yet overcome: She feared to see a Brother she had loved with so much Ardour; and that miserable Prince likewise dreading that he should always confound the Sister with the Lover, had not the Power to go to *Saviana*, tho' his Inclination urged him to it with the same Eagerness as usual, which got the better of him at last, and he determined to go: The violent Grief which he had sustained for those three Days, had made so visible an Alteration in his Countenance, that no Person could in the least doubt of his Illness; and the Tears of *Grizonette* had rendered her beautiful Eyes so languishing, that one would think she strove to punish them for being so criminal as to carry their Charms even to her Brother's Heart. The disconsolate *Grizon* found her alone in *Saviana's* Chamber; and never two Persons, who dreaded, yet wish'd to see each other, felt a more equal Emotion in approaching.

The Princess cast down her Eyes, and *Grizon*, who, whether under the Name of Lover or Brother, took the same Pleasure in beholding her, fix'd his Eyes on her Face;

Face; and, after some Moments of Silence, which were no otherwise employ'd but in Sighs, *Grison* broke it first.——You say nothing to me, Madam, says he, with this afflicting Sweetness which has so often charmed me.——You do not speak to me, now I have so great Need of your Virtue to comfort a Soul overwhelmed with Grief and Despair, at an Honour which, tho' it will be infinitely to my Glory, will be fatal to me.

If I am endowed with that Virtue which you say, replied the Princess, it will be very beneficial to me, and you ought to believe, that, not being less surprised, nor less troubled than yourself, I shall have no less Need of its Consolation.——But, Oh! my Brother, we must seek Relief in Constancy and Resolution; and if *Grisonnette* cannot set you an Example to bear without Grief the unhappy Mystery which *Arrian* has so long kept from us, she will at least be serviceable to you in attempting to make you forget this criminal Tenderness, which cannot, nor ought nor, be indulged by those who are animated with the same Blood.

O cruel Maid! replied the Prince, looking amorously at her, since you can pronounce, with so much Tranquillity, a Name which I shall never be able to utter, I don't doubt but you will be able to perform what you say: What! added he, are a few Moments sufficient to extinguish those Flames which I have had so much Difficulty to inspire you with? And you can henceforth look upon him with a common Kindness, whom, notwithstanding his Chains, you had before preferred to so great a Prince as *Curio*? Alas! *Grisonnette*, you have only fancied you loved, but never did in Reality; I shall profit but little from that Steadiness of Mind which you would persuade me to; it is enough that relentless Fate determines me to be your Brother, but it cannot make me cease loving, as I have always done; notwithstanding you have changed your Title, you preserve all your Charms, and my Love,

Love, like them, will continue after the Destruction of all my Hopes.

The Gods, replied *Grizonette* sighing, would punish you if you were to persist in what you say; and seeing we are what we are, this Love cannot be innocent.

Alas! said the Prince, what Misfortunes more cruel than those I at present suffer can befall me? 'Tis Death that I wish for, and which would be a thousand Times more agreeable to me than Life, in the Circumstances which I now wear it under. Ah! Madam, the more I think of the Time past, the more is my Horror of that to come. You well know, that, thro' your Goodness, forgetting the Obscurity of my Birth, and every Thing that could afflict a Man of so elevated a Soul, I thought of nothing but Love: You likewise know, that the glorious Preference you gave me to *Curio*, made me esteem myself a thousand Times more happy than he: And do you think that this Heart, so tender and constant, submitting to a timid Virtue, can sacrifice a Passion which ought to continue Proof against Time and Misfortunes? A Resignation on this Occasion would be very criminal, and he must have loved but very slightly who could renounce it in so short a Time. But you, *Grizonette*; you who have loved me, or at least have made me believe so, is it possible that you should so soon join with Fate to make me unhappy, that a Scruple should at once triumph over your Heart, and that at least there remains not to me in my Misfortunes the Consolation to believe that this surprising Resolution has been cruel to you?

Ah! my Lord, interrupted the Princess, do not penetrate into a Weakness that I have had no little Trouble to conceal from you; I seek Means to cure, and not to afflict you; but you, my Lord, do not render me Justice; I hide my Tears from you, but you, my Lord, have not only the Cruelty to declare to me all your Grievs, but even to join Reproach that I do not merit. Do you believe that she who could prefer you to *Curio*, at a Time when you had nothing to recommend

commend you but your Chains, and labour'd under all the Disadvantages of Fortune, has loved you slightly? or, Can you think that these were the Motions of an inconstant Heart, or one less firm in its Resolution than yours?—No, my Lord, you are unacquainted with the Soul of *Grizonette*; I share your Misfortunes, nor am I less sensible of them than you; but they are without Remedy, and I see nothing but Time and Reason that can surmount them; let us then wait the first with a becoming Patience, and make the other useful to us; and in the mean time, my Lord, if you have any Pity for me, moderate a Despair that overwhelms me, and believe that I have not Strength to support your Grief and my own too.——

Grizonette was going to proceed, but was prevented by the Entrance of Prince *Curio*; he first saw *Grizon*, on whom he cast some Looks of Indignation, but render'd them immediately more soft at the Sight of the Princess, whom he had not seen for three Days; he observed the Alteration of her Countenance, and likewise the Trouble of *Grizon*; he knew not what Cause to attribute it to, but, being well assured that they loved each other, he thought that the Reason of their Sadness was because they durst not flatter themselves with the Hopes of being one Day happy. The Passions which this Sight occasioned would certainly have been vented on *Grizon*, if *Sæviana* had not enter'd. *Grizon* withdrew, and passing through the Gallery that led to the Apartment of *Amoretta*, he met her coming out; ignorant as she was of his near Alliance to her, she did not cease to love him tenderly, and made a Sign for him to approach her.

As I always am in your Interests, *Grizon*, said she, I think myself oblig'd to acquaint you of something that is of great Importance to you, since this Moment permits us to talk together without Witnesses.—— You love *Grizonette*, *Curio* is your Rival, and purposes to gain your Liberty of the King, with an Intent to remove you for ever, not only out of this Palace, but even from *Betbulia*. This is a Secret I learned from

from his own Mouth a few Days since, being in a Place where, unseen, I heard him talking of it with *Lais*, who is apparently in his Interest. Whatever Charms others may find in Liberty, I believe you will meet but with very few, if by that Means you are removed from *Grizonette*, and I am infinitely glad that it is in my Power to give you Notice of this, to the End that you may take your Measures against the Intrigues of *Curio* and *Saviana*, who will not fail blindly to do whatsoever she thinks will contribute to the Pleasure of her Son. During this Discourse of *Amoretta*, the Prince found himself agitated in a very extraordinary Manner, and was often upon the Point of revealing to her all the Secrets of *Arristan*, but recollecting how solemnly he had promised the contrary, he was resolved still to keep it. I am highly obliged to you, Madam, for your Goodness, says he, and I know nothing in this World that I would not do to render me worthy of it: It is certain that I love *Grizonette*, and it is no less certain that *Curio* is enamour'd of her; but, Madam, neither he nor I ought to make any Pretences to her, for Reasons which you will learn one Day with Surprise; in the mean time continue to protect a Wretch whom so many Misfortunes menace; be careful for *Grizonette*: Also know, Madam, that after us, 'tis impossible for you to lose two Persons who deserve your Affections better. *Amoretta* was hindered from answering by the passing of several People; and *Grizon* being retired, she went, surpris'd at his Discourse, to *Saviana*, where she found *Grizonette* in Tears.

Curio, in the very Wreck and wild Despair of Jealousy, was resolv'd at last to break off the Commerce between *Grizon* and *Grizonette*; and finding *Saviana* fit for his Design, he insinuated to her that they had formed an Intrigue together, and gave her such Circumstances as confirm'd her in that Belief: He begg'd her, that, for some Pique he had against *Grizon*, she would by all Means hinder him from coming to her Apartment.

Seviana, who was a profess'd Enemy to the Repose of all the World, was ravished that she had it in her Power to circumvent two Persons who loved each other, and assured her Son that she would not only prevent *Grizon's* coming to her Apartment, but that it would be an easy Matter for her, since he carried on secret Amours, to make him depart not only out of the Palace, but even *Bethulia*.

Curio went out very well contented with this Assurance, and *Seviana* having ordered *Grizonette* to be called to her, — I could not have believed, said she to her, that forgetting that Virtue in which we have so well instructed you, you would have hearkened to amorous Propositions, and have held Intrigues with a Slave of the King's; nevertheless I find that nothing is more true than that the audacious *Grizon*, abusing the Privileges which my Goodness and the Favour of *Woldemar* have given him above all the other Slaves, is come to seduce you even in the very Palace, which ought to be the Asylum of Chastity. I am convinced of what I tell you by undeniable Proofs, and it is with a great deal of Chagrin that I inform you of it. I had conceived for you a sincere Friendship from your Infancy; and, regarding you as a Mother rather than a Mistress, I had designed you for something greater than a Slave; but your Heart has made an unworthy Choice itself, and would not wait for mine: All that you can expect from it is, that *Grizon* shall depart the Palace, never to enter it more, and that I will take from you not only the Advantages I proposed, but likewise my Esteem and Friendship.

Grizonette had a Heart too great and too sensible to suffer patiently this Discourse of *Seviana*; she knew her own Innocence, and had always lived with *Grizon* in a Manner rather to merit Praise than Reproaches, and looking stedfastly on *Seviana*, conscious that in her she saw the Person who would have sacrificed to her Fury *Amoretta*, *Grizon*, and herself, with an Air of Assurance blended with Disdain; Madam, says she, I neither merit your Reproaches nor Threatnings, and
my

my Inclinations have always been so guided by Virtue, that I have pethaps surpassed the Lessons which have been given me: I have no Intrigue which can make me blush; and I dare tell you, Madam, whatever Respect I owe you, you have never seen any thing that could give you disadvantageous Thoughts of *Grizonette*.——I speak with a Freedom which perhaps is not conformable to my present State, but which is very much so to the Sentiments of my Heart; and being sensible of the Outrages that I do not deserve, I don't know any Authority that can make me suffer them.——I have made no unworthy Choice, Madam; and notwithstanding the Obscurity of my Birth, I am sensible, by the Sublimity of my Soul, that it cannot be mean, and therefore leave the Care of my Destiny to Heaven; I hope the Gods will protect me, and permit me to justify myself.——But, Madam, when upon Motives without Foundation you deprive me of your Protection, I must comfort myself for a Disgrace which I did not bring upon myself, and which I do not deserve.

I do not know, replied *Saviana*, enraged at the Answer of *Grizonette*, whether you are Queen and I am but your Slave, but you speak as if it was really so; nevertheless, when I look upon you, I see nothing in you but the Works of my own Bounty and the Mistress of *Grizon*.——

I am not ignorant of what I am, Madam, replied *Grizonette*, (resolved to defend herself) I well know that I am your Slave; but allowing that I have some Obligations to you, you could do no less than protect a miserable Person destined to serve you and wear your Chains; I know also that the Condition of a Captive requires nothing but Submission; but, Madam, my Heart and Fortune are widely different, and I can truly say, that one is the Torment of the other, and I am well assured by the Dictates of my Heart, which cannot patiently bear Outrages, that if I am not a Queen, at least my Descent is not far inferior to a Throne.

A Conquest so illustrious as that of *Grizon*, replied *Saviana* disdainfully, cannot be inspired with other Sentiments.—*Grizon*, says the Princess, is possessed of a Virtue which would justify all those Sentiments I had for him.—I know well, answered *Saviana*, that his Virtue charms you, and from it you hope for something more considerable; but these are Imaginations which excite nothing but Pity, and, for my Part, I can do no less than lament with you for so great a Misfortune as to lose, in the same Day, the Sight of this precious Lover, and all other pleasing Hopes that you could have formed to yourself.—Retire, continued she fiercely to her, go and suppress this Passion which is a Shame to you, and hide yourself from me, as you ought to do from the rest of the World.

Grizonette went out at these Words, the Vexation of them forcing from her fair Eyes a Torrent of Tears; and in this Condition *Amoretta* found her, who did her utmost to comfort her, and to learn the Cause of her Grief. *Grizonette* inform'd her of the Reason of it, without daring to touch upon the Secret of *Arri-stan*; notwithstanding the Desire she had to declare it to her. *Amoretta* was sensibly touch'd with the Relation, and embracing the young Princess, It is scarce a Minute, says she to her, since I informed *Grizon* of every thing which you have Cause to dread from the Words of *Saviana*; But, my dear *Grizonette*, what Service can I render you?—The most considerable that I can hope for from your Generosity, replied she, is, that you will render me more Justice than *Saviana*.—The Soul of *Saviana* and mine, replied the amiable *Amoretta*, are too different to have the same Sentiments; I have but too much Reason to believe her unjust, and if I were not so well assured as I am of your Virtue, her accusing you of it would be sufficient to establish in me the Opinion I have always had of your Innocence: But what is there I can serve you in further?—Be so good, replied *Grizonette*, as to acquaint *Grizon* of all that has pass'd here; desire him to consult

sult with *Arristan*, and make use of those Means which they know will deliver me from the Calumnies of *Sæviana*, and the Persecution of *Curio*. *Grizon* must never more enter this Palace, the imperious *Sæviana* has banish'd him from it for ever; and since you have so much Goodness, Madam, as to enter into the Interests of an unfortunate Person, and make her less so by thinking that you commiserate her, search, if you please, for the Slave of *Woldemar*; tell him the State I am in; Time presses, and a Moment's Injury offer'd to the Virtue of *Grizonette*, is sufficient to drive her to Despair. *Amoretta* had only Time enough to assure the Princess that she would not fail to do what she desired of her, because *Sæviana* enter'd, and *Grizonette* was constrained to withdraw.

Sæviana said nothing to *Amoretta* of what had pass'd, she was resolved that it should appear publicly; and the Answer of her Slave had enraged her to such a Degree, that she thought of nothing but how she might ruin her without Remorse. *Amoretta* staid but a short Time with her, being impatient to serve *Grizonette*; but as she could not search for *Grizon* herself, since he generally kept in his own Apartment, she wrote a small Billet to him, which she gave to an old Eunuch to carry, in which she had inclosed these Words.

AMORETTA to GRIZON.

“ It is of the utmost Importance that I see you
“ again To-day, having some Things to acquaint you
“ with which I dare not commit to Paper; be sure to
“ be, in about two Hours Time, at the Fountain in
“ the Labyrinth; I will not fail to meet you there,
“ and to let you know how dear your Interests are to
“ me, and what Sentiments I have for you.”

AMORETTA.

What an infinite deal of Trouble did this innocent Billet cause in the Palace of *Woldemar*; the Slave *Toxare*, who was entrusted to carry it, held it in his

Hand, not taking any Care to prevent its being seen: He was just entering the King's Apartment to look for *Grizon*, when, at the Door, he met *Saviana*: She immediately cast her Eyes on the Letter. — What Message are you going to carry, *Toxare*? says she to the Slave, and what Letter is that in your Hand? He made her no Answer, and appeared very much surprised: *Saviana* at this became more curious, and snatching the Billet from him, without any other Consideration than that of satisfying herself, she retired with it into her Chamber. *Toxare* did not care to tell the Truth to *Amoretta*, but made her believe he had lost the Billet after having sought for *Grizon* a long Time in vain.

As the Mind of *Saviana* was naturally mischievous, she immediately concluded that *Amoretta* had an Intrigue of Gallantry with *Grizon*. Whatever she had done to disguise her real Sentiments, she had always maintained an invincible Hatred against her, perceiving, with the greatest Discontent, that her Merit reigned over the Heart of *Woldemar*; therefore, ravish'd with the Thought of having it in her Power to destroy so formidable an Enemy as *Amoretta*, she lock'd up her Letter with the utmost Care.

This unhappy Interception of the Letter, in one Night, entirely destroy'd all *Amoretta*'s Measures; and, notwithstanding the Desire she had to serve *Grizonette*, she found that she must be obliged to stay till To-morrow before she could advise *Grizon* what to do; and whilst she was thinking what would be the best Method she could take to inform him, seeing that she had already lost one Letter, whilst *Grizonette* was overwhelmed with Grief in her Solitude, and the disconsolate *Grizon* suffered the same Sorrow, without being able to taste the Comfort that *Arrian* gave him, *Saviana* was not idle; and *Woldemar* coming that Night, according to his usual Custom, into her Chamber, she would not delay a Moment from making the first Attempt to overthrow the Fortune of *Amoretta*.

My

My Lord, says she to *Waldemar*, affecting a great deal of Sadness, it is very much against my Will that I am constrained to declare to you an Affair which will be displeasing to you; and if your Honour was not greatly concerned in the Information which I am going to give you, I should be very cautious of speaking of it lest I should offend you: But, my Lord, this is so sensible a Stroke to your Glory, that whatever may be the Effects, you ought to be no longer ignorant that *Amoretta* betrays you, and that *Grizon*, whom you love as your Son, that insolent Captive whom your Goodness has so often loaded with Favours, dishonours you, and carries on an infamous Intrigue with her.

Ha! Madam, cried the King, struck with these Words as with a Clap of Thunder, do not endeavour to make me suspect the Virtue of *Amoretta*, or the Fidelity of *Grizon*; for such a good Opinion of them is rooted in my Heart, that it will be almost an impossible Task to remove them thence.——I imagined, said *Sueviana* soothingly, that I should draw down your Anger upon me for laying open this bold Charge against them, and which nothing could have induced me to, but the great Regard I have for your Honour; but I have such a Proof as will entirely quit me of any Imputation of Malice, and I am afraid too sensibly convince you of her Infidelity.——The Character of *Amoretta* is well known to you——read there——tho' with Reluctance and Sorrow I give it you.——At these Words she put the Billet in his Hand.——*Waldemar* read it over several Times, and could scarce believe his Eyes: He loved *Amoretta* more than ever he had done *Sueviana*, and *Grizon* had always been as dear to him as *Curio*, and the Affection he bore them rendered them a thousand Times more criminal to his Thoughts.——Traitors! cried he, in an Agony of Passion, ye shall die, and two Lives so perfidious shall in some Measure satisfy my Revenge for this execrable Villany——*Amoretta* deceives me shamefully, and the ungrateful *Grizon* seduces her. O! 'tis too much

to bear, and there is nothing shall save them from my just Vengeance.

Saviana, who with all her Malice had a deep Fore-cast, rightly judged if this Affair was to be made publick, something or other might happen which would justify them and disappoint her Hopes; therefore she stopt the King the Moment he was going to pronounce open Sentence against them, and subtilly made him believe that he ought to keep secret an Affront of this Kind, which, by being known, would redound more to his Dishonour. *Woldemar*, exasperated as he was, moderated his Passion by her Counsel, and retired very much perplexed to his Apartment: *Curio* enter'd a Moment after, and *Saviana* gave herself a further Pleasure, by acquainting him with the Mischief which was in *Embrio*. He could not believe them guilty; and being himself too well versed in the soft Endearments of Love to imagine those of *Grizon* for *Grizonette* were dissembled, he would have persuaded his Mother that something mysterious, rather than criminal, was meant by *Amoretta's* Letter, and that she ought not to abandon her to the Rage of the King without searching into it further: But instead of taking his Counsel, she flew out into Reproaches on him, and accused him of Pusillanimity and Want of Courage.

Woldemar passed the Night without being capable of taking any Rest; and the more he called to mind the Love he bore *Amoretta*, and his Tenderness for *Grizon*, the more he thought them deserving of the Death he was meditating for them. *Arrifan* had hitherto been the faithful Repository of all his Secrets, but he thought it quite improper to trust him with the Knowledge of this last; for he having been always the Guardian of *Grizon*, and the faithful Confident of *Amoretta*, and having so great an Influence over the King himself, knew that he would not fail to make use of all his Persuasion, and employ the utmost of his Endeavours to re-establish them in his Favour.

Thus

Thus every Thing conspired to overthrow the innocent *Amoretta*, and her unfortunate Son, who, without thinking of their Danger, entertained each other with discoursing of those Things which had happened the preceeding Day. *Grizon* returned her many Thanks for the Intelligence and Precaution she gave him, and sensible of the injurious Construction, that the wicked *Saviana*, to satisfy her Revenge, would put upon the Modesty of *Grizonette*, he took his Leave of *Amoretta*, and ran to seek *Arristan*, conjuring him to discover a Secret, which, by being known, could not produce any Thing more dreadful than by being longer concealed.

The Eunuch, to satisfy the Anxiety of the young Prince, flew immediately to the King's Apartment; but as *Woldemar* had resolved not to see him until he had satisfied his Revenge, he feigned himself sick, and would not have his Repose disturbed, and by this Means Fate, that often loves to sport with Mortals' Destinies, carried their threatening Danger to the last Extremity.

Grizon was in the utmost Despair at this Disappointment, nor durst any more approach the Place where the unfortunate *Grizonette* was confined. The implacable *Saviana* triumphed over *Amoretta*; and *Curio*, enamoured as he was, durst not complain that he could not see *Grizonette*, because it was he himself who had drawn this Misfortune on her.

In fine, the enraged *Woldemar* would no longer defer his Vengeance, and that same Evening the Eunuchs destined for private Executions had Orders to deprive *Amoretta* and *Grizon* of Life. *Saviana* was immediately informed of it, and pleased her Malice with the Thought that she should reign alone. She resolved to make *Grizonette* acquainted with it, cruelly judging that it would be the most sensible Affliction she could occasion her: She sent for her, and, without staying for the Arrival of *Curio*, because she did not fear the revoking of those Orders which were given, and perhaps already executed, she declared to the beautiful

Grizonette both the Death and the pretended Infidelity of *Amoretta* and her Lover. This fatal News had almost produced as fatal an Effect in her; she made known her Surprise by a grievous Cry, which was followed by a Silence that appeared to be mortal: She fell upon a Couch that was near her, without Strength or Colour.

Curio, coming in at that Instant, run to her; he could not bear to see her in that Distress, knowing himself to be the guilty Cause of it, without the utmost Emotion and Horror; he quite lost his Patience at the Sight, and rightly imagining that it was *Saviana* who had thrown her into this Agony, the Resentment of his Love made him forget his Duty, and he reviled *Saviana* in a Manner very unbecoming a Son to a Mother.——Cruel, perfidious Woman, said he, will you never be satisfied with persecuting Innocence? What can this unhappy Maid have done that you should thus afflict her? If her Beauty has rendered her favoured Lover obnoxious to me, yet when Reason has Time to interpose, I can't be angry with him, since the same Charms who warm'd him, a Slave, and her Equal, have inspired me: *Grizonette's* Beauty sufficiently pleads his Excuse; and though I would have him removed from the Palace, I should be sorry that he should suffer the least Damage in his Person.

Poor faint-hearted Boy! dastardly Coward, unworthy me that have the Disgrace to be your Mother! Since your Spirit is so mean, enjoy your Minion in common with your Slave; be the worst of Wretches, and from a Prince become the Slave of Slaves; you may, for your Part, tamely submit to all the Insults offered you, but great Revenge shall actuate every Motion of mine; and, though out of a foolish Fondness for you it may spare that pining Girl, it shall fall with a double Fury on the perfidious *Amoretta* and *Grizon*.

She pronounced these Words with a sharp Tone of Voice, and went out in a violent Passion; *Curio* know-

knowing her revengeful Temper, was about to have followed her, but found that the Mention of *Grizon's* Name had recalled the fleeting Spirits of *Grizonette*, she lifted up her languishing Eyes that flow'd with incessant Tears, and perceiving herself in the Arms of *Curio*, who used his utmost Endeavours to support and recover her, she had certainly fainted away again; but re-assuming a Presence of Mind natural to every great and noble Soul, and recollecting that the present Interview might be of Advantage to two Persons the nearest and dearest to her in the World, could she prevail over the Temper of *Curio*, which, notwithstanding it had too much of the Rage and Haughtiness of *Saviana*, yet was tempered by the Generosity of *Woldemar*.—My Lord, says *Grizonette* sighing, I hope you don't come to triumph over the Misfortunes which the unkind *Saviana* has brought upon me: But behold me suppliant to you for a Favour which I can scarce have Power to ask, 'tis to save the Lives of *Amoretta* and *Grizon*: I am afraid the last is a Task you will not care to undertake, but be assured he is not nor cannot be your Rival nor you his any longer. There is a Secret, which this Day must unravel, big with mysterious Events; fly then instantly to the King, and, if possible, prevail on him to revoke their Doom, and not destroy so much Innocence—The least Delay will put it out of your Power, for the malicious *Saviana* informs me they are to be privately strangled this Night; do this, and you save the Lives of two Persons, who, far from injuring you, are dearer to you than you imagine, and with theirs you will likewise preserve *Grizonette's*; who cannot survive if they thus wrongfully perish.

There was something so mysterious couched in these Words, that *Curio* was quite amazed, and would have pressed her to an Explanation; but she, repeating the Necessity there was of his going immediately, he left her without any further Enquiry, and flying to the King's Apartment, he threw himself at his Feet just as he was going to sign the fatal Warrant for the

Exe-

Execution. *Curio* begg'd a Moment's Respite, and made use of such cogent Reasons in their Behalf, and so tenderly moved the Affections of the King for *Amoreta*; that at last he obtained, under *Woldemar's* own Signet; a Reprieve for them till the next Night. *Sæviana* knew nothing of this, and having retired to her Apartment, was pleasing herself with the happy Effects of her Vengeance.

Curio went to acquaint *Grizonette* with what he had obtain'd, and, not content to rest there, goes immediately to *Arristan*, to consult the best Methods to secure *Grizon*. The faithful Eunuch was pleased to see *Curio* interest himself so deeply in the Cause of the unfortunate Prince, but did not think it proper to disclose the important Secret of his Birth, lest the Affection which he bore him as a Slave should turn to Hatred, when he should know that he was his Brother, and might be one Day Competitor for the Empire.

Arristan had already formed a Scheme to release the unfortunate Captive, which he communicated to *Curio*; he approved of it, and they agreed without any further Delay to put it in Practice. The Method they pursued was, to send for the Keeper of the Prison where *Grizon* was confined; they told him, that as the Execution was to be performed by Mutes in private, it would be impossible to be discovered, that therefore they had provided a Slave who had been condemned to die, whom they would put in the Place of *Grizon*, if he would consent to let him escape. The poor Man hesitated at first, as dreading the Consequences, but by the Persuasion and Bribes of *Arristan*, and the Threats of *Curio*, he at last consented, and *Grizon* was released to make Room for the Wretch who afterwards suffered in his Room. They were for some Time at a Loss where to bestow him, fearing the Enquiry of *Sæviana*; at length *Arristan* remembering a faithful Servant, who, through his Means, was employed in menial Offices, and for some Years had lodged in an outer Apartment of the Palace, they conducted him there with all the Secresy imaginable; and

and left him to the Care of the faithful *Delio*, who seemed overjoyed at his Charge, which at that Time they knew not the Meaning of. — They retired well pleased with what they had done, and were only sorry that they could find no Means to relieve *Amoretta*. They depended however on the Affection the King bore her for her Release.

Saviana kept herself very reclusive all that Day, but was very much chagrined when she heard at Night that the Execution was deferred; she went to *Woldemar's* Apartment, but was informed he was so indisposed that he was retired to Rest, and had forbidden any one to be admitted to him upon any Account whatsoever. This Disappointment increased her Rage to such a Degree, that she could not refrain from venting it on the Eunuch who guarded the Door of the King's Chamber; and her Indiscretion carried her so far that she would have broke thro' by Force, and have gone to the King, but they prevented her. She retired, full of Indignation, to her Apartment, and would suffer none of her Women to come near her, that they might not be privy to her Weakness.

The Reason of *Woldemar's* retiring so early, was the Receipt of a Letter from *Amoretta*, in which she endeavoured, in a most pathetick Manner, to convince him of her Innocence, and, as with her last Words, conjured him, if that he thought proper to deprive her of Life, that he would rescue her Name from Infamy. This stagger'd him very much, and he spent the Night without Sleep, wavering between Doubt and Despair.

Grizon was no sooner released from his Confinement than he pressed *Delio*, in the strongest Terms, to enquire after *Grizonette*, and consult with *Arristan* all possible Means to get to the Speech of her, and inform her what Circumstances he was in. *Delio* gladly embraced the Opportunity of seeing *Grizonette* and speaking to her in private, to effect which very Purpose he had, for three Years past, endeavoured all Manner of Ways.

When

When *Delio* came to disclose to *Arrifan* what *Mef-
fage Grizon* had sent him, the Eunuch was very much
furprised at the Rashness of the Attempt, and did all he
could to dissuade him from it, but his Admiration was
more increased when he perceived *Delio* so strenuous to
see her, little imagining that faithful Servant had more
to unfold to the Princess upon his own Account than
upon *Grizon's*. *Arrifan* often wonder'd at this Man's
Behaviour; for tho' he condescended to do the most
servile Offices of the Palace, yet the Eunuch thought
he discovered in him something of a superior Rank to
the Station he was in at present, during the many
Years he had been in *Woldemar's* Service. *Arrifan*
had often endeavour'd to discover who he was, but
found him so reserved and sagacious, that it was im-
possible to get any thing out of him: All he could
learn was, that being a Native of *Caria*, he went ear-
ly to the Court of *Epirus* to improve his Fortune, where
entering into the Service of a principal Lord and
Favourite of the then reigning Emperor, he lived for
some Time in great Splendor and Happiness; but that
his Lord perishing in the Revolution which happened in
that Kingdom about eighteen Years before, *Delio*
was oblig'd, to avoid the Rage which pursu'd his Do-
mesticks, to seek Refuge in the Palace of *Woldemar*.
Arrifan seeing him so resolute to see *Grizonette*, fur-
nished him with a Slave's Habit, and gave him the ne-
cessary Precautions to prevent a Discovery. Great
Part of the Night was wasted in these Consultations,
and it was almost Day-break when *Delio* went to
Grizonette's Apartment; he thought he was unpercei-
ved by any Body; but the watchful Jealousy of *Savi-
ana* would not suffer her to be at Rest; she expected
something extraordinary to happen that Night, and
having subdu'd the Eunuch *Toxare* intirely to her Interest,
she order'd him to observe narrowly every thing that
pass'd in the Palace, and to bring her Information of
every remarkable Occurrence; accordingly he flew to
acquaint her with the disguised Slave's being admitted
to *Grizonette*, that he had been there near an Hour, and
there

there was no Appearance of his withdrawing yet a while. *Saviana* immediately went to detect them, and standing in a Place where she could not readily be perceived, was Eye-witness to several tender Embraces which *Grizonette* bestow'd on *Delio*. She call'd him her Father, her Deliverer, and several other affectionate Names; he, in Return, assured her, that he was determin'd to rescue her from the Danger that threaten'd her, or die in the Attempt: He concluded, by informing her, that every Moment he was ready to put his Design in Execution, and that Morning should be the last of her Confinement, and release her from the imperious Government of *Saviana*, the haughty Mistress of *Woldemar*. *Saviana* had no longer Patience, but going up to them, Perfidious Wretch, says she to *Delio*, art thou so audacious as to profane the very Palace, and entice our Slaves from their Duty? Thou canst not, after such an Offence, think, but that thy wretched Life must pay the Forfeit of thy Treachery. Upon which, calling a Guard, she bade them secure *Delio* as a Traitor, and one guilty of Treason; and gave particular Orders that *Grizonette* should be confined to her Apartment, and no Person whatever have Admittance to her. The Confusion which this occasioned spread an Alarm round the Palace, which soon reaching *Woldemar*, he came, attended by the chief Lords of his Court, to enquire into the Cause of it: He found *Delio* boldly confronting *Saviana*, and telling her that *Grizonette* was a Princess equal, if not superior to herself; and that, as to himself, he defied the utmost Stretch of her Malice, and looked upon her severest Threats as Things in no ways to be dreaded.——The King sternly demanded to know the Reason of this Disorder.——'Tis he there, that Wretch, says *Saviana*, who, not content with violating the strict Rules of the Palace, by daring to enter here without Leave, has even presumed to seduce my Slave to make her Escape; there is a Plot forming against you, and, as far as I can find, by the Intelligence of the faithful *Toxars*, there is a Design to
rescue

rescue *Amoretta* and *Grizon*, and to carry off *Grizonette* with them; but sure, my Lord, you will not suffer your just Vengeance to be thus disappointed—No, says *Woldemar*, since they thus presume to sport with my Power, they shall find the Effects of thwarting an incensed King; give Orders, added he to one of his principal Courtiers, that Execution be immediately done on the faithless *Amoretta*, and the perfidious *Grizon*; the Injury they have done me, now appears too plain to admit of any longer Respire; within an Hour let the Mutes dispatch them both; *Grizonette* beheld the Slaves withdraw, and the fatal Bowstring in their Hands, with inexpressible Concern. She was upon the Point of throwing herself at the King's Feet, and disclosing the important Secret entrusted to her by *Arristan*, in order to save the Life of the Princess her Mother, and the Prince her Brother, but *Sæviana* judging by the Anxiety of her Looks, that she had something to say, which perhaps might divert the King's Purpose, hindered her from approaching; when, as a fresh Disappointment to the malicious Joy that play'd about her Heart, she saw *Cario* introduce *Arristan*, she read Impatience and Dissatisfaction in his Eyes, yet he appeared with an Air of Resolution that seemed to brave the greatest Dangers.

Arristan approached *Woldemar* with a becoming Submission and Deference, and kneeling at his Feet, address'd him as follows: "Great Sire! Behold at
 " thy Feet an humble Slave, who implores thy Mer-
 " cy and Forgiveness, for keeping from you so long
 " a Secret which so nearly concerns you. I know,
 " that if your Goodness interposes not in my Behalf,
 " Death must be my fatal Reward for intruding thus
 " into your sacred Presence, when I had express Or-
 " ders to the contrary; but whatever Fate attends
 " me, my Duty, which has never swerved from you
 " in the least, obliges me to acquaint you with what
 " must be of the utmost Consequence to your future
 " Peace of Mind, and on which the Happiness of
 " your

“ your Empire depends ; how will it grieve your noble Heart, when you shall find, that in ordering the Execution of *Grizon*, you have doom’d your Son to Death ; yes, my Lord, he and *Grizonette* are the Children of *Amoretta*, whom, when young, you entrusted to my Care, that they might escape the jealous Fury of *Saviana* ; I always resolved, that nothing should wring this from me but the Approach of Death, which, as I have now Reason to fear, I have disclosed all I know ; this *Bracelet* which you gave him when he was carried from Court, and which he has carefully preserved, he delivered to me just now, and earnestly entreated I would give it to you : All I implore is, if it is not too late, and the Ministers of your Vengeance have not been too speedy in executing your Orders, that you would recall your fatal Order, and save the Lives of the innocent Prince and his tender Mother ; preserve but them, and let the Heat of your Resentment light on me. ”

Wo'demar was astonished at these Words, a thousand Circumstances occurred to his Memory, which confirmed what the Eunuch had said ; he raised *Aristan* from the Ground, where he lay prostrate, and giving immediate Orders to stop the Execution of the Prince and Princess, was about to interrogate *Aristan* of further Particulars, when a Messenger entered, and informed him, that his Orders came too late to save *Grizon*, but that *Amoretta* was released, and coming to throw herself at his Feet. — How shall I behold that injured Woman, cried out the good old King ? ’tis thou, Monster, added he to *Saviana*, that has occasioned all this Confusion in the Palace ; but from this Moment I banish thee from my Presence for ever ; out of Regard to the Prince thy Son, I will still allow thee the Dignity of a Princess, and every Thing suitable to the Rank of his Mother, but retire I charge thee to the *Castle of the Forests*, there spend the Remainder of thy Days in Contrition for thy Offences, but never after this Day dare to be seen

seen in the Palace of *Betbulia*. *Sæviana* durst not presume to make a Reply, but went out in an insolent Manner, without so much as endeavouring to clear herself, or taking Leave of any one; Sudden Surprise and Compunction for the severe Sentence he had passed, caused the King to fall senseless into the Arms of his Attendants, 'till *Amoretta* coming in, by her dear well-known Voice, recalled his fleeting Thoughts.— Ah! Madam, says he, look not so tenderly on me; I am the Murderer of your Son, *Grizon* was your Son and mine, and him I have destroy'd, by giving Way to an ungrounded Jealousy, to satisfy the Malice of an ambitious and revengeful Woman; the King, unable to utter more, fainted away a second Time, and *Amoretta* fell Breathless into the Arms of her Women; the Nobles used all their Endeavours to recover them, and the generous *Curio*, seeing the King his Father recover a little, drew near, and imploring Forgiveness for having deceived him, promised him, that if he would give his Royal Word for *Grizon's* Safety, he would produce him yet alive; the King was more surprized at this, but readily consenting, *Curio* went himself to fetch him, whilst *Arristan* discovered the Stratagem they had made use of to preserve his Life; he had no sooner done, than *Grizon* entered, and was received by the King and *Amoretta* with the greatest Marks of Affection and Joy. The King then informed his beloved Princess, that *Grizonette* claimed a Share in her Heart, as well as the young Prince; *Grizonette*, after receiving their Embraces, addressed herself to *Woldemar*, Sire, says she, I am unworthy the Affection you shew me, especially since I am not entitled to it upon the Terms you imagine—My Birth has been always uncertain; but I have now an Opportunity of bringing it to an Eclaircissement; this honest Man, says she, pointing to *Delio*, has shared Misfortune with me from my Birth, and having been a faithful Counsellor to my royal Father, knows every Particular relating to me, and, with

of THULE; or, The ISLAND of LOVE. 283

with your Majesty's Leave, will inform you who were my Parents.

Waldemar stood astonish'd at such a Series of mysterious Events being disenvelop'd on a Sudden, and *Arrifan* and the two young Princes, who were equally concerned in this Affair, listned attentively whilst *Delio* proceeded.

" It is near thirty Years since the Revolutions in
" *Batbulia* caused *Epirus* to be divided from the Em-
" pire, and made a separate Principality by itself,
" enjoying the Privilege it anciently had of electing
" its own Monarchs; the first Choice fell upon *An-*
" *chelaus*, who was descended lineally from the first
" Kings of *Epirus*. I had been bred up with him from
" his Infancy, and when he came to the regal Dig-
" nity, shared his most intimate Thoughts; he reign-
" ed happily and undisturbed for some Years, but at
" length his perfidious Kinsman *Morutus*, having raised
" a Party in the Mountains, came down upon him
" with a prodigious Number of irregular Forces, in
" order to dispossess him of his Kingdom; he made
" Head against him a long while, but fickle Fortune
" turning against him, about eighteen Years ago
" *Morutus*, after discomfiting his Forces in the Field,
" laid Siege to the City of *Epirus*; the unhappy *Ar-*
" *chelaus* finding his Circumstances desperate, and
" his Queen *Zaira* being then big with Child, he
" committed her to my Care, earnestly entreating,
" that I would convey her out of the City to some
" distant Cottage, where she might be brought to
" Bed in Safety and Obscurity; accordingly we
" made our Escape by Night, and travelling with
" incredible Difficulty thro' Forests and Bye-roads,
" we at last came to a Shepherd's Cottage; we found
" the poor Woman who had lately been brought to
" Bed, not only lamenting the Death of her own
" Child, but likewise one who had been entrusted
" to her Care but a few Days before, and whom, by
" large Presents, I brought them to confess, had
" been left there by *Arrifan*; this was undoubtedly
" the

“ the true *Grizonette* ; Queen *Zaira*’s Pains came so
 “ fast upon her, that it was impossible for us to pro-
 “ ceed further, so being forced to take up with
 “ what Necessaries we could get there, she was in a
 “ few Hours delivered of a lovely Princess ; but the
 “ Fatigue of the Journey, and Grief for being ex-
 “ pelled her Kingdom, and forced to wander thus a
 “ wretched Exile, proved fatal to her ; for having
 “ lived long enough to recommend her dear Infant,
 “ whom she desired to be named *Zaraxa*, to my
 “ Care, with the greatest Reluctance she departed
 “ this Life.

“ I contrived to dispose of the royal Infant with
 “ the Shepherd’s Wife, and my Presents and their
 “ own Interest made them consent that she should
 “ pass for *Grizonette*, nor durst they betray it even
 “ to *Arriſtan* himself ; I waited there to hear News
 “ of my royal Master, and received the melancholy
 “ Account, that being overthrown by *Moratus*, he was
 “ obliged to abdicate his Kingdom, and fly with his
 “ young Brother *Phœnix*, and what faithful Follow-
 “ ers he could collect, to the Mountains ; I had a
 “ trusty Slave named *Ismael*, whom I ordered to re-
 “ turn to *Epirus*, and from Time to Time bring me an
 “ Account of all that happened ; he followed the Bu-
 “ siness of a Water-Carrier, and the Meanness of his
 “ Station prevented his being obnoxious to the
 “ Frowns of Fortune ; this Fellow performed his
 “ Duty exactly, and has all along given me exact
 “ Intelligence of whatever passed of Consequence in
 “ the Kingdom of *Epirus* ; finding it impossible to re-
 “ turn to my own Country, I continued at the Shep-
 “ herd’s, and assisted him in taking Care of his
 “ Flock. *Arriſtan* very well remembers, that he
 “ saw me there several Times, and when the Prin-
 “ cess was four Years old, he mentioned his Design
 “ of presenting her to *Sæviana* ; I was determin’d to
 “ follow her Fortune in some Shape or other, and by
 “ that, shew my Respect to the Remains of the dear
 “ Queen my Mistress ; accordingly, after having
 some

“ some Conversation with *Arristan*, I expressed my
 “ Desire of being entertained as a Servant under
 “ him; he approved of my Proposal, and I have
 “ from that Time enjoyed the Post I now possess in
 “ your Majesty's Palace. Some few Months since,
 “ my trusty Slave brought me an Account, that *Ar-*
 “ *cbelaus* had been dead about half a Year, and, that
 “ the People, impoverished by the Licentiousness of
 “ *Morutus*, and enraged at his repeated Cruelties, were
 “ ripe for a Revolt, of which, *Phœnix* being inform-
 “ ed, raised an Army, and coming down suddenly
 “ upon the Usurper, deposed him, and was acknow-
 “ ledged King in his Stead, to the great Joy of the
 “ Inhabitants of *Epirus*.

“ I wrote to the Brother of my deceased Master,
 “ recommending the trusty *Ismael* to his Care, and
 “ informing him of all that had happened to *Zaraxa*
 “ and myself, and where we were. I received an
 “ Answer from *Phœnix* about two Months since, in
 “ which he appoints me Ambassador to your Majesty,
 “ to demand the Princess *Zaraxa*, and conduct her to
 “ the Palace of her Ancestors; there are my Cre-
 “ dentials, pursuant to which I ask Leave that she
 “ may return Home with an Equipage suitable to
 “ her Rank. ”

This unexpected Discovery put the whole Court
 in the greatest Consternation; *Grizon* more particu-
 larly found his Passion revive, and was the only one
 that was pleased to hear she was not the Daughter of
Woldemar; but what gave him more Pleasure, was,
 to know that the Princess had not changed her Senti-
 ments with the Knowledge of her Birth; she return-
 ed *Woldemar* her grateful Acknowledgments for the
 Favour she had received in his Court, and made it
 her earnest Request, that *Grizon* might accompany
 her to *Epirus*; and soothed *Curio* in such a pretty Man-
 ner, that, notwithstanding he was a disappointed Lo-
 ver, he could not condemn her Choice.

In a little Time after they departed from *Bethulia*,
 where *Phœnix* confirming his Niece's Election of
Grizon,

Grizon, they were solemnly espoused, and he declared the Prince Heir to the Kingdom after his Death: Thus Heaven takes Delight to conduct Innocence thro' a Series of Misfortunes, and brings it, like the Diamond polished from the Mine, brighter from its Obscurity.

The Ladies returned FAIRE-FRANC Thanks for his entertaining Story; CONCERRA in particular said, that she thought there was some Analogy between CURIO and her Favourite the *Prince de CHARMANTE*; he has always been used like a Slave, and his Brother the *Prince de TORT-TERRE* has assumed the Post of Favour which of Right belongs to him; for what a trifling Dispute has he been for a long Time banished the Presence? But thank the just Gods, his Innocence and steady Virtue has got the better of the Premier's Policy and Chicanerie, and he and his Friends are again restored to the Confidence and Esteem of the grand Podesstate which they so justly deserve; oh! my Dear, added she to ALOISA, the Court will be very brilliant to Day; you are a Sort of Stranger here, therefore I insist upon your accompanying me; it will be worth your while, and will afford you an agreeable Amusement; you must promise me that you^{ll} go, and that Gentleman, if he pleases, shall have the Honour of attending us there——Speak——Will you favour me so far?——Madam, replies ALOISA, since you so earnestly press it, I will put you out of your Pain, by informing you, that I am dressing for that very Purpose, and expect a young Lady to go with me, she is a Citizen, but as she is shortly to retire into the Country for Life, I thought she would be pleased with seeing the Grandeur and Politeness of the Inhabitants of the Metropolis, before she entirely left it, and as we can never have a better Opportunity to see them in their utmost Splendor, we have resolved upon that Party to Day.

Ladies, says FAIRE-FRANC, my plain Dress and Simplicity of Appearance will gain you no Respect, in a Place

Place where tawdry Shew, Noise and false Complaisance attract every Eye; but, to oblige you, I'll submit to be laugh'd at by the Fops and Fools for two or three Hours; I shall in my Turn laugh at them when I retire to my Study—Well, well, dear *Cynic*, cries the Tatler, none of your Objections now, I beseech you; you must, and shall be Guide to ALOISA, to conduct her through that enchanted Place; I'll take upon me the Part of a faithful Intelligencer; and give her the Characters, and every Thing that more immediately concerns the most distinguished Oddities she will meet with in that various Group of Figures; as it is the Office of some to satisfy the Curiosity of Strangers, by shewing them the *Mausolea* of our Nobles; and running over a Bezdroll of Virtues which perhaps they were never possessed of, so I will take upon me the opposite Function, and honestly declare to you what a Multitude of Vices these living painted Sepulchres conceal—Oh! depend upon it we'll indulge the female Passion of Censure to the full; no guilty Prude, however she may endeavour to screen her Failing, shall escape us; a Badge of Honour shall not disguise the embroidered Sycophant, servile and fawning as the Spaniel, nor the unpotted *Lawn* faintly hide the sooty Conscience of the *Libertine Levite*; I will discover to you all I know, and then leave you to judge how different these Persons appear to what they are in Reality—My dear ALOISA, my Chair waits, I'll be with you drest in less than two Hours, so don't delay a Moment, for I expect to find you ready when I come;—At this she fled out of the Room and was gone in an Instant.

This Lady, says FAIRE-FRANC, answers the Description you gave of her at her first Appearance, and I don't doubt, but she will give us a full Account of most Persons that we shall see; but instead of being a *Sylph*, as you said, I rather think she is inclinable to the *Gnome*; for there seems to be a Poignancy in her Temper, which she will not fail of throwing out upon any Object that may offend her; and I really believe

lieve she will lead us through the Labyrinth of a courtly Levee, with as much Dexterity as an ill-natured well-bred Woman of Fashion can do; she must be our Guide to Day, so that we must wait her coming with Patience.

A Servant coming in, acquainted ALOISA, that the young Lady who supped with her the Night before was come to visit her, and FAIRE-FRANC perceiving that she was ready to dress, offered to attend ALIDEA till she was ready to come down; he went down Stairs, and saluting the young Lady, Madam, says he, I hope the Misfortune you met with last Night in being apprehended and carried before the *Syndic*, had not such an ill Effect as to disturb your Rest afterwards—tho' I must confess, added he smiling, it was a shocking Affair for a modest young Lady, as you are, to be taken up for a Night-walker;—It was so, Sir, replied she, and would have been much worse, if I had not had the Pleasure of being in such good Company; I thank you for your Complement, Madam, says the *Chevalier*, but you shall, if you please, accompany us to *St. Jacques* to Day, and there have an Opportunity of seeing some Persons, if not better Company, yet in a much higher Station of Life, who, in the Garbs of Bullies and Ruffians, raise frequent Disturbances amongst the lowest and most infamous Class of Mankind, now filling the most important Places in the State, and with the utmost Constraint and Aukwardness endeavouring to ape the Gravity of Senators. What a Compound are these Men made of! And how can we expect to find Encouragement for polite Arts and the *Belles Lettres*, when those whose Ranks have placed them upon an Eminence, and whose Veins are ennobled by the Blood of their Ancestors, pride themselves upon being the greatest Fops and Libertines; they are like all mercenary Slaves and Sycophants, cringe, and are most servilely Humble at this End of the Town, tho' they hector and domineer over their Inferiors so much at the other, and it is no uncommon Thing for a Sa-

gubi

gabin to take several Kicks and Cuffs very patiently in the Morning from the *Premier* or others in Power, who will most valiantly shew his Resentment, by breaking the Head of his *Footman* or *Chairman* at Night. We have one who has frequently suffered the grossest Abuses and Insults in the World at the grand *Podestats* Levee, with all the Temper and good Manners that can be; yet when his Hour of Attendance has been over, his undaunted Spirit has sallied forth like a second *HERCULES*, and, to vent his Spleen, and shew his Prowess, has cleared the Streets of all the Monsters that infested them; he was, for a long Time, the Terror of all the *Car-men* and Mob that travelled the Streets of *Cesar's-bourg*; he gained his Ends by these Means; for a wise Government could never let a Man of so much Valour long remain out of the Army; a lucrative Command was bestowed upon him, which proved his Courage to be chitnickal, which, tho' it rose to a proper Height of Spirit in a gentle Sand Heat, by the Addition of too much Warmth, it evaporated and ended in *Fume*; for when his Company was ordered to the Wars, he wisely declared off, giving as a sufficient Reason, *that tho' he could bear the Blow of a hardy braiuny Fist, yet he could by no Means like the Salute of a Cannon Ball.*

The Apartments here are very convenient to see these industrious People of no Business to pass and repass; you are to look upon all the Transactions of this Day as merely farcical, the under-Actors have already began their Parts, and we shall see them swarming between the grand *Podestats* Court, and that of his Son, like Bees about a Hive; several *Sagubis*, &c. who, out of nothing but Formality, have avoided speaking, or even looking at one another for a considerable Time, will now hug and embrace like *Marmozets* with all the false Friendship that can be; if you please, Madam, we will entertain ourselves till *Alotisa* comes down, with observing some of the lower Class belonging to them.

querie Ld Windsor

It is what I shall very much like, replies ANDREW, for I observed in coming hither the greatest Number of unmeaning Faces, that I ever beheld in so short a Time, yet all of them were crowding and pressing forwards, as if they wanted to be employed; bless me! said she, there's the young *Sagabi* TARTER, how gorgeously he is dress'd, and yet nothing about him looks handsome, a certain Meanness spoils the whole; I have a Relation that lives near his Father's Country *Villa*, and as I take Pleasure in being there sometimes, I have frequent Opportunities of seeing him; he is one of the most effeminate Wretches you ever knew in your Life, but we are not to be surprized at it, when we consider that it runs in the Blood; insomuch, that it would be doubtful whether or not the old *Sagabi* should be rank'd amongst the *Males*, or the *Epiques*, but that he has had several Children, and his Lady's Virtue is unquestionable; the Gardens of his *Villa* are disposed in the most elegant Taste, and the Mansion-House would be very grand if it were but finished; the whole is agreeable enough, but as if it was the Genius of this Family to destroy all their great Designs by some remarkable Littleness or other, the Inside is finish'd in all the Elegance of a Palace, whilst the Avenues to it, and the Outhouses, remain like a Heap of Ruins. It is the Pride of other Families, when you visit their Country Seats, to shew you the Achievements of their Ancestors, some Sword or Trophy won in antient Battles, which adds to their Honour, and graces the Blazon of their Shields; nay, even the rural Foxhunter, who never engages in publick Affairs, will endeavour to shew you his Prowess by having his Hall stuck round with the Heads of Foxes, or other noxious Animals, which they look upon as Enemies to their Country; but if you pay a Visit to TRIFLE'S, the *Maitre de Hotel* carries you into several Rooms elegantly furnished, and, as his greatest Curiosities, shews you a Bed, and some Chairs, nicely wrought in Needle-Work, which he informs

you

Earl Tylney

you are all the Works of the *Sagub's* own Hand; the Ladies round about the *Villa*, in Derision oftentimes produce excellent Pinchions which he has presented them with; and desired them to keep as Memorials of his Ingenuity.

He had one Time a strange Ambition that some of his Family should signalize themselves in publick Affairs; and for that Purpose, endeavoured to get his Son elected into the great *Written Gent* of the Nation; the young *Sagub* went about the Country in his foppish Dress to petition the Freeholders for their Votes; they all thought it very odd that so effeminate a Creature should attempt to be a Senator, and indeed he had not Courage enough to converse with the Men, and engage them in his Party, but applied to the Females, and thought to carry his Point by those Means; and he might perhaps have succeeded, but the Rebuff he met with from an old sturdy Farmer entirely blasted his Hopes, and discouraged him to such a Degree, that he entirely dropt all his Pretensions to that Honour.

He went one Morning early to ask the old Fellow's Interest, and it being before his usual Time of Dressing, his Hair, according to the new Mode, was very carefully done up in Paper Curls; the old *Hind* was of that Species of *Turkians*, who, having a good Estate, and a good Constitution, valued nobody for Dress or Title; he heard the *Sagub's* Business with a great deal of Attention, and then with a Smile returned him the following Answer; "Sir, I am too much a Friend to my Country, to trust its Liberties in the Hands of such a Stripling, who must be unexperienced in what is his true Good; and if you would take my Advice, young Man, you had better apply to be a President of a Society of Chambermaids, than a common *Yes* or *No* in a great Council." This blunt Answer disconcerted all his Schemes, and he is now content with following the Herd in Hopes of one Day arriving at the great Honour of *holding up a Train*.

I know him, Madam, says FATHER FRANK, he is accompanied by one who sets up for an hereditary Wit, as this does for a Family Top; but, unluckily for him, it miscarried with his Ancestors; one of them undertook to write a Comedy, which he executed so miserably, that the Jesters of the Town symbolically represented him by an Elephant dancing on the Ropes; it is so exquisitely stupid, that nothing can exceed it in Dulness; he had just Sense enough left to find out his Error when it was too late, and would have suppressed it; but the ill-natur'd Town would keep the Jest alive, to the no small Mortification of the Poet-Adventurer; however, his Acquisitions in Fortune by the Practice of the Law, more than over-balance his Loss of Reputation by the Muses. For notwithstanding the Wits would not admit him into their Class, yet he has Abilities enough to pass for a Courier.

And a small Matter qualifies them for that, replies ALBINA; there goes another, he is the Son of our City Orator, the very TULLY of the *Boose & Rye*; but the Father cannot be more esteemed for his Eloquence there, than the young Gentleman, I assure you, is despised for his Ignorance here; he is the common Jest of the Ladies, however; as he is good-natured, and has Complaisance enough to smile at whatever is said to him, they don't seem to dislike his Company; he is so harmless, that they admit him to all their private Revels, and his Rudeness never gave Offence to any Body but one of the Kitchen-Maids, which he began an Amour with, but had not Courage to finish.

As a proper Contrast to these effeminate Animals, please to observe that old rough-hewn Soldier, he shewed his Merit in his Youth, and tho' he always came off successful in the Field, he never could get any Preferment; he has been these thirty Years endeavouring to obtain a Commission, has changed with every Party, and yet is favoured by none; however, he will not quit the old Road; he has been a Patriot these

+ Ld. Grimston.

these last six Months; and this Day he commences a Courtier again. Pray, Sir, says ALICEA, who is he with a gloomy Countenance and a bad Equipage, who assumes an Air of Dignity, and would, according to my Fancy, fain be thought a Man of Consequence; please, Sir, if you are acquainted with him, to inform me what Office he bears; is certainly must be a very considerable one; for his Chariot is continually going between St. *Jagot's* and the *Prince of Chawmantre's*; that's he now passing by.

You have pick'd out a very extraordinary Character, I do assure you, Madam, says FAIR-FRANCE; that remarkable Personage who now puts on the Gravity of a Statesman, is sometimes as skittish and full of Galley as a Boy of Sixteen; he is called the Count de Piensoiry; who he is so great a Courtier now, and conforms to all the Rites and Ceremonies of the *Phulcan Temple*, he was in his youthful Days a *Pagan Crossian*, but being more inclinable to Dress and Galley than bigotted to Religion, he entered himself into the Society of *Paris Maitres*; and became an harmless Animal called a *Bacon*; and this moderate Passion occasioned his quitting the Superstitions of the *Pagans*, and acknowledging the Doctrines of the establish'd Temple; his Transition from one to the other was very odd and sudden; the Government of *Phule* being vested in a Family not at all favoured by the *Pagans*; the grand Podestare thought proper for his own Security to deprive them of several Advantages which his other Subjects enjoy'd without Molestation; it being well known, that the *Pagans* of *Phule* favoured the *Pseudo-Ruler*; there were particular Orders issued to regulate even their Equipages, and prevent them from the Use of Arms; some of the inferior Officers, who were employ'd to inspect into these Affairs, being over and above officious in their Duty, mistrusted every Thing that was foreign; even to such minute Things as Sword-Knots, and Head-dresses, of holding Correspondence with their Master's Rival; a very humorous Affair of that Kind

1711

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happened

x *Thos. Lord Gage, Steward of the Household to Frederick p. of Wales*

happened to a *Fille de Joye*, who was at that Time the Object of the Count de Pontor's Passion; as he himself was very much suspected upon the Account of his Religion, these careful *Spabis* had also a watchful Eye over his Mistresses and Favourites; of which, at that Time, he had so many in different Parts of the Town; that it afforded three or four of them constant Employment to look after them; which Trouble, had they known him better, they might have spared; for those very Persons that represented him as an Agent for carrying on political Intrigues, had they examined more narrowly, might have found out that his Depth of Contrivance never reached beyond an Amour.

TERESA was his favourite Lady, and by several idle Speeches which she had dropped in different Companies, had rendered herself more suspected than any of the others; she had an Assembly one Night in every Week, to which they had observed, that although several Ladies were admitted, yet the Servants never introduced any Man but the Count; nor was it proper, indeed, had they known all; for they did not meet as at other Assemblies for the Diversion of Cards or Dice, but to celebrate the secret Rites of the antient Roman Goddess Ceres, to which, like another CLODUS, he entered in a Disguise.

On these Nights the *Spabis* constantly patrolled about the Door, and one Evening in particular, when the Maid who attended them was dispatched by her Mistress to a Toyshop noted for those Purposes, on an Embassy to fetch Materials for them to carry on their Diversion; the Wench being a raw Country Girl, and unpractic'd in Disguise, was conscious, within herself, by the strict Orders she had received to conceal them, that there was some hidden Mystery, which, should it be revealed, would redound to her and her Mistress's Dishonour; but by her extraordinary Care to hide them, she was the Means of their being discovered, in such a Manner as will cause severe Reflections to be thrown upon all the Ladies in

that

that Assembly, and Laughter to every Body else when it is mentioned; the precious Toys were carefully done up in a Bandbox, and as she was knocking at the Door, a rough-hewn Fellow, whether by Design or Accident is not known, insisted upon kissing her, she struggled hard to prevent him, and in the Scuffle the Bandbox fell from her, and bursting open upon the Ground, some of the lovely Treasure roll'd out; the *Spahis*, who were constantly upon the Watch, perceived it, and by the glimmering Light they had, imagined they were *Pistols*; the Maid gathered them up in the utmost Confusion, and the Door being opened to her, ran in with the greatest Precipitation, pleased in thinking that she had escaped so well. But the Mischievous did not wait here, the Officers called a Congress amongst themselves, and agreeing that there was Treason going forwards, or at least, if there was not, they should gain a Reward for giving Intelligence of it; this last Consideration bore down all Objections to the contrary, and it was resolved, *Namque Contradicente*, to give immediate Notice of it to the *High Seriat*, who was then in Consultation at his Office with some of his Brother *Wiseheads* upon other State Affairs of equal Importance; the *Spahi* who saw the Transaction, was impowered by the Rest to make the dreadful Discovery; accordingly he went to the awful Board, and having ready Admittance, as such Cattle always have to the Presence of their Superiors, he delivered himself in the following short but pathetic Manner:

Most Noble and Right Worthy Seraphim,
 "I am very sensible that you sit here for the Security of the Person of our grand Possessor, and in so doing you seek the Welfare of us his loyal and loving Subjects—Know then that, as it is my Duty, in my poor humble Station, to be as vigilant as possible, I have run myself almost out of Breath to inform your Honours of a Plot, a dreadful Plot, a horrid Plot, and an abominable Plot: what is worse

worse than all, a Plot of *Women*, tho' it is carried on under the Direction of that Arch-Traitor the Count de PIGNORI; and this Plot, dangerous as it may prove to our well-established Government, is comprized in the small Compass of a *Bundbox*, a *Rye-buss* or *Granary* may contain; like the *Iranian Horse*, Ten thousand armed Men; a *Military Tab* may hold more Arms than *Corn* in an ancient Tower, and a single *Screw* unloosed, may bring down the Rafter of a whole Building on our Heads; but this enlarges in its Consequence as it is contracted in its Circumference; there is now a great Number of Ladies of desperate Fortunes and Principles met at the House of *Taverna*, and a Magazine of *Pistols* have been carried in to them inclosed in the very *Bundbox* I mention, one hundred and fifty-three I will swear to; how many more there are *Barons* who assist them, only knows, and your Sagacity must discover; but consider in Time what will be the dreadful Effects of so many dangerous Weapons being put in the Hand of such a Number of resolute and frantick Women.

The careful Officer ended his Harangue, and the sage Assembly ordering him to withdraw, took their Field, and agreed to a Man, that there must be Treason in the Case, therefore, after several Hums and Ha's, and as much Reasoning and Deliberation as the Exigence of so important an Affair would permit, they wisely resolved to invest the House by their *Spahis*, and issued their *Inquisitory Rescripts* to apprehend the Persons of these female Plotters in the Midst of their Consultations; their Orders were accordingly executed with the utmost Exactness; but luckily for the Count de PIGNORI, he remembered an Assignment that he had elsewhere, and was gone before the Officers came: They, according to their usual Insolence, would give them no Reason for their Behaviour; but, taking the Ladies into Custody, to the Number of about half a Dozen, rummaged the House

House to find out the suspected Band-box, which, at last, in breaking open a private Drawer they found. One of 'em was immediately dispatched with it to the *Higb. Scribes*, who waited impatiently the Event of their Search; it was delivered to them, and the Doors being fasten'd, that no body might come in to interrupt them, they open'd the formidable Magazine, and put on their Spectacles to examine the Contents; but here arose a Diversity of Opinions, which as much embarrass'd them as the *Grecian* Heroes in their Camp before *Troy*. — They consider'd them attentively a long Time, without being able to conclude what they were design'd for. At length the Chairman, who had lived virtuously to his sixtieth Year, and gained the Reputation of being a modest old Bachelor, broke Silence. For my Part, says he, I can't take upon me to determine what these Weapons may be; but I move that we may call to our Assistance To-morrow Morning the grand Director of the Warlike Stores, and cut them to Pieces in his Presence, to see what combustible Matter they are fill'd with. Let us suspend our Judgment till then, and in the mean time let the Ladies be closely confined, and a strict Watch be set over them, that they send out or receive no Messages from any body. — This Advice was generally approved, and it being late Night, and all of 'em very much fatigued with the great Hurry of Business, they had gone through, they all agreed to betake themselves quietly to Rest, and accordingly separated.

BUT LANCELOT, the *Arch-Flamen* of the *North*, who was withal a Member of the *Gram-mat'cl. Club*, imagined that he discovered something mysterious in them, and, out of his laudable Zeal to the Government, could not rest till he had consulted his House-keeper and Nurse about it; and accordingly, when they came to perform their several Functions of tucking him up, and setting his necessary Utensils by him, he took an Opportunity to relate to them all that had passed, with a particular Description of what they had seized. They immediately fell upon him with all

all the bitter Exclamations that Female Rage could suggest, at the same Time reviling his Brethren, calling them Dots, old Pumpkins, and what not. When they had run on some Time in Concert, the young one ceased, but the old one continued.—What, says she, and are the Toilettes of the poor Women to be searched?—Suspect us of Plots and Pistols, and the Lord knows what! No, no, we are innocent, and the most loyal Lady at Court may play with such harmless Things as them without any Suspicion of Treason.—Nay, if the great *Urganda* herself were so—but I say no more—only I desire that you would be pleased to go to your Fellow *Worms* in the Morning, and acquaint them that they are no treasonable Weapons, but the Invention of a witty and ingenious *Italian*, for the Ladies of old *Seneschals*, *Superannuated Advocators*, and impotent *Consultators*, to divert themselves with in their Husband's Absence instead of *Ombre*, *Buffet* and *Quadrille*. So pay let the Ladies be released, and never more let such old dotting Grey Beards pry into the Privacies of us Women.—The old *Flamen*, convinced of the Truth by the Earnestness with which his Nurse uttered these Words, could not rest all Night for thinking of what they had done, and as soon as it was Morning he went in all haste to the *High Stairs* to discover their Mistake, but he might have spared himself the Trouble, for that Officer informed him that his Lady had sufficiently convinced him of his Error, and by not suffering him to sleep all Night, had been the Means of the Lady's Release before it was Day light; so that they broke up in the same Order as from an Assembly, and the Affair was undiscovered even by the very Chairmen who were waiting at the Door.—Thus ended the *Band-Box Plot*, yet several of the Members, notwithstanding it was hush'd up with Secrecy, could not help thinking that these Toys favoured of *Paganism*. Their Release as to the Ladies ceased, but they could not avoid looking askew at the Court. *Pre-*

grooms he had render'd himself remarkable by the Richness of his Dress and Splendor; of his Equipage, and had then lately made a Purchase of a Set of fine *Flanders* Coursers to draw him along the Streets. The established Government took all Methods to redress the poor unhappy *Pagan*, and deprived him of that Bride. The greatest and most distinguished Poet of the *Island*, who is himself a moderate *Pagan* *Crosselan*, in his Journal relates it as follows.

“By our late Accounts from the District of the *West Temple*, the Conversion of Count *Preston* is reported in a Manner somewhat particular; That upon the Seizure of his *Flanders Mares*, he seemed more than ordinarily disturbed for some Hours, sent for his Ghostly Father, and resolved to bear his Loss like a *Crosselan*, till, between the Hours of seven and eight, the Coaches and Horses of several of the *Sagubis* passing by his Window towards the *Prado*, he could no longer endure the Disappointment, but immediately went out, took the Oath of *Abjuration*, and recover'd his dear Horses which carried him in Triumph to the *Ring*. The poor distressed *Pagan Crosselans*, now unhorsed and uncharioted, cry out, with the *Israelitish Poet*, *Some in Chariots, and some on Horses, but we will invoke the Name of the Lord.*”

From that Time he became a strict Adherent to the Worshipping of the *Island* Temple. He is now an *Iernian Sagubi*, and has introduced himself into the Grand *Witch* Gent of the Nation. Here, having made two or three Speeches to establish his Character as a Patriot, he has since been employed, and has been a lukewarm Courtier to the *Island* and *Revolutions*; for being well versed in the System of Intrigue and Gallantry, he is equally agreeable to the Grand *Podestate* and the *Minor Court*. — But see, he returns, and a Lady with him; they seem to be coming here. — 'Tis *CONCEREA*, who visited *ALOUA* this Morning; she certainly brings him here to introduce us to the Presence.

Mr. Pope.

At

At that Instant they enter'd, and Adria meeting them, conducted them to the rest of the Company, where, after taking some Refreshment, the Count very complaisantly offered his Service to attend them to the Palace, the Beauties of which he described in so lavish a Manner, that they were all impatient to behold it, notwithstanding which, he would have been urg'd upon every Particular of it, had not CONNARA interrupted him, by acquainting them, that it was the proper Hour to attend the Levee; upon which the Sedans were immediately ordered, and they were convey'd thither in due Form and Ceremony.

End of the First Volume.



Wm Cole Coll: Regal:
Camb: A: M: 1744.

